

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. LXIII.

MAY, 1896.

No. 5.

HOW TO READ.

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"Few men learn the highest use of books."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AFTER all, what is reading but an attempt to understand another mind? If so, to discuss How to Read is to discuss how best we may enter into the spirit and thoughts of another.

In real life, when we really wish to strengthen our relationship with an acquaintance or a friend, we usually take great pains in the process. We are not satisfied with a few jerky sentences shouted at the top of our voices over an ice at an afternoon tea. Inanities between *entrées* at a dinner only exasperate us. We think three dances with two extras at a ball all too little. A *tête-à-tête* on the staircase only makes us crave another in the corridor (I speak as a man). We call on rainy days, when the probability is that no one else will be there, and we persuade what people call the "object of our attentions" to come into a corner and sit opposite the window. We all know with what persistence this little game of chance—and skill—is played. Well, why not the same with a book? Bacon likens good books to "true friends, that will neither flatter nor dissemble." "Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay, they doe preserve as in a

violl that purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." If so, a good book is not a thing to be judged of by a cursory glance. It often takes a long time and much insight to understand and enter into the character of another. It is the same with many a book. Into a good book a great man puts the best part of his mind; it may need not a little trouble on the part of a smaller mind to become acquainted with it.

But suppose we first ask, quite simply and candidly, What is the object of our reading?—to answer which simple-looking question would perhaps to some people be a puzzle indeed. Reading, to some people, is a mere pastime, a mere kill-time, we might call it. I was travelling not long ago with a portly matron, the mother of great grown-up sons and daughters, and in a fair way toward being a grandmother, who told me quite artlessly that what she loved above all things was reading love-stories. Well, at her age perhaps that was, after all, not so unhealthy a taste. It showed, at all events, that she had settled her creed; had formed her ideas, or was content to lack ideas, about the constitution of the world and its relation to its Maker; was untroubled by misgivings as to whether

she had gained correct, or gained any, estimates of science or philosophy, of history or art: she had done her work in the world, and was now resting from her labors and reading stories. And I see no valid reason why she should not. She had no need to develop the intellect or to expand the emotions. At her age experience was ripe and the mind matured, and the store of information she had laid up was doubtless sufficient for all the purposes of her life. But for youth and health and strength, for young men and maidens to do this, that surely is a different matter. Youth should read—What for? Surely to settle a creed, or at least to discover grounds for believing few things credible; to form ideas, or to give reasons for lacking them, about the constitution of the world and its relation to its Maker; to gain estimates of philosophy and science, history and art; to learn something of man, of nature, and of human life; to obtain relief from care or recreation from toil; to quicken our perceptions of beauty; to make keen our conceptions of truth; to give clarity to thought, and learn expression for emotion; to plumb the depths of friendship and take the altitude of love; to study character as depicted by those who could read it; to watch how great lives have wrestled with problems of life; to set us standards and samples of nobility; to “cheer us with books of rich and believing men;” to seek solution for those doubts which come when intellects of different calibre and conviction clash; to find assuagement for the pangs which pierce sundered hearts; to “maintain around us the ‘infinite illusion’ which makes action easier;” to “stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet;” to “familiarize ourselves with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.” It is this sort of reading, I take it, which alone deserves discussion.

Reading, it is safe to say, is a lost art. And what has killed it is the spread of reading. This is not a paradox, it is simple truth. Mr. Joseph Ackland, in the “Nineteenth Century,” assures us, and proves by tabulated statistics, that during the last

quarter of a century “the force of the intellectual wave seems to have been almost exhausted,” and “the general drift [is] away from solid, and in the direction of more scrappy and discursive, literature”—the literature of “Tit-Bits,” “Pick-Me-Up,” and Somebody’s “Society News.”* It is the spread of such reading as this that has killed reading in the true sense of the word. Mr. Ackland’s sarcasms, indeed, are pointed chiefly at what some regard as the failure of the Elementary Education Act. But surely it is hardly to be expected that those whom that Act was passed to reach would, so soon as they were taught to read, read Milton, Ruskin, or Sir Thomas Browne. Being taught to read, quite naturally they want something after their own kind to read, and “Tit-Bits,” “Pick-Me-Up,” and Somebody’s “Society News” arise to supply the want. It is vain to suppose that because the masses have gone to school they will at once read the “Areopagitica,” “Ethics of the Dust,” or the “Quincunxial Lozenge.” In time they may; but at present they read only the penny dreadful and the shilling shocker. But Mr. Ackland’s lament refers very truthfully to more than the masses. This habit of discursive and indiscriminate reading is widespread. Very tempting books, too, are daily manufactured to order (like boilers and boots) for the appeasing (and for the further stimulating) of this appetite, with the result that there spring up six-shilling shockers and thirty-one-and-six-penny dreadfuls, certainly far above the level of “Tit-Bits,” “Pick-Me-Up,” and Somebody’s “Society News,” but as certainly far below that of Milton, Ruskin, or Sir Thomas Browne. Seventy years ago Hazlitt complained of the “rage manifested by the greater part of the world for reading New Books;” and thirty years ago “we cannot read, . . . we have despised literature,” averred Mr. Ruskin. So it is no new thing this avidity for novelty. But I doubt whether it was worth a whole denunciatory essay by Hazlitt, or two diatribic lectures by

* “Nineteenth Century,” vol. xxxv., pp. 412-423, March 1894.

Ruskin. For myself, I should be inclined to say of the confirmed novel-reader as was said of Ephraim, he is joined to idols, let him alone. For it will be found, as a rule, that those who read nothing but new books rarely know a good book from a bad one. Carlyle was fond of dividing books as, in the New Testament, is divided humanity, into sheep and goats. Well, the reader addicted to fiction is not likely to recognize even this broad distinction, and perhaps, when a slave to his habit, will even prefer goat to sheep. Another characteristic of the devourer of the ephemeral novel is that he or she rarely remembers anything but the shadowy impression left by such perusal; so much so, that one might not unhandsomely compare the effect upon the mind of such rapid reading to the shadows cast upon the earth by passing clouds, which only obscure the vivifying sunlight of a truly good and great author. Nothing is more certain than that you cannot have sunlight and a sky full of clouds at one and the same time. A long course of minor authors creates a distaste for a great one. The effect of a great author on a mind unobscured it is indeed a pleasure to see. Some months ago I lent to a young lady my five volumes of Jowett's translation of Plato,—it was her first introduction to Plato. To-day I received from her a note, and in it this is what she says—I hope she will pardon my quoting her if this she should ever chance to see: "How much I have enjoyed the study of Plato! There is something so elevating; he opens up such astounding fields of thoughts, that one cannot help feeling how impossible it would be to read him and not feel the mind expanding, the nature deepening, and the aspirations becoming higher." That was the effect upon her of this sun of literature. And she was all unaware that she was merely indorsing Emerson. "Plato," says Emerson—

"Plato, in whom you may read all that in thought modern Europe has realized, and has yet to realize; even Romanism and Calvinism are there; nothing escapes him; all the suggestions of modern humanity, political economy—all are there. If you wish to see both sides; to find justice done to the man

of the world, and to the sentiments of truth and religion, read Plato. Why should not young men be educated on this book? It would suffice for the tuition of the race; there need no other book to educate their understanding, or to express their reason; and these are only a part of his merits. There are pictures of the best persons, sentiments, and manners by the first master, in the first times of the world."

Nevertheless, in this Noachian deluge of mediocre literature that to-day covers Europe and America, when our neighbors, and even our pet friends, are talking of the Dialogues, not of Plato, but of Dolly, it requires, I grant, some little courage to be able to say, No; I have not read "Those Infernal Triplets," or "The Black Chrysanthemum." Yet we may be quite sure that if once the taste has been educated up to appreciating Plato, "Those Infernal Triplets" or "The Black Chrysanthemum" may be read with impunity—nay, with profit perhaps, for they will not fascinate, much less enthrall. Besides, perhaps the best feature of such taste is that then worse things than frivolous and sophistical novels will have no power to allure. English women "with a purpose" may imitate the outspokenness of Roman satirists of the first century, and Frenchmen with no purpose may imitate the unidealistic details of Greek romancers of the second; but neither will wholly divert us from the best that has been thought and written. But it is only when the taste has thus been truly formed that we can safely follow the advice of Plato's panegyrist, to "read that which we love, and not waste our memory over a crowd of mediocrities," otherwise we shall love the mediocrities, and, like Noah's unbelieving audience, find ourselves hopelessly floundering in the flood.

However, the question, What to read? I do not intend to ask or to attempt to answer here. We may, if we like, follow Sir John Lubbock in his hundred books, or we may follow Comte, or we may follow his disciple Mr. Frederic Harrison, or any one of the cloud of witnesses that the "Pall Mall Gazette" generated some years ago. But if we are wise, perhaps we shall follow our own inclinations. And in so doing we shall be following

no less an authority than Dr. Samuel Johnson. "A man ought to read," said Johnson, "just as inclination leads him: for what he reads as a task will do him little good." A remarkable utterance that, when we remember that it was made by the author of the *English Dictionary* and the "*Lives of the Poets*," works that perhaps more than any other two in English literature necessitated reading "as a task." But if we are to look to inclination as a safe guide, inclination should previously be educated up to the highest point attainable by each of us by a thorough course of classical authors; only then can we follow our inclinations unfettered, because only then can we rely upon the purity of our taste in literature. Culture, said Matthew Arnold, is acquaintance with the best that has been thought and written; to which perhaps might be added, composed, painted, and built. Well, the cultured reader will be the reader acquainted with the best that has been written. One could hardly apply the adjective, even in its narrowest signification, to him, however omnivorous, whose literary horizon was bounded by the evening paper at one pole and the ephemeral novel at the other. The cultured reader will be conversant with, at all events, some of the best books, and will use these as standards by which to weigh all others. And fortunately, with but few exceptions, the best books are written in the best style. No one ever said nothing well. A statue cannot be carved out of air. Fortunately, too, the cultured reader will find food for thought even in the evening paper and the ephemeral novel; but he does so because he draws nutriment from deeper things than these. No doubt in the modern drawing-room the reader devoted to modern literature can be very brilliant indeed. The gaudy orchid may live on air. But from it we do not expect, and we do not get, fruit.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his essay of the same title with this little paper, insists as wisely as vigorously on the necessity of knowing what not to read, even in the realms of literature proper. But that surely is a question each must answer for himself. Generally speak-

ing, however, and apart from all questions of individual taste, a simple rule might be, Avoid what you cannot assimilate. Since the object of all reading is, or should be, mental acquisition and mental development, to adapt a natural law to the intellectual world, that reading should be eschewed which we are unable to convert into a portion of our own mental fibre. But this is a question for the individual. A Mr. Davenport Adams would make excellent use of a volume of "*Book Prices Current*," which to the majority of us would be drier than a Hebrew grammar and equally unintelligible. To a bibliophile, I suppose, an *incunabulum* is a thing not only of beauty but of profit, be its contents what they may. What mind shall determine what another mind shall or shall not read?

Those who recommend books to others—always a difficult, sometimes a thankless, proceeding—remind one of those dietetic fanatics who persist in forcing some one certain and circumscribed form of food or cookery on all and every sort of constitution: vegetables, eggs, and milk; a chop and port wine for breakfast; gruel; raw steaks; and what not. The philobiblical physician has always his favorite prescription. Conscientious Dr. Doddridge, in a long letter "to a young lady preparing for a voyage to the Indies," gravely recommended the following: Dr. Watts's "*Sermons*," his "*Discourses on the Love of God*," his "*Hymns*," his "*Psalms*," and "*Lyric Poems*," Dr. Evans's "*Christian Temper*" in two volumes, and his "*Sermons to Young People*," Stennett's "*Reasonableness of Early Piety*," and Dr. Wright's "*Treatise on Regeneration, and of the Deceitfulness of Sin*." "I see not well," he tells her, "how any of these can be spared."*

When we fall into the hands of the divines, we are apt to get some pretty stiff reading recommended us. John Wesley, in writing to his niece "Sally," when "a young lady about twenty," advised her to take up the following course of reading: the Bible for two or three hours in the morning, and one or two in the afternoon; Kings-

* *Miscellaneous Works*, pp. 1193, 1194.

wood's English Grammar; Bishop Louth's Introduction [to English Grammar]; Dilworth's Arithmetic; Randal's or Guthrie's Geographical Grammar; Watts's Logic; "The Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation;" the Glasgow abridgment of Mr. Hutchinson's works; Rollin's "Ancient History;" "The Concise History of the Church;" Burnet's "History of the Reformation;" "The Concise History of England;" Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion;" Neal's "History of the Puritans;" the same author's "History of New England;" Robertson's "History of America;" Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" [*sic*]; Malebranche's "Search after Truth;" Spenser's "Fairy Queen" [*sic*]; select parts of Shakespeare, Fairfax, or [!] Hoole; Godfrey of Bouillon; "Paradise Lost;" the "Night Thoughts," and Young's "Moral and Sacred Poems;" Bishop Pearson on the Creed; and the Christian Library. "By this course of study," he tells her, "you may gain all the knowledge which any reasonable Christian needs." * That, I think, is a list which would frighten even the "New Woman." What, in Wesley's opinion, an unreasonable Christian might need, it is painful to try to imagine.

There are readers and readers, and there are as many classes of readers as there are classes of minds. A literary man may perhaps choose for another literary man; though, to judge from the diversity of literary opinion which Sir John Lubbock's chosen best hundred books provoked, even this seems dubious. Mr. Balfour points out a capital defect in these choices in that they take into account only or chiefly what he refers to as "the pleasures of the imagination;" and he goes on to plead for books that may be read simply to satisfy a very legitimate thirst for knowledge. "Is there not also," he asks, "the literature which satisfies the curiosity?" If these hundred books are for everybody, their choosers seem to take it for granted that everybody should be conversant with literary or æsthetic productions, and yet need

not necessarily be conversant with scientific or historical productions. And yet the liberally educated gentleman of to-day is expected to know something of many fields of thought widely separated from literature proper—with political economy, for example, with the natural sciences, and with the outlines of the histories of many nations. If all these are to be individual additions to the universal list, the list appropriate to each individual will be a long one indeed.

To one definite caution, however, Mr. Harrison does point when he says that "amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers" we are "in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid." We are indeed; and perhaps the only prophylactic is to acquire, as early in life as possible, the habit of solid reading. But this, like every other habit, is learned, as Aristotle long ago showed, only by learning it. Another help in finding out what not to read would perhaps be to follow the advice of that Friend in Council who recommended that "every man and every woman who could read at all should adopt some definite purpose in their reading." Yet even this I would not indorse too implicitly. True, to read simply for reading's sake rarely keeps the mind sufficiently alert. The man who waits for any game that may turn up is not likely to take home so good a bag as the keener sportsman. Yet I should be sorry if I were not permitted sometimes to roam the literary woods for pure enjoyment, and without any intention of bagging anything at all. Not a little most delightful instruction may surely so be gained. One can, for example, not only amuse but inform one's self in one's reading by examining how far the author reveals himself in his work—or by noticing peculiarities of phraseology or style—by learning from him the manners and modes of expression of his country and time—or even by observing methods of punctuation, none of which, perhaps, is quite worthy of being called "a definite object," yet each of which is valuable in its way. As a rule, that book will do us the most good that requires of us the most thought. "Every book we read,"

* Life and Times of John Wesley. By Rev. L. Tyerman, vol. iii. p. 359.

says James Russell Lowell, "may be made a round in the ever-lengthening ladder by which we climb to knowledge and to that temperance and serenity of mind which, as it is the ripest fruit of wisdom, is also the sweetest. But this can only be if we read such books as make us think." And "for my own part," in the same strain says one of the Guessers at Truth, "I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which made me think the most." Which stands to reason. If the mind is made a mere siphon through which, or a mere flume over which, water flows, nothing is gained. Make the mind a mill, and power is developed, commodities are manufactured. But such mental machinery is not constructed in a week or a month. Locke devotes a section of his "Conduct of the Understanding" to the subject of reading, and in it makes some pregnant remarks pertinent to the futility of thoughtless perusal.

"Reading," he says, "furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. . . . The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should by severe rules be tied down to this, at first, uneasy task; use and exercise will give it facility. . . . Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clew to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. . . . This way of thinking on, and profiting by, what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning; when custom and exercise has made it familiar, it will be dispatched, on most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. . . . Besides that, when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings, mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading."

Emerson's rules for reading should be known by all: "First, never read any book that is not a year old. Second, never any but famed books. Third, never any but what you like." Here again is a great man taking it for granted that what we like is sure to be not only famous but old,—rather an unwarrantable assumption in these days when most people like only the newest and the most infamous, and

who would not dream of not having read, say, "King Solomon's Mines" when everybody else was reading "The People of the Mist," or "The Stickit Minister" when everybody was devouring "The Lilac Sun-Bonnet," or "Peter Ibbetson" when all the world was all agog on "Trilby." Emerson very evidently lets such people alone. But his rules are sensible indeed. They will at all events rescue us from that most pernicious vice of trying to read too much,—a deadly habit, the ultimate outcome of which is an inability really to read anything at all. Better, perhaps, adapting Shelley (which may condone the language), be damned with Hobbes and Kant and Schopenhauer and Sir James Stephen than go to heaven with your polymath. "If I had read as much as other men," said Hobbes, "I should doubtless have shared their ignorance;" "Kant," said De Quincey, "never read a book, no book at all, none whatsoever;" "the safest way of having no thoughts of our own," said Schopenhauer, "is to take up a book every moment we have nothing to do;" "to aspire after the fashionable accomplishment of literary omniscience," said Sir James Stephen, "is a pretension as extravagant as pernicious." Nevertheless there have been minds capable of aspiring to this bad eminence without degradation. Napoleon pored over the most recent novels in his travelling-carriage while moving from camp to camp. Byron avers that he had read some four thousand novels by the time he was nineteen. Macaulay seems to have devoured nearly everything that issued from the press of his time. Well, when we can win Austerlitzes and Jenas, or compose "Childe Harolds," or write Histories of England for twenty thousand-pound checks, we too may read light novels with a clear conscience.

It is hardly necessary to insist upon the absolute necessity of reading some books, or at least some portions of some books, absolutely accurately and minutely, weighing carefully every word and syllable and letter. This we all had to do in youth; happy are we if we had to do it thoroughly. Mr. Ruskin puts tremendous stress upon this.

"When you come to a good book," he asserts, "you must ask yourself, 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pick-axes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?'"

And he goes on—

"You must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. . . . You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 'illiterate,' uneducated person; but . . . if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy."

He is right here, fanciful as Mr. Ruskin sometimes is. Even if Homer sometimes nods, to slur over the *literæ scriptæ* of a really great writer which *manent* is positive sin. The really great writer's every syllable is deserving of study. That would be a bold critic who undertook to improve the wording in the best passages of a Homer, a Virgil, a Milton, a Macaulay, a South, or even a Stevenson, peace to his manes.

And when we are in this manner reading a great book by a great man, let us not be afraid of using a dictionary. A dictionary? A dozen; at all events until Dr. Murray's huge undertaking is finished. And even then; for no one dictionary will help us through some authors—say Chaucer, or Spenser, or Sir Thomas Browne. Let us use our Greek lexicon, and Latin dictionary, and French dictionary, and Anglo-Saxon dictionary, and etymological dictionary, and dictionaries of antiquity and biography and geography, and concordances—anything and everything that will throw light on the meanings and histories of words.

Neither need we discuss the importance of reading all round a good book, as it were, of gaining some estimate of the character and temper of its author, of understanding something of the age in which he lived and of his relation to that age. "Latter-Day Pamphlets" would be largely an incomprehensible book if we knew nothing either of what some one has called that *annus mira-*

bilis, 1848, and of the years that preceded it, or of the moral and political idiosyncrasies of the Chelsea Sage. To read anything by Rousseau or Diderot or Voltaire without referring it to its proper place in those quickly shifting scenes of the French revolutionary epoch, would be to miss its true place in literature. Rousseau's political and economical diatribes, Diderot's social and scientific propagandism, Voltaire's anti-clerical jests and gibes,—these lose their relative values and their interest if we miss the circumstances under which they were uttered. How much more interesting, too, becomes Milton's "Comus" if we remember the hubbub of dramatic criticism that preceded it; Prynne's furious "Histric-mastix," with its wholesale flagellation of plays, players, and playing, in which some thought that even the Queen was grossly libelled; the elaborate retort of the Inns of Court by the gorgeous mask acted before the royal family and Court; the Star Chamber trial; and Prynne's severe sentence. "The fitting answer to Prynne's railing," says Mr. Gardiner, "was to embody pure thoughts and noble teaching in a dramatic form. No living Englishman was so capable of giving him such a refutation as the singer of the 'Allegro' and the 'Penseroso.'*" The "fitting answer" was "Comus." To read "Comus" without any knowledge of this, its motive and origin, is to miss the very kernel of its purport. "The beautiful soul makes beautiful the outward form; the base act debases the soul of him who commits it. This was Milton's highest message to the world. This was the witness of Puritanism at its best."†

To speak of the reading of "Comus" is to recall the fact that the reading of poetry is, or should be, a very different thing from the reading of prose. Prose, *qua* prose, conveys fact or propounds theory, though there is abundance of prose that does much more than this—Plato's, for example, and De Quincey's, and Carlyle's, and Mr. Ruskin's—the full list would be a long

* The Personal Government of Charles I., vol. ii. p. 42.

† *Op. cit.*, vol. ii. p. 44.

one indeed ; but poetry—what does not poetry do ? It stirs the emotions and stimulates the imagination ; it reveals to the inner and spiritual man the secret springs of beauty, and opens up a world of dreams more real than the world of reality ; it conveys dim hints at once of the infinity and the divinity of mystery ; it endows him who reads with a sort of sacred second-sight by which he “sees into the life of things ;” it gives glimpses of God’s universe such as it must have been when God Himself “saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good.” “What,” asks Shelley, “were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship,—what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit ; what were our consolations on this side of the grave—and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar ?” Whom has not poetry rescued from his “own spirit’s hurtling harms” ? Who has not been soothed by Wordsworth, stirred by Tennyson, carried into the empyrean on Shelley’s plumes ? The world, if we only knew it, is instinct with a beautiful and divine mystery ; it is the artist alone who reveals it.

Poetry is a form of art, and to attempt in a paragraph to lay down rules for the reading of poetry would be as futile as to attempt as briefly to elucidate the pleasures and profits of music or painting, and how best they might be gained. Intelligently to read poetry one must be something of a poet, as certainly to enjoy music or painting one must have an ear or an eye for sound or color. And this demands, first, a talent ; second, study. “If you sit down to read poetry,” says Mr. Ruskin, “with merely the wish to be amused, without a willingness to take some pains to work out the secret meanings, without a desire to sympathize with, and yield to, the prevailing spirit of the writer, you had better keep to prose ; for no poetry is worth reading which is not worth learning by heart.*

* Letters Addressed to a College Friend during the Years 1840–1845. pp. 88, 89.

It would be hugely interesting could we really know how some great readers really read. What many of them read we know, and the results of their reading we know ; but exactly how they scanned the printed page few of them have told us. There is, however, one great man still living who, in numberless passages scattered through his many works, has given us an insight into the very manner and method he himself has read some books, and this is Mr. John Ruskin. Every one will recall his searching analysis of those lines in Milton’s “Lycidas,” which he gave as samples of how to read, in his Lectures with the name of “Sesame and Lilies,” commencing,

“Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake ;”

the immense meaning he sees in those three words, “creep,” and “intrude,” and “climb ;” the remarkable exposition of that curious and catachrestical collocation “blind mouths ;” the far-reaching significance he detects in the line—

“But swoln with wind, and the rank mist
they draw.”

There is one sample of Mr. Ruskin’s way of reading that, despite its length, is worth giving entire. It is his analysis of the language which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. when addressing the ambassadors of France after their presentation to him of the tennis-balls from Louis, son of Charles V. Mr. Ruskin is speaking of “style,” and says—

“I can show you the main tests of style in the space of a couple of pages.

“I take two examples of absolutely perfect, and in manner highest, *i.e.*, kingly, and heroic, style : the first example in expression of anger, the second of love.

- (1) “We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match’d our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God’s grace, play a set
Shall strike his father’s crown into the hazard.”
- (2) “My gracious Silence, hail !
Wouldst thou have laughed, had I come
coffin’d home

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear
And mothers that lack sons,*

"Let us note, point by point, the conditions of greatness common to both these passages, so opposite in temper.

"A. Absolute command over all passion, however intense; this the first of first conditions (see the king's own sentence just before,

"We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons");

and with this self-command, the supremely surveying grasp of every thought that is to be uttered, before its utterance; so that each may come in its exact place, time, and connection. The slightest hurry, the misplacing of a word, or the unnecessary accent on a syllable, would destroy the 'style' in an instant.

"B. Choice of the fewest and simplest words that can be found in the compass of the language, to express the thing meant; these few words being also arranged in the most straightforward and intelligible way; allowing inversion only when the subject can be made primary without obscurity: thus, 'his present, and your pains, we thank you for' is better than 'we thank you for his present and your pains,' because the Dauphin's gift is by courtesy put before the ambassador's pains; but 'when to these balls our rackets we have matched' would have spoiled the style in a moment, because—I was going to have said, ball and racket are of equal rank, and therefore only the natural order proper; but also here the natural order is the desired one, the English racket to have precedence of the French ball. In the fourth line the 'in France' comes first, as announcing the most important resolution of action; the 'by God's grace' next, as the only condition rendering resolution possible; the detail of issue follows with the strictest limit in the final word. The king does not say 'danger,' far less 'dishonor,' but 'hazard' only; of that he is, humanly speaking, sure.*

"C. Perfectly emphatic and clear utterance of the chosen words; slowly in the degree of their importance, with omission however of every word not absolutely required; and natural use of the familiar contractions of final disyllable. Thus, 'play a set shall strike' is better than 'play a set that shall strike,' and 'match'd' is kingly short—no necessity could have excused 'matched' instead. On the contrary, the three first words, 'We are glad,'

would have been spoken by the king more slowly and fully than any other syllables in the whole passage, first pronouncing the kingly 'we' at its proudest, and then the 'are' as a continuous state, and then the 'glad,' as the exact contrary of what the ambassadors expected him to be.

"D. Absolute spontaneity in doing all this, easily and necessarily as the heart beats. The king cannot speak otherwise than he does—nor the hero. The words not merely come to them, but are compelled to them. Even lisping numbers 'come,' but mighty numbers are ordained, and inspired.

"E. Melody in the words, changeable with their passion fitted to it exactly and the utmost of which the language is capable—the melody in prose being Eolian and variable—in verse, nobler by submitting itself to stricter law. I will enlarge upon this point presently.

"F. Utmost spiritual contents in the words; so that each carries not only its instant meaning, but a cloudy companionship of higher or darker meaning according to the passion—nearly always indicated by metaphor: 'play a set'—sometimes by abstraction—(thus in the second passage 'silence' for silent one) sometimes by description instead of direct epithet ('coffin'd' for dead), but always indicative of there being more in the speaker's mind than he has said, or than he can say, full though his saying be. On the quantity of this attendant fulness depends the majesty of style; that is to say, virtually, on the quantity of contained thought in briefest words, such thought being primarily loving and true: and this the sum of all—that nothing can be well said, but with truth, nor beautifully, but by love."*

Or as an example of an analysis of the purely technical elements of a prose passage, take the following from Robert Louis Stevenson. He is examining the alliteration in that well-known sentence of the "Areopagitica":—

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without heat and dust."

And he says—

"Down to 'virtue,' the current S and R are both announced and repeated unobtrusively, and by way of a grace note that almost inseparable group PVF is given entire. The next phrase is a period of repose almost ugly in itself, both S and R still audible, and B given as the last fulfilment of PVF. In the next four phrases, from 'that never' down to 'run for,' the mask is thrown off, and but for a slight repetition of the V and F, the whole matter turns, almost too obtrusively, on S and R; first S coming to the front, and then R.

* I do not know whether it is possible that Mr. Ruskin can have missed the point in the use of the technical term "hazard." It is evident from the words "rackets," "set," "strike," and "hazard," that Shakespeare is keeping the game of tennis strictly in mind, and is speaking tropically. To use "danger" or "dishonor" would have spoiled the metaphor; so that we need not go so far afield to explain their disuse.

* *Nineteenth Century*, vol. viii. pp. 401-403, September 1880.

In the concluding phrase all these favorite letters, and even the flat A, a timid preference for which is just perceptible, are discarded at a blow and in a bundle; and to make the break more obvious, every word ends with a dental, and all but one with T, for which we have been cautiously prepared since the beginning. The singular dignity of the first clause, and this hammer-stroke of the last, go far to make the charm of this exquisite sentence. But it is fair to own that S and R are used a little coarsely.*

Not many of us read thus. If we did, perhaps there would be fewer books to read, and those better worth the reading; for few authors, I take it, could stand a scrutiny of that sort. And yet, in reality, every author ought to be able to stand such scrutiny; ought to write as if he expected to be subjected to such.

Coleridge, too, in his "Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare," has given us numerous examples of how he read; but these are to almost everybody so well known that I need not dilate on them here. Lest peradventure, however, there be even five among my readers to whom they are not known, the others will pardon one more long quotation, especially since it contains one of the best samples of how one great poet read another—and, as Thoreau asserts, it is only by a great poet that a great poet can be read. Coleridge is speaking of the opening lines of "Hamlet," and he says—

"Compare the easy language of common life, in which this drama commences, with the direful music and wild wayward rhythms and abrupt lyrics of the opening of 'Macbeth.' The tone is quite familiar;—there is no poetic description of night, no elaborate information conveyed by one speaker to another of what both had immediately before their senses (such as the first distich in Addison's 'Cato,' which is a translation into poetry of 'Past four o'clock and a dark morning!'); and yet nothing bordering on the comic on one hand, nor any striving of the intellect on the other. It is precisely the language of sensation among men who feared no charge of effeminacy, for feeling what they had no want of resolution to bear. Yet the armor, the dead silence, the watchfulness that first interrupts it, the welcome relief of the guard, the cold, the broken expressions of compelled attention to bodily feelings still under control—all excellently accord with, and prepare for, the after gradual rise into tragedy;—but, above all, into a tragedy, the in-

terest of which is as eminently *ad et apud intra*, as that of 'Macbeth' is directly *ad extra*.

"In all the best attested stories of ghosts and visions, as in that of Brutus, of Archbishop Cranmer, that of Benvenuto Cellini recorded by himself, and the vision of Galileo communicated by him to his favorite pupil Torricelli, the ghost-seers were in a state of cold or chilling damp from without, and of anxiety within. It has been with all of them as with Francisco on his guard,—alone, in the depth and silence of the night;—'twas bitter cold, and they were sick at heart, and *not a mouse stirring*.' The attention to minute sounds—naturally associated with the recollection of minute objects, and the more familiar and trifling, the more impressive from the unusualness of their producing any impression at all—gives a philosophic pertinency to this last image; but it has likewise its dramatic use and purpose. For its commonness in ordinary conversation tends to produce the sense of reality, and at once hides the poet, and yet approximates the reader or spectator to that state in which the highest poetry will appear, and in its component parts, though not in the whole composition, really is the language of nature. If I should not speak it, I feel that I should be thinking it;—the voice only is the poet's,—the words are his own. That Shakspeare meant to put an effect in the actor's power in the very first words—'Who's there?'—is evident from the impatience expressed by the startled Francisco in the words that follow—'Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself!' A brave man is never so peremptory as when he feels that he is afraid. Observe the gradual transition from the silence and the still recent habit of listening in Francisco's—'I think I hear them'—to the more cheerful call out, which a good actor would observe, in the—'Stand ho! Who is there?' Bernardo's inquiry after Horatio, and the repetition and in his own presence, indicate a respect or an eagerness that implies him as one of the persons who are in the foreground; and the scepticism attributed to him—

'Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy;

And will not let belief take hold of him'—

prepares us for Hamlet's after-eulogy on him as one whose blood and judgment were happily commingled. The actor should also be careful to distinguish the expectation and gladness of Bernardo's 'Welcome, Horatio!' from the mere courtesy of his 'Welcome, good Marcellus!'"

But after all is said and done, the one and only secret of successful reading lies contained in one simple sentence, Make what you read your own. Not until what we read has become a part of our mental equipment, until it

* *Contemporary Review*, vol. xlvii. p. 558. April 1885.

* *Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare and other English Poets*. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Now first collected by T. Ashe, B.A. pp. 346-348.

has been literally assimilated by the mind, made an integral and indivisible portion of our sum of knowledge and wisdom, is what we read of any practical avail. But this assimilation can only be accomplished by constant and careful thought; the mind, like the muscles, grows only by exercise, and does more efficiently only that which it does often. I have in my mind's eye two old people, the best I ever knew, the best I ever hope to know. No one would perhaps actually call them "readers." They never see even the outside of a novel. I have indeed heard them quote "Lothair," and I think "Pickwick"—which to me is evidence of the tremendous rage there must once have been for these two works of fiction. Once and again, too, a line from Shakespeare may fall from their lips. But, on the whole, they are not what the world calls "readers." Probably they could not distinguish the "Thanatopsis" from the "Thanatophidia;" if one mentioned "Dodo" in their presence their minds would in all likelihood revert to palæontological ornithology; if one spoke of "The Heavenly Twins" they would correct him and politely ask if it was not "The Hebrew Twins" that was meant, a recent work which, I believe, deals with Jacob and Esau. Yet these two dear old people read as few people read. They read chiefly but one book, and this is the Bible; but they have made that book their own as not even, I venture to say, has Mr. Gladstone made Homer his own. I think I speak the simple truth when I say they rarely have need to consult a concordance. So extreme a degree of specialism is not suited, of course, to "the general." I merely cite this as an example of the efficacy of following the rule to make one's own that which one reads. And fortunately this rule is elastic, since it permits—nay, necessitates—a choice of what is at once within one's capacities and consonant with one's inclinations.

As to systematic reading, that topic may be left to those who read systematically to discuss, and doubtless those who so read will praise the practice highly. In one's teens, of course, it is necessary, especially if one is going

up for examinations. But this is study, not reading. In one's twenties system seems to be largely a matter of temperament. In one's thirties perhaps it is either a habit, or impossible. Besides, it can so easily be overdone. I once heard of a man who began at page 1 of volume i. of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" with the intention of devouring so many pages daily. Whether he succeeded in digesting the whole twenty-five volumes I did not hear. Too much system is like too elaborate fishing-tackle: it is all very well for the experienced angler, but it seems useless and an affectation in the amateur. First prove your skill and keenness, then elaborate your means at will.—But what, after all, is systematic reading? If, like Mr. Saintsbury, we make a study of Elizabethan literature, or, like Mr. Gosse, of that of the eighteenth century, of course we shall read systematically. But this, again, is research, not reading. I am glad to see dear Charles Lamb on my side in my antipathy to a rigidly methodical system. Bridget Elia, he tells us,

"was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls," he goes on, "they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids."

Mr. Ruskin, too, curiously enough recommends precisely the same process.

"If she can have access to a good library of old and classical books," he says, "there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way; turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot. . . . Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you; and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought were good."

However, for a certain sort and a certain amount of system there is this much to be said—namely, that it is an excellent antidote to that insinuating and enervating habit of wholly desul-

tory reading. "Wholly," because, as Lord Idlesleigh has shown us, there is a desultory reading which is very profitable and not one whit pernicious. "Desultory reading," says Lowell, "hebetates the brain," but he inserts as a qualification, "except as a conscious pass time." The scholar or the student need fear no cerebral hebetude. Fancy limiting a Macaulay to a system! a Macaulay who read some half-dozen books of the "Iliad" in a country walk and recited the "Paradise Lost" during a journey! But for him who is neither scholar nor student perhaps some orderly reading is advisable. For him, to combine the two—to keep one set of books for the purpose of reading carefully and well, and another for his more leisure hours—this would seem a rational and a pleasant mode of perusal.

Then again, that assertion of Bacon remains forever true, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." But that man, in Dean Alcott's phrase, will "read wisely and well" who will know exactly in which category to place any particular book. No one perhaps would do more than taste the "Arabian Nights" or Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and no one would chew and digest "A Tramp Abroad," or "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court;" Carlyle's "French Revolution" probably most people swallow; but where shall we put "The Lives, Heroic Deeds, and Sayings of Gargantua and Pantagruel," or "The Ring and the Book," or even "The Excursion"? Not few of us, I fear me much, put all these and many others into that fourth class mentioned by Bacon, books, namely, that "may be read by deputy."

Of books to be chewed and digested there should be at least three readings: the first to get a general bird's-eye view of the author's field of thought and the method in which he traverses it; the second to survey carefully all the ground he covers, examining all the nooks and crannies omitted in the first survey; the third to fix in the memory, with the help of transcriptions and tabulated statements if necessary, all his details, and to criticise the conclusions at which he arrives.

To master a book, perhaps the best possible way is to write an essay in refutation of it. One may be bound few things will escape us then. The next best way may perhaps be to edit and annotate it for students, though, if some recent hebdomadal animadversions upon certain Oxford styles of annotation are well founded, this is questionable. The worst way, I should think, would be to review it for a newspaper.

Eschew commentators till you have first read your text; or, better still, be your own commentator. Notes and glossaries are for undergraduates going up for examination. When we have read "Hamlet," we can take up Furness. Different readings and emendations may reveal the skill of the author; but first admire the painting, then look for the marks of the brush. Too many commentators reduce the gem to carbon to prove it diamond. Luckily some gems there are so refractory that no literary assayer can reduce them to ash. Who ever saw an annotated edition of "Epipsychidion"? Let us hope no one ever will, though that of "Adonais" is parlous near to it!

But, after all, how many books there are which seem to scoff at us from their shelves when we solemnly discuss the best methods of reading them. How are we to read the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus's manual, or Amiel's journal, or the maxims of Rochefoucauld, or Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," or the great English essayists, or a dozen others? None of these is a book solely for the study or the hammock or the easy-chair or the pillow; and yet each of them may, according to the mood of the reader, be both profitably and delightfully read in any or all of these places.

But such books as these are not for everybody. The thoughtful book is not for the thoughtless mind. Is a Thomas Carlyle to wrestle five years at lonely Craigenputtock with the problems of life and being that "Sartor Resartus" may be skimmed in five hours? 'Tis not every one can chew, nor every one that can digest, the tough tit-bits of Teufelsdröckh. "As of meats," says Petrarch, "so likewise of books, the use ought to be limited ac-

cording to the quality of him that useth them." Books there are require a liberal education to know and love, and which to know and love are themselves, like Stella, a liberal education. To read a book upon a subject of the rudiments of which we are ignorant is simply impossible. To prove the impossibility, let any one unacquainted with anatomy try Professor Huxley on the "Anatomy of the Vertebrates," or one imperfectly read in metaphysics Hegel on the "Phænomenology of the Spirit."

However, to leave the cloudy region of airy generalization and come down to the practical and useful little details of earth, two or three common-sensible rules as to how to read may help us. And first, I would say, Never read a book without pencil in hand. If you dislike disfiguring the margins and fly-leaves of your own books, borrow a friend's; but by all means use a pencil, if only to jot down the pages to be re read. Coleridge, as Charles Lamb tells us, annotated nearly every book that came into his hands, his annotations "in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals." Second, the careful transcription of striking, beautiful, or important passages is a tremendous aid to the memory: these will live for years, clear and vivid as day, when the book itself has become spectral and shadowy in the night of oblivion. A manuscript volume of such passages, well indexed, will become in time one of the most valuable books in one's library: it is the essence of many others distilled in one's own alembic, and will be treasured by the literary alchemist as the housewife treasures her own particular pounce or *pot-pourri*. Of this practice we have numerous high examples: Demosthenes, so it is said, copied out the History of Thucydides eight several times; Southey's Commonplace Book extends to six volumes. But many books there are deserve more than mere transcription. Archbishop Whately recommends "writing an analysis, table of contents, index, or notes." One man I know keeps a separate little note-book for each work he reads. Third, do not read merely for read-

ing's sake, and thus be classified with those persons whom Mr. Balfour calls "unfortunate," and who, he says, "apparently read a book principally with the object of getting to the end of it." Such reading, to adopt a favorite simile of Macaulay, bears about the same relation to intelligent and purposive reading as marking time does to marching: both may need exercise; but one is progressive, the other stationary. As a corollary to this, too, it is well to remember that there are multitudes of books unworthy of careful and entire perusal which yet contain much important matter. For these take Mr. Balfour's advice and learn the "accomplishments of skipping and skimming;" learn, in short, how to "eat the heart out of" such books. Fourth, suit the book to the mood of the mind. Why take up the Essays of Bacon when the mind is not fit for food stronger than the Essays of Elia? And if the mind is bright, active, and alert, why waste its energy over books that require no thought while those that do remain unread? Fifth, remember there are some books that cannot be read too much, others that cannot be read too little. But, above all, one of the best habits to form in order to read successfully and with profit is so to read as that, while the mind is grasping the meaning of the proposition then before the eyes, it is at the same time calling up, rapidly and diligently, as many as possible of the propositions, cognate, similar, or contradictory, which lie embedded in the memory, themselves the results of past research and reading. I can perhaps best compare this process to that pursued by a geologist who, while travelling along a road, is not content with observing what is just at his feet, but forms mental images of the underlying strata with which this superficial soil is connected. And I do not think we shall go very far wrong in saying that he will be the most intelligent reader who is able to recall the greatest number of such underlying strata. One excellent little plan, too, I know of by which to master and impress upon the mind the matter of the printed page, and this is, when the chapter or the paragraph is finished, to close the book

and try, in the simplest possible language, to convey its contents to a mind more ignorant than your own—if possible, to a child's. You will be astonished sometimes to find how very clear your own thought must be in order that you may convey it to another.

Lastly, let us ever keep in mind Bacon's most admirable advice: "Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

BY H. S. Q. HENRIQUES.

THE correspondence between Mr. Olney and Lord Salisbury, as Foreign Ministers of the United States of America and Great Britain, and the recent Message to Congress of President Cleveland, have brought into prominence the Monroe doctrine, originally enunciated in 1823, the fate of which, it has been well said, has been "to be perverted at home, and misunderstood abroad." For the right understanding of it, and its relation to the present crisis, it will be necessary to inquire into (1) the circumstances under which President Monroe's Message to Congress in 1823 was published; (2) how far the doctrine may be said to be binding in international law; (3) how far it is applicable to the present dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela.

I. Before the fall of Napoleon in the year 1814 the principal nations of Europe—England, Prussia, Austria, and Russia—had, by the Treaty of Chaumont, combined and established a concert among themselves, for the purpose of resisting the aggressions of that monarch, who, in his endeavor to establish a world-wide empire, was threatening the liberties and existence of them all. It was this concert which finally crushed and overthrew Napoleon, and then proceeded to resettle the boundaries of the different States of Europe. While engaged in this task, at Paris in the year 1815, the Holy Alliance was formed between the Czar of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria. The parties to the Holy Alliance most solemnly bound themselves to exercise their power according to the principles of justice and Christianity; to afford each other aid and assistance whenever it might be

required, and to rule their subjects with paternal care. As usual, however, in the affairs of nations, as in the affairs of individuals, these high-sounding principles were merely put forward by the contracting parties as a cloak under cover of which they might further their own interests. In fact, the Holy Alliance constituted, not so much a league of Christian fraternity among nations, as a confederacy of interference with the affairs of other nations in the interests of absolutism. Great Britain had been invited to become a member of the Holy Alliance, but had declined, in reality because its objects were suspected by our statesmen to be inconsistent with our national policy, and with the historical development of our own institutions, though nominally on the ground that the King, owing to his mental condition, and the Prince-Regent, on account of the forms of our Constitution, were unable to become parties to it. At the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818 France, thanks to the diplomatic skill of her representative, Talleyrand, had been admitted into the European concert as one of the five great Powers—a position which her power, wealth, and history fully entitled her to claim. Louis XVIII., then King of France, at once became a member of the Holy Alliance. It was soon after this time that the full meaning and importance of this movement was shown. The disturbing forces called forth by the French Revolution had not yet spent themselves, and revolutionary movements had broken out in many parts of the Continent, particularly in the Spanish and Italian peninsulas. At the congresses held, in quick succession, at Laybach,

Troppau, and Verona in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822 it was resolved by the great Powers, in spite of the strong protests of Great Britain, to suppress by means of armed foreign intervention these democratic outbursts. Thus, through the armed intervention of France, the Constitution of the Cortes was overthrown in Spain, and Ferdinand VII. restored to the throne of his ancestors in the full plenitude of absolute power. The democratic movement had, moreover, spread to the Spanish colonies in Central and South America, in most of which provisional Governments, Republican in form, had been established, able to resist effectually the arms of Spain. The members of the Holy Alliance desired to interfere in this struggle also, and again to reduce the revolted colonies to the sway of the restored autocrat. The British Government, which owing to its state of isolation had been unable to prevent the forcible interference in Europe, determined to check a similar result in America. With a view to this, communications passed between Mr. Canning and Mr. Adams, as representatives of Great Britain and the United States. It was a result of this correspondence, and at the instigation of Mr. Canning, that President Monroe published his famous Message to Congress on December 2, 1823. The full text of the Message may be found in the *Annual Register* for that year. It will be sufficient for our purpose to quote that portion of it which is embodied in Mr. Olney's despatch to Lord Salisbury. After stating that it did not comport with the policy of the United States to take part in the wars of the European Powers, President Monroe proceeds to say: "We owe it to candor, and the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great

consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." The Message also declared (says Mr. Olney) that the American continents were fully occupied, and were not the subjects for future colonization by European Powers.

Mr. Canning had previously informed the Allied Governments that Great Britain could not recognize any right in them to interfere forcibly between Spain and her American colonies, and the President's declaration, following upon this intimation, at once put an end to all ideas of armed interference. The Message, although a triumph for Canning, who could boast that he had "called a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old," undoubtedly went further than what he was prepared to assert. As Lord Salisbury says in his despatch, President Monroe in effect laid down two propositions—(1) That America was no longer to be looked upon as a field for European colonization; (2) That Europe must not attempt to extend its political system to America, or to control the political condition of any of the American communities which had recently declared their independence. The latter of these propositions, as applied to the circumstances of the time, Canning welcomed and accepted, but the former, as a European statesman, he felt himself bound to dispute. While denying the right of any European country to reconquer for Spain her revolted colonies, he as resolutely denied the right of the United States to take offence at the establishment of new colonies from Europe in unoccupied parts of the American Continent.

II. Having sketched the circumstances under which the Monroe Doctrine originated, we must now consider how far it may be said to be a part of International Law. The contents of International Law may be defined as those principles and rules which States agree to regard as obligatory. There is no legislature to lay down such rules,

no executive to enforce them; they can only originate from, and can only be enforced by, the common sentiment of nations. A rule or doctrine only becomes a part of International Law when it is recognized either expressly or tacitly as binding upon them, not by some nations merely, but by all. So far from the Monroe Doctrine having been accepted by all nations, it can hardly be said to have been accepted by any single nation. The Doctrine may indicate a course of policy for the conduct of foreign affairs frequently acted upon by the United States, but it has never before been definitely laid down by them as a canon of International Law. As Mr. Olney admits, it has never been formally affirmed by Congress; nay more, as Lord Salisbury says in his reply, it has never before been advanced on behalf of the United States in any written communication addressed to the Government of another nation. Moreover, it is not accepted by writers on International Law, including even some of the best known American publicists, such as Wheaton and Woolsey.

But it may be said that though the Doctrine has not been explicitly admitted as binding by any nation, yet the principles upon which it is based are so eminently reasonable and consonant to the common sentiment of nations as to make its observance incumbent upon all. It is, no doubt, an admitted canon of International Law, based upon each State's right to self-preservation, that a nation may intervene whenever anything is done or proposed to be done "which is a serious and direct menace to its own integrity, tranquillity, or welfare." Upon this principle the first proposition of the Monroe Doctrine cannot be defended; the second must at least be materially modified. The matter cannot be summed up better than in the words of one of America's greatest publicists, the holder of the Chair of International Law at Yale. "To lay down the principle," says Professor Woolsey, "that the acquisition of territory on this Continent by any European Power cannot be allowed by the United States would go far beyond any measures dictated by the system of the balance of power, for the rule of self-preservation

is not applicable in our case: we fear no neighbors. To lay down the principle that no political systems unlike our own, no change from Republican forms to those of monarchy, can be endured in the Americas, would be a step in advance of the Congresses at Laybach and Verona, for they apprehended destruction to their political fabrics, and we do not. But to resist attempts of European Powers to alter the constitutions of States on this side of the water is a wise and just opposition to interference. Anything beyond this justifies the system which absolute Governments have initiated for the suppression of revolutions by main force."

III. It still remains to consider whether, admitting the Monroe Doctrine to be binding, it could by any means be made applicable to our present dispute with Venezuela. Though other matters are in debate the boundary question is no doubt the principal one. The facts are briefly as follows. In 1814 the Netherlands transferred to Great Britain the three colonies of Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice—the country now known as British Guiana. These territories had fallen into the possession of the Dutch during their long war of emancipation, and were ceded to them by Spain when formally recognizing their independence by the Treaty of Munster, signed on the 30th of January, 1648. In 1830 the Republic of Venezuela assumed a separate existence and was recognized by England, but it was not till 1845 that it was formally recognized by Spain. By virtue of the Treaty of Madrid, signed on the 30th of March, 1845, the Republic of Venezuela claims to have succeeded to Spain in all her rights over the Captaincy-General of the same name. The question, therefore, is whether or no the disputed territory was included in the Captaincy-General of Venezuela. It arose originally about 1840, and has been pending ever since. In that year Sir Robert Schomburgk was sent out by the British Government, and after most careful investigation, traced out a boundary-line, not the one which Great Britain claimed as of right, but one which she was willing to accept in order to come to a speedy arrangement with a weaker

and friendly Power. During the protracted and intermittent negotiations our Government has at times offered still further concessions; though Great Britain now insists upon the Schombergk line as the very least to which she is of right entitled. "If," in the weighty words of Lord Salisbury, "as time has gone on the concessions thus offered diminished in extent and have now been withdrawn, this has been the necessary consequence of the gradual spread over the country of British settlements, which her Majesty's Government cannot, in justice to the inhabitants, offer to surrender to foreign rule, and the justice of such withdrawal is amply borne out by the researches in the national archives of Holland and Spain, which have furnished further and more convincing evidence in support of the British claims."

This is the dispute which Mr. Olney, in the name of the Monroe Doctrine, demands shall be submitted to arbitration, and which the British Government, acting as all States and all individuals act when they believe they have an indisputable claim, refuses to settle by such means. It is difficult indeed to see how, by any kind of reasoning, this case can be brought within the Monroe Doctrine; there is no danger of a new European colony being planted on any part of the American continent, nor of a political system being imposed on any part of it against the wishes of its inhabitants. It is only by the most extraordinary special pleading that the Doctrine can be stretched to include such a case, and such special pleading it is the duty of our Government to reject and ignore.—*Westminster Review*.

IN THE LAND OF THE NORTHERNMOST ESKIMO.

BY EIVIND ASTRUP, FIRST OFFICER IN BOTH THE PEARY EXPEDITIONS.

As a member of the second Peary expedition I had, in the spring of 1894, an opportunity of undertaking a sledge journey, Eskimo fashion, from the winter quarters of the expedition in Inglefield Gulf to the untrodden shores of Melville Bay. The journey, which was the only long excursion on this expedition, was in many respects executed so simply and so effectively, and resulted in geographical discoveries of such importance, that I venture to think a description thereof will interest even persons outside Arctic circles.

At the commencement of April I began the necessary preparations, which, for more reasons than one, were both few and simple. As regards meat, I had to rely solely on my luck as a hunter, and it was therefore necessary for me to secure a good native companion and fellow sportsman, which I found in my friend Kolotengva. Kolotengva is a young Eskimo of about five and twenty years of age, low of stature but well knit, with sinews of steel, and quite incredible muscular strength. His eyes are small, but he sees with them objects far beyond the

vision of ordinary mortals. His long black hair is by nature slightly curled, and forms a rather handsome frame around a daring and regular face. As a hunter he has no equal—he reminds me in many respects of Fenimore Cooper's Indian chiefs. Nobody in the whole tribe could be prouder than Kolotengva, nobody more free and independent, nobody stauncher in friendship or nobler in thought, nobody cooler in the hour of danger, or more astute during the hunt—in fact, he was a hero. And with him as companion I knew I should pull through.

Our equipment was otherwise simple enough. Of instruments we had a theodolite, a thermometer, a chronometer, a compass, binocular, snow spectacles, charts, scientific tables, etc.; and of food, a little tea, sugar, pea flour, ship's bread and bacon. In addition, two rifles, fifty cartridges, a small lamp of stone for cooking with seal oil, as there was neither spirits nor paraffin oil to spare then, some reindeer skins, an axe, and a few extra pairs of socks and leggings. Of dogs I succeeded in borrowing or bartering eight, while our

sledge was made by Kolotengva and myself just before our start, on native model, with runners shod with polished bone.

On the morning of April 6th everything was ready for the start, and although the weather was a little doubtful, with overcast sky, and the air threateningly "mild" (zero Fah.), we set off in the forenoon. Between the dark, almost perpendicular mountains out in the fjord the fog hung heavy and leaden, and further in, near our winter quarters, a keen, cutting northeaster swept the hills and the ice. We took it in turns to sit on the sledge while one ran behind holding to the stand-up steering arms. At racing pace we sped across the ice covered with hard, frozen snow, while the weather cleared. The sun does not rise high in the sky so early in the spring in these latitudes, so that we did not derive any warmth from it, but, on the other hand, it remained up so long that we had no cause for complaint. And a long day we needed, for the distance to the nearest Eskimo colony was a stiff one—i.e., close upon seventy miles, and people we must reach that day, as our supper depended on native hospitality.

It was just midnight, with a faint twilight, when we reached the southeast cape of Herbert Island, where our friends dwelt. The spot was called Oloschynni, and the colony consisted of five stone huts, of which only two were then occupied. Here we found one of the most famous bear hunters of the tribe, Nordingjer, who had just returned from several weeks' hunting south, at Cape York. The bears had treated him badly this time, two of his best trained dogs having been killed, and he himself nearly sharing the same fate, to which his clawed-up arm, covered with fur rags, bore witness. Surgery is only but little understood by these people; on the other hand, nature comes to their aid very powerfully, healing quickly broken bones and wounds which in other climates would require weeks.

The poor man was now seated on his couch, naked, chanting mystic incantations to hidden spirits in order to accelerate the healing of the wound.

Fortunately it was healing fast. Before going to rest we had an excellent supper of polar bear's meat, boiled bacon, and ship's bread. The first was frozen, and tasted like melon, at least that is my own personal impression, though it may not be corroborated by others. All the night through two charming old ladies were engaged in sewing me a pair of new seal "kamikker," as the Eskimo would on no account permit me to start on our long journey in my old top-boots, in which the toes showed a dangerous tendency to come through. For this work I presented them with a fork, two prongs of which were gone, and five and thirty matches.

The next morning there was a thick fog, and as our way lay right across the mouth of Whale Sound to some huts on its southern side, I was at first of opinion that we would have to await clearer weather before being able to set out, as no compass course could be shaped by the chart which here, as everywhere else, proved utterly incorrect, and we might have been poking about at the south side of the Sound if we got a bit astray. But Kolotengva only smiled quietly at my suggestions, and opined that it was hard upon him to be accused of not "knowing the way in his own country," even in a fog, and my confidence in him as one of nature's children being unbounded, we set out forthwith for Netchilumi, the next inhabited spot.

For many hours we sledged through the thick fog, so thick, in fact, that we could hardly see the dogs in front of us, but in spite of this Kolotengva succeeded in reaching our destination in a direct line! Some will at once say that he was led by animal instinct; but no, I shall not insult my Eskimo friends by endorsing that view. Nay, the human brain seems pretty much alike in the main among all wild tribes, and the man only performed what his splendid practical geometrical faculties suggested to him. For the direction of the wind along these shores is generally most remarkably uniform, and if it be a little strong, it will cause the loose fine snow to drift like desert sand. And during this action every tiny speck of snow will shift according to the same

physical laws, and shape themselves during their progress into various forms and figures with such regularity that long parallel streaks are formed on the surface of the snow. Now, by observing that the angle between these streaks and the line of march to be followed always remains the same, there is not much difficulty in steadily maintaining the same course; and it was this method Kolotengva followed. During our march across the Greenland inland ice in 1892, Lieutenant Peary and I became accustomed in thick weather to follow the same wind indications, and the traces of them up in these storm realms are far more pronounced and characteristic than further south. Indeed, often the surface of the snow resembles a sea in violent motion suddenly arrested and turned into a cold, still ocean of snow.

Toward evening we arrived at Netchilumi, where we were most heartily welcomed by the settlers, and took up our abode in the hut of the oldest hunter, Terrikotti. With him we spent an enjoyable evening.

His good old woman fried bacon and made tea for us without wanting any particular instructions, while Kolotengva chanted weird incantations in the dim light afforded by the train-oil lamp, and the master of the hut and his visitors listened to a little impromptu geography, aided by a polar chart and a blown-out bladder wherewith to explain the globular theory of the earth. But when we came to the consequences of the latter assertion—viz., that people in the two hemispheres walk feet to feet, the teaching came to an end. Nobody was able to follow these wild flights of fancy. In vain I demonstrated the attraction of the earth with the aid of dropping objects, when suddenly the half-grown son seemed to catch a glimmer of light. His tongue was loosened, and he began to rattle away to his countrymen in their curious guttural tongue. What he said I was unable to catch, but at the end of his discourse every one seemed convinced of the new theory.

The next day the fog was thicker than ever, and as at the same time there blew a strong southerly gale, we had to remain weather-bound till the

following morning. In the meantime we collected some minerals, and set four women to sew us new breeches of young, strong bear skin. This was a fresh addition to our wardrobe, and with the Kamikker, transformed me into a veritable north Greenland "dude." The following morning, as stated, we were again able to start. The weather was then "cracking" cold, with a clear sun. To our delight our host when we were about to start informed us that he would accompany us as far as Cape York, a distance of about 175 miles, as he had "business" there. His son had the previous autumn left his "Kajak" down there, and this the old man now intended to fetch before the ice broke up. His journey, moreover, was prompted by the unexpected opportunity now presenting itself of having the company of a "Kablunachsuaq" (white man), and enjoying the dainties flowing therefrom, such as bacon rinds and other remnants of his feasts. Terrikotti took his wife with him, too, looking upon the journey of 350 miles in the depth of winter as rather a pleasure or recreation trip than anything else. He had with him seven splendid strong dogs, which careered magnificently across the ice, and they were, as is generally the case with these animals, so beautifully trained that a shout only from their master was sufficient to make them run either right or left, stop dead or increase their speed, "watch for seal," or sniff the hard snow for bear tracks. The journey certainly became both more interesting and lively by this unexpected addition to our party. They followed all their old customs and modes of travelling, and revealed many of their forms of worship and superstitions, looking upon the "Kabluna" as one of themselves.

In the course of the day we passed round a ness running into Whale Sound and Boat Inlet, halted at Cape Parry, then surrounded with open water, and having to make a *détour* inland, reached an altitude of about a thousand feet. At this elevation the weather conditions were, no doubt on account of the proximity of the sea, so entirely different from those at a lower level, that we could hardly make any progress against

the blinding snow and fog, and the cutting winds which seemed quite to scorch our faces. But it did not last long, for soon we were past the highest point of the snow-hill covering the plateau-shaped ness; we got the wind with us, and rushing at great speed down through a narrow gulch, we again emerged among the sun-bathed glaciers and icebergs. But far beyond the glittering icebergs and the immense ocean of snow-covered ice utterly void of life, we beheld the dark blue ocean, indescribably lovely and fascinating, here and there glittering and shining where the sun rays were reflected from the long foam-crested swell.

What effect that sight had upon one who had passed six months in semi-darkness in these dreary ice-bound surroundings, and with a badly suppressed home longing at heart, I must leave to the reader's imagination. Memories of the far-off sea-girt fatherland rushed upon me, and threw me into a dreamy melancholy state, most undesirable for the work in hand. As I halted and stood gazing out toward the blue horizon my followers inquired what I was looking for, but only badly could I explain what I thought and felt. Nevertheless these sensitive people, children of the ice and snow, quite gathered my meaning, and the old man exclaimed several times in a sympathetic undertone "ayonai, ayonai" (how sad, how sad).

On coming down from our land journey we continued along the rather low flat shores of Booth Inlet, passing the remarkable Fitz-Clarence Rock, a little island rising in terraces to a height of about a thousand feet. During thousands of years wet, ice, and storm have gradually eroded the rock, and the blocks thrown down have fallen with such regularity around the whole island that it rises above the flat ice fields like an enormous black cone, out of which the solid central part with perpendicular sides stands forth.

Just below this weird-looking island we had again to seek the mainland, as the ice during the equinoctial gales a few weeks before had broken up and drifted into the partly open Baffin's Bay. Fortunately the land here, while lofty south and north, was compara-

tively level, so that we could continue our journey without difficulty, although the sharp stones projecting through the snow here and there ripped the sledges unpleasantly.

A little after noon we came upon fresh reindeer tracks, and there must have been quite a herd of them; there were spoor in all directions. We had no meat for supper, nor any for our hungry dogs, so it would be a godsend to obtain an animal or two. The natives were nearly mad with excitement and proposed to set off in pursuit at once. I let them have a rifle each while I went to examine some white quartz-like rocks in the vicinity. Terrikotti's wife was left behind to look after the dogs, which, in some circumstances, cannot be left alone, as when these half-tamed wolves get the scent of game nothing can stop them.

Ten minutes had barely gone by before I heard a rifle shot close at hand, and presently Kolotengva's little square figure appeared on a ridge, calling to us to bring the sledges up. This was but the work of a few moments, and we beheld a great reindeer cow lying dead on the snow. A meal followed, in which four human beings and fifteen dogs participated without distinction, only that we human beings seized the tit-bits. We saved, however, a fine piece of steak for supper, with the reindeer belly, which the two "Arcotics" had not the heart to leave behind, for it is their greatest delicacy.

We did not travel much further that day, having sledged without a break for thirteen hours, so we halted at about seven o'clock on the north side of Whalstenholme Sound, where we built a cosy little snow hut in a suitable, well-sheltered drift. It was constructed in the usual Eskimo fashion, of large blocks cut out of the snow-drift, put together so as to form a solid cupola over the space below, sufficient to hold us all. The dogs always sleep in the open, winter as well as summer, and in all kinds of weather. They were, therefore, simply tied to Kolotengva's walrus lance, rammed into the ground just outside the hut. We will now peep inside, all fissures in roof and walls having been closed with snow, and the lamps lighted. To get

in it is necessary to crawl through the little hole on the leeside, and when of the Caucasian race, great care has to be exercised not to wreck the proud structure, as the opening is only intended for tiny Eskimo bodies. Inside a comparatively high temperature prevails, which causes the snow in the roof to melt, whereby the structure is strengthened, as the blocks then sink a little, freeze together, and form on the inside a hard polished dome of ice. The water thus formed by degrees trickles slowly down the walls of the hut toward the floor, forming the most beautiful glittering ice-taps. However, at night, when cooking is over, the melting ceases, as the lamps then only burn with a faint flame.

But as we enter the cooking is in full swing, and under the little stone vessels the flames are made as long as the saucer-shaped lamps with moss wicks and blubber will allow. On the raised platform at the back of the hut I and Kolotengva are installed, while opposite reside the old man and his woman. All of us are airily dressed, as it would of course be absurd to sleep in the stiff wet garments when there is an opportunity of throwing them off and crawling into soft warm reindeer skins instead.

The old woman mostly sees to the cooking, and in order to ascertain whether the water for the tea is getting warm, she now and again puts her hand flat into it, a manner of "taking" boiling temperature which I at first have great difficulty in reconciling myself to, but by philosophically arguing the point with myself, I come to the conclusion that it is no worse than the handling of the meat we are to eat, and I reconcile myself to my fate.

The next morning the weather continued gloriously fine, and at half-past seven we were again off. Our road now lay right across the broad Whalstenholme Sound. Saunders' Island, situated about midway, we had intended to pass to the west, as this route was the shortest; but on reaching the western point of the island we were arrested by open water, and had to proceed eastward in order to reach the inner side. We did, however, not omit first to try the new steel-like ice just below

the lofty mountain walls rising to a height of over 2000 feet, in order perhaps to save the long *détour*, but it was no good. The ice was too weak, and I cannot help confessing that I breathed more freely after the discovery, as my recent experiences on new ice were anything but pleasant. I may as well tell the story as we travel.

It was in the first half of February, just as the cold was severest, that I was travelling far to the north of our winter quarters for the purpose of obtaining meat for our many dogs, which were half-starved. I had for companion a native, Kaschu by name, a lively, amusing fellow; but I must add he was a thief and a liar of the first water to boot, under certain "extenuating circumstances." Here, out campaigning, he was a splendid fellow indeed.

We had left the nearest colony at five in the morning in brilliant moonshine, and had for hours, with twelve dogs, been speeding out toward the broad Smith's Sound, in order to reach new ice, where the walrus love to romp in winter time. When about twenty miles distant from the coast, we halted, tied the dogs to hummocks, and proceeded on foot a couple of miles further out, watching for walrus, as these animals are in the habit of thrusting their big heads through the thin ice in order to breathe, and it is then that the Eskimo watches his opportunity of launching his harpoon into their carcase, keeping it tied with the line till the animal is exhausted. A little after noon we succeeded in killing an enormous she-walrus, a task, however, comparatively easy, as we had both harpoon and rifle, and while Kaschu was cutting it up I was to fetch the sledge and dogs. At a rattling pace we sped seaward toward him. See him I could not, although it was only just after noon, as twilight had already set in, and only a faint streak in the south indicated where the long-looked-for sun was. Suddenly I feel a slight jerk of the sledge as it speeds silently out upon the dark violet-colored surface of elastic new ice; I at once conclude that in the gloaming we have steered right across a newly frozen "clear" in the ice, and although the sledge is already in a swaying motion, it looks at the

moment as if we might be able to get safely over without accident. Just then one of the native sledge runners cuts through, the pace slackens, and then almost ceases. The sledge is already partly under the ice! An icy bath I knew at once I was to have, so I slid off the sledge slowly, and gave at the same time a violent pull at the steering band, whereby the front part again reached the ice sheet, and then began a terrible fight for life as we slowly splashed through the water to the other side. The dogs needed no encouragement to pull now, the keen animals exerted themselves to their utmost, understanding quite well that it was a struggle for life. At one moment most of them were in the water, in the next they obtained foothold on the ice with their sharp claws, but only again to be immersed in the icy waves. I shall not enlarge upon the horrors of the situation and my reflections, but only add that we reached the solid ice at last on the other side of the "clear" more than forty feet wide, and that I was soaked to the arm-pits under a temperature 40° F. below freezing point, and no land in sight. I ran out to my companion in my heavy fur garments, which already began to be coated with icicles, and got him to drive me home at once. The dogs did their duty in the fine moonlight, and in four hours we were safely back in one of the warm earth huts of the natives. And I suffered no more from my awful immersion, but forget it I never shall.

We had, it may be remembered, been compelled to make a great *détour* eastward to get past Saunders' Island on the inside, and as we passed the east side of the island we came upon the tracks of three bears, two old ones and a young one. It is hardly possible to form an idea of the excitement produced upon the Eskimo—all ardent hunters—and their semi-savage dogs under such circumstances. The dogs pull violently at their leather traces and scan with raised ears keenly the snowy wastes, while their masters stop, converse in whispers, listen, scan the wastes, run a little, stop again, and then repeat the whole performance anew. It might be doubted whether

men who so absolutely lose their coolness on coming upon the tracks of game are really worth anything as hunters. But the doubt is soon dispelled. The excitement, in fact, tends to stimulate their intellectual faculties and keenness, and the spectator is soon compelled to admire their qualifications as hunters and sportsmen of a very high order. In the present case, however, the hunt was fruitless. We followed three bear tracks right and left across the wide dreary expanse of ice, until the sun's disk, huge and glowing, touched the snow-white horizon to the north-west, disappearing presently behind distant icebergs. In vain the natives scanned the vast white expanse with my glasses, the remarkable qualities of which they soon learned to admire, but no sign of a living thing in any direction. We had therefore to abandon the quest and resume our journey along the coast south of the mouth of the fjord. A little after we passed Cape Atholl, where the ice began; being snow free, we could advance much faster, and at midnight, after sixteen hours of incessant travelling, we halted at a spot called Igluduhugni. During our entire journey the dogs had gone at a great pace, the bear chase included, and the distance covered that day (sixteen hours) was equal to about a degree of latitude, or no less than seventy miles.

We had expected to find natives at this place, but all we could discover in the gloom of midnight was a long deserted tumbledown snow hut. Kolotengva and I at once set to work to repair the hut, while the old man and his woman began to dig in the snow under a huge travelled boulder, maintaining that they would, according to an old charitable Eskimo custom, find seal blubber for the aid of needy travellers in general. Long and deep they dug, and blubber there was, sure enough, in plenty. The old man cut up some in bits for the dogs, while the woman prepared other for our lamps, making the pieces soft by chewing them with her teeth before putting them on the lamp saucers. In a short while we were snugly ensconced under our snow roof, consuming the remains of our reindeer steak of yesterday, while chatting

about the events of the day. And, indeed, we were on the point of getting fox steak too for supper that night, as just before we reached our quarters we enjoyed an exciting and remarkable chase after a couple of Arctic Reynards, which only got away by the skin of their teeth. The whole affair reminded me much of an English foxhunt, with the exception that we chased the foxes on sledges instead of on horseback; but for excitement and novelty I must accord the palm to the latter mode of hunting these vile animals. In the faint rays of the Arctic midnight sun these little foxes often tramp long distances across the silent, icy expanse, in search of the remnants of feasts by polar bears, dead seal cubs, and the like. It was two such midnight prowlers we had come upon. Hardly had the dogs spotted the two black little dots away in front of us—for they were so-called “blue” foxes—before they set off at such a terrific pace that we were just able to fling ourselves on the sledges and enjoy the chase too. Away galloped the foxes; after them raced the dogs. But we did not gain much upon the vile beggars, as, of course, the sledges handicapped the dogs so much that one fox succeeded in at once escaping, having astutely enough made for the shore. The other, however, was just in front of us, but seemed to be getting away. What then do my worthy sporting friends, who in the most intense excitement have been watching the unequal chase, and who now begin to see a doubtful issue, do? Quick as thought Kolotengva seizes his knife, bends forward, and cuts with a single rapid stroke the trace of the fastest of our animals, a little lady dog. And, in an instant, his companion follows his example. Like arrows shot from a bow the two animals dart forward. But one dog appears to gain over the other, and this does not please our companion at all, so, quick as lightning, he despatches another gray toazler from his team, which is immediately followed by another from our side. Now follow encouraging shouts to the dogs from both contesting parties, exactly as in a north country coursing match, and a laughing, rattling, shrieking dispute

between the two sledges as to the merits and chances of their respective animals. My dog won the match in securing the little terrified blue fox; but, alas! artful as ever, Reynard, at the moment of victory, jumped for dear life on to the top of a high flat iceberg, where our dogs were unable to follow and our guns to reach it, as the fox lay down flat. And thus ended an exciting fox-hunt and coursing match à la Eskimo.

The next day the weather was still magnificent, and at midday the sun became so warm that here and there a solitary seal was enticed to come up to his breathing hole in the ice in order to bask in the rays of the sun.

It was midnight again before we reached Cape York, the last inhabited spot in our journey; again we had travelled incessantly for sixteen hours, and covered a distance of fifty miles since daybreak. At this time only a few stars of the first magnitude glittered in the southern heavens, and we welcomed the lovely light nights of the Arctic summer. But I will at once confess that we were in no mood for such charming and idyllic reflections when we drove on that night before the stone huts at Snnaminomen. The glass stood at 24° F. below zero (56° of frost), and being famishing like wolves we felt the cutting night wind and the cold the more. But the natives at this place received us with customary Eskimo hospitality. Sleep and rest were what we most needed, and after a solid meal for ourselves and the dogs, we fell immediately asleep, only to awake when the sun had risen far into the heavens.

Two days (April 13th and 14th) we remained at the colony to give our dogs a good rest and to await a change in the weather, which had now become stormy. It cannot be denied that we felt *ennui* during these days of enforced idleness, and the North Greenland huts become rather confined to a European, however contented and frugal, when weather-bound for any length of time. But in the day-time our life was lively enough, and many were the questions put and answered on both sides, of the customs, sagas, and traditions of the North Greenlanders, as well as of the far-away southern lands and their many

racés, and especially, I venture to think, the Eskimo gained a good idea of my own fatherland, "Old Norway," with its soughing forests, green hillsides, roaring falls, and splendid climate. I had to describe them all over and over again. Equally interesting, perhaps, were the musical *soirées*, which took place in some hut or another, attended by the entire *élite* of the colony. At these charming *réunions* the blubber drum or "tom-tom" was heard incessantly, while hysterical witches and mystic old men in turns chanted monotonous half-wailing incantations to spirits supposed to be hovering about. Some of the so-called "Angekokkes" or sorcerers exercise a most remarkable influence on their listeners, who frequently listen to their monotonous chants in trembling and breathless expectancy.

At last, early on the morning of April 15th, we were able to continue our journey eastward. Kolotengva and I were now again alone, the old couple who had accompanied us on the previous days having remained at Cape York, the goal of their journey. Our course now lay straight for the islands in Melville Bay, whence I hoped to get a good view of the unknown shores within, in case ice should prevent my reaching them. During the morning we passed Bushman's Island, situated about twenty miles east of Cape York. Even before we reached it I became aware that the coast-land just to the northward of us formed no part of the mainland, but consisted, in fact, of two large islands hitherto unknown. During the afternoon, as we sledged further and further eastward, we came in sight of enormous glaciers such as I had always been of opinion existed along the northeastern shores of Melville Bay. Indeed, I found that practically the whole coast-line from Cape York eastward, as far as the eye could reach, was continually broken by vast and active glaciers. At 6 p.m. we halted, having covered fifty miles, and built our snow hut for the night. We were then nearly directly south of Cape Melville, and only a few miles from the shore. The ice on which we sledged during the first part of our journey from Cape York was very smooth and

quite different from what I had expected. With the exception of a belt of ice a couple of miles broad, the surface of which formed a chaos of irregular edged and wildly piled up blocks, rising to a height of from six feet to eight feet, the rest of our road was perfectly level and smooth. This I may, perhaps, ascribe to Kolotengva's intimate knowledge of ice navigation.

Having enjoyed a refreshing night's rest in the hut, we continued the following day our journey in fine but hazy weather. About midday land was clearly discernible to the north-east, but in the afternoon everything was again hidden in a thick fog. We halted at 5 p.m., having covered 40 miles. It then snowed hard. Again we had a good night's rest, but found the next morning that several inches of new snow had fallen, while the fog was as thick as ever and completely hid the land. But at noon, when everything seemed most dreary and hopeless, the fog suddenly lifted, like an enormous curtain, and displayed to our astonished gaze a panorama so grand and imposing that it will never fade from my mind. Lofty, sombre mountains, gigantic snowy glaciers, and aerial blue glittering snow cones, all charmingly bathed in the purple rays of the noon-day sun, stretched in wild disorder along the horizon, the *tout ensemble* forming a most striking and fascinating spectacle of a land never trodden by human being.

By continuing our east-south-east course, which we had followed since the morning, we reached, at about 6 p.m., a small isolated island, where I decided to remain for a day or two in order to take observations. The island proved to be identical with Thom Island of the chart, having in its centre a conically shaped rock 300 feet to 400 feet in height, which would afford a most desirably high plateau whence to fix the glaciers and capes of the mainland. We therefore built a snow hut at the bottom of a sheltered cleft in the rocks at the south side of the island, and found the weather the next morning, to our great satisfaction, all that could be desired. The air was remarkably clear, the most distant mountains standing forth distinctly. I ob-

tained an observation of the sun at noon, as well as all requisite determinations of the mainland. The island I found to be situated in longitude $75^{\circ} 41' 44''$ N., and the compass variation $88\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ W. I delineated also the profile of the entire coast-line, including several new islands of considerable size. While I was thus engaged my worthy friend had set off seal hunting, as we were in want of meat for ourselves and dogs, and blubber for the lamps. And he succeeded in an hour's time in killing a fine animal.

I watched him through my glasses as he cautiously and silently crawled, or rather hauled himself along toward the dozing seal. To me up here it seemed as if he was near enough to touch it with his hand; but still I waited and waited for the report of his rifle. At last a faint cloud arose, and the report rang through the still clear air, and in the same instant Kolo-tengva's knife flashed for a second in the sun, burying itself in the next in the body of his valuable spoil, which now relieved us from all anxieties as to food for ourselves and our faithful, almost half-starved, companions for some time to come.

Of the fifty miles long coast-line, bounded in northwest by Cape Melville and in southeast by Red Head, which I could overlook from the top of the little mountain ridge on Thom Island, nearly one half consisted of larger and smaller glacier fronts. If to the glaciers here referred to, which I could overlook from the island, be added the glaciers which I discovered between Cape Melville and Cape York, as well as the enormous ice floe, the northern wall of which I was just able to discern south of Red Head, and which in all probability stretches down to the neighborhood of the "Devil's Thumb," the whole number of these ice streams covers an area of some 200 miles. They form a magnificent overflow for the ice masses inland, and are therefore of the highest importance. The glaciers of Melville Bay form, without doubt, the vastest glacial system yet discovered on the Greenland coast. Most of these glaciers are situated close to each other; indeed, as regards some of the larger, as, for instance, those of King

Oscar, Peary, Rink, Nansen, and Nordenskiöld, the land divisions among them are so insignificant that they might be really considered two huge glaciers of enormous dimensions.

As regards the geological character of the coast-land itself, which here and there juts forth from the glacial cap, either as dominant headland and ness or single "nunatak" further inland, I could discover nothing of particular interest. The trap formation, with its dark color, in strong contrast to the white snow cupolas which crowned its plateau-shaped surfaces, was apparently the most common, while the coast in general was of the usual archaic structure. The perpendicular walls nearest the ocean ice attained generally a height of a couple of thousand feet, while the "Hinterland," where such existed, rose to far greater heights; thus the snowy summit of Cape Walker has a height of quite 3000 feet, while a glittering cone, to which I gave the name of "Mount Haffner," after the Norwegian savant, and which is situated about fifteen miles inland on the north side of the bay, is, without doubt, 5000 feet in height. At Cape Melville there was a comparatively vast stretch of low land, but its nature I was unable to make out at this distance.

Having concluded my observations on the island, I built a small cairn on the top, in which I placed a tin box containing a brief notice of our visit. Before turning in that night we were pleasantly surprised by the sight of a snow sparrow, the first of the season, which occasioned us several times during supper (a dainty meal of fresh seal's liver and dry ship's bread) to congratulate each other on the coming of summer.

The next morning we found the weather had completely changed in the course of the night; it was blowing a gale from the southeast, filling the air with the finest drifting snow. We had, therefore, to lie weather-bound that day, which might have been dull enough if my companion had not sped the time by naïvely-told tales of incidents from his own life, which in the most striking manner illustrated the admirable toughness, strength, and courage of

this little race of humanity in *la lutte pour la vie*. Among other things I was told that the bear-hunters of the tribe often in their excursions reach the east coast of Melville Bay. I am, however, of the opinion that ere long some spring day the inhabitants of the northernmost Danish colony, Tessiusak, will be surprised by a visit, the first known, from the sledging wild men of Cape York. I have supplied them with full particulars and instructions for such a journey.

The next day, April 20th, the wind was still strong from the south. We were now again nearly out of meat and blubber, so that we did not care to venture far away from Cape York, which we had otherwise intended had the weather been better. After being weather-bound for a day we steered for the north-east, almost unknown, corner of Melville Bay, where I hoped to find something of interest, and where also we might slay a bear, which we greatly needed. We started at seven o'clock A.M., and shaped our course straight for the lofty mountain ridge, which according to the vague indications of the chart should be Cape Murdoch. But as we approached we found that this towering ridge did not constitute any projecting point in the coast line, but, on the contrary, rose far behind it, and was only a solitary "nunatak" in the vast ice-field, the lofty perpendicular face of which completely arrested our progress. We halted at half-past one by a small island, the inner side of which almost touched the ice-wall, and here we had to remain for the rest of the day and the next night. Kolotengva at once began the erection of the indispensable snow-hut, while I climbed the island, a few hundred feet in height, in order to take observations. By and by he too, came up, anxious to see this forlorn corner of the bay, whither the lively sledge parties of his tribe had never yet penetrated. But even to the frugal-minded Eskimo at my side the desolate spot could offer no attraction; he only shook his head and said with emphatic conviction—"Pujungi-toksua nuna manni" ("the land about here is no good"). On the hard rocky ground lay long adamant snowdrifts, carried

thither by raging winds from the nearest glaciers, while here and there where the naked rocky terraces were visible through the snow, the "scouring" marks of former glacial action were distinctly observable. Having concluded my observations, we collected all the stones we were able to find and raised a small cairn on the summit, when we returned to the hut. But a few yards from it, right under the wall of an iceberg, we came upon some deep holes in the snow, a bear having evidently been engaged in digging for sea-holes. The same animal, or another, had curiously enough visited the summit of the island, to which even we had a difficulty in climbing. Kolotengva thought the bear had come on land in search of dead grass or moss, as polar bears are believed by the natives to like a certain amount of vegetable matter in their diet.

The next morning at seven we continued our journey in calm, hazy weather. We had barely travelled two hours before, on turning a headland, we suddenly espied the bear some eight hundred yards in front of us. At racing pace the dog sped away across the hard snow, but the bear did not take long to consider his position and then to deal with it. He decided not to deal with the dilemma at all, and simply bolted. But we were down upon him, when Kolotengva quickly cut the single trace of the eight dogs, the sledge stopped dead, and the liberated dogs flew with redoubled energy at the hairy giant, who now turned to defend himself at last. During the short space of time occupied by us in coming up with the combatants, I had a good opportunity of watching the splendid tactics of the dogs. As soon as they came up with the bear they spread out in a semicircle right in front of their foe, and attacked him by making dashes at his long thick coat with their sharp, glistening teeth, and they displayed during these proceedings such cuteness and skill, that it was evident they quite understood that it was a question of "breakfast or no breakfast" for them. Whenever the bear angrily raised one of his huge paws to crush one of his tormentors, the latter slid away in the most agile manner, while

his companions gave the wretched brute enough to attend to in another direction. However, a few shots from our Winchesters soon ended the combat, and an hour later we had the large magnificent bearskin safely packed on the sledge, together with a good quantity of meat, while the dogs were treated to a substantial meal, which they indeed wanted badly, and we again continued our journey.

Our course now lay straight for an island some ten miles W.S.W. from our last day's halting-place. We reached it just before noon, and remained there some hours, during which I took the latitude and some determinations, the weather having now become very fine again. In the afternoon we proceeded, and halted eventually at 5.30 P.M. for the night, after a most interesting but very hard day.

On April 23d we reached again, safe and sound, Cape York and our friendly Eskimo. I decided to remain two days and let the dogs have a good rest, not because they actually wanted it, but because I thought they thoroughly deserved it after their preceding eight days' hard and steady work. The next day was beautifully fine, and almost summer-like, so that the entire colony, small and large, turned out *en masse* and squatted most of the day, basking in the sun's rays, on a small clearing in front of the huts where bones and offal used to be thrown. True, the air was a bit chilly, but having built a wall of snow to shelter from the cutting north wind, and with the sun shining right upon our ruddy faces, and being well wrapped up in furs, we had a fine time of it, chatting merrily about the coming spring, for which we all longed so much.

In the midst of our merry group lay a huge piece of walrus meat, the somewhat "gamey" smell of which left no doubt as to its respectable age. Beside it lay an axe, which was used whenever any man or woman wanted to satisfy their hungry cravings, for the meat was frozen hard and had to be chopped. At the side of this lump of meat stood also a huge block of ice, clear as crystal, whence the community obtained water, as in the centre of it a cavity had been cut, at the bottom of which

a stone was placed of the size of a man's fist, on which there burned with a good flame a piece of moss intersected with blubber; and as the ice melted at the sides of the cavity, the water collected at the bottom in a small, clear pool, whence it was consumed by the many parched mouths by sucking it up through hollow reindeer marrow-bones, in exactly the same manner as we enjoy a sherry cobbler through a straw. The whole party was throughout in the cheeriest and most talkative mood; and although no toasts were drunk or speeches made, the chatting and laughing of everybody and of all sizes proceeded so merrily that the incident furnished another strong proof of the thorough contentment of these people with their lot in life.

The next day I had an opportunity of seeing how the natives train their bear dogs. A bear skin is carried secretly by two lads out behind an iceberg close by, one of whom returns, while the other wraps the skin round his body and then emerges, appearing at a distance like a real bear, in the creamy fur of which the sun played. Then an alarm is raised by the older hunters, and with fine histrionic skill the younger ones rush out as if in great excitement at the sight of the impudent bear. Some of the dogs have now also espied it, half a dozen sledges are harnessed speeding toward the imagined foe, who then wisely lets fall his disguise.

After two days' rest I and my companion eventually said good-bye to our hospitable hosts. But at the last moment we were pleasantly surprised at learning that the whole colony had decided to accompany us in a body! It seemed as if a sudden mania for travelling had seized upon these free and unfettered persons. Why not then at once satisfy the desire? Their minds were made up on the spur of the moment, and half an hour had hardly elapsed before the whole colony had taken the field with all their belongings—furs, harpoons, lamps, suckling babies, blubber, meat, etc., well stowed away on their sledges. They numbered, including ours, nine in all, drawn by fifty-two splendid dogs. But we did not enjoy our merry escort

long, as it left us by degrees, the members taking up their abodes along the coast in their airy skin tents, now being exchanged for the dark hovels of the long and dreary winter.

The first night after leaving Cape York we halted at the bottom of an inlet, where we had to remain for thirty-six hours through a storm. We found quarters in some old ruins of a hut. The next night we were enabled to proceed, and as it was the first on which the sun would remain above the horizon that season, we decided to travel all the night. The snow track was capital, and we advanced rapidly, reaching the western extremity of Saunders' Island at five A.M. Here we slept in a remarkable grotto, which runs in under the perpendicular mountain wall, about a thousand feet in height, the floor being below high-water mark. We passed the Colony "Akpan," situated on the south-west side of the island, then deserted. I mention it, as here as well as on the mainland just south, there are remains of stone huts which are now under water at high tide. The natives have, therefore, been obliged to vacate their old huts and erect others, the former having gradually been covered by the sea. Similar proofs of the depression of the land along these shores were at one time also observed by Dr. Kane somewhat further south, who suggested that the axis of the oscillating movement to which it is generally assumed that the Greenland continent is subjected, should be found just south of the 77th degree of latitude. Judging by my own observations on Saunders' Island just referred to, and partly from statements made by natives, I am of opinion that this axis must be fixed somewhat further south.

On April 29th, at about nine at night, we left Saunders' Island in splendid weather. We determined again to travel across country to Whale Sound to escape the journey around Cape Parry. On the way we succeeded in killing a hare, whose white coat up in a dark ravine offered a splendid target for our rifles. I shall not describe how welcome this piece of fresh meat was to us just then. Suffice it to say that for some days we had lived

from hand to mouth, and our provision bag was slenderer than just desirable.

We had decided to attempt to reach the south side of Whale Sound before again halting, which we did after twenty hours of hard travelling. For the last time we lit our blubber lamp, cooked the rest of the hare, and enjoyed a good long sleep under the tumble-down roof of a deserted native hut. We were still some thirty miles from the winter quarters of the expedition, but this we covered without more adventures on the following day, being back once more safe and sound, on April 30th.

Our little journey was at an end, and although its geographical results, which, however, constituted the only ones yielded by the second Peary expedition, cannot be said to be "startling," the journey has to me been of great value and advantage, for it has more than ever before made me familiar with the methods of travelling followed for hundreds of years by the race dwelling in nearest proximity to the Pole, and gained from experience during their extended sledge journeys along the vast ice-choked shores of their land. And I feel confident that, had this tribe possessed the scientific enthusiasm which fires civilized nations, they would have reached the highly coveted goal long ago, and explored the mystic regions into which the great nations of the earth, in noble rivalry and self-sacrifice, have hitherto attempted to penetrate in vain. But suddenly to impart to these children of nature an ardent enthusiasm for this task of solving some of the greatest geographical and other scientific problems of the age would indeed be an impossibility. On the other hand, however, it might be that the sons of civilization themselves could learn from the natives, by sojourning among them, the best mode of solving those problems.

There are those who maintain that Nansen and his gallant little band will carry victory home; and no one who is acquainted with the brilliant equipment and manning of this expedition, with other factors to be considered, can deny that its prospects of success

are highly promising. But should even this be so, there will still remain many mysteries to be penetrated in the polar regions. No single expedition, be it ever so successful, could solve all these. There still are vast regions on both sides of the Pole yet to be explored; and in this glorious labor it is

to be hoped that the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon races may lead the way hand in hand.—*Fortnightly Review*.

NOTE.—Since this article, which has been translated by Carl Siewers, was first received, Eivind Astrup's death has been reported in the newspapers. The last paragraphs were written before the news of Nausen's success.—Ed.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

BY H. G. WELLS.

"WHAT if I die under it!" The thought recurred again and again, as I walked home from Haddon's. It was a purely personal question. I was spared the deep anxieties of a married man, and I knew there were few of my intimate friends but would find my death troublesome chiefly on account of their duty of regret. I was surprised indeed, and perhaps a little humiliated, as I turned the matter over, to think how few could possibly exceed the conventional requirement. Things came before me stripped of glamour, in a clear dry light, during that walk from Haddon's house over Primrose Hill. There were the friends of my youth: I perceived now that our affection was a tradition, which we foregathered rather laboriously to maintain. There were the rivals and helpers of my later career: I suppose I had been cold blooded or undemonstrative—one perhaps implies the other. It may be that even the capacity for friendship is a question of physique. There had been a time in my own life when I had grieved bitterly enough at the loss of a friend; but as I walked home that afternoon the emotional side of my imagination was dormant. I could not pity myself, nor feel sorry for my friends, nor conceive of them as grieving for me.

I was interested in this deadness of my emotional nature—no doubt a concomitant of my stagnating physiology; and my thoughts wandered off along the line it suggested. Once before, in my hot youth, I had suffered a sudden loss of blood, and had been within an ace of death. I remembered now that

my affections as well as my passions had drained out of me, leaving scarce anything but a tranquil resignation, a dreg of self-pity. It had been weeks before the old ambitions, and tenderesses, and all the complex moral interplay of a man, had reasserted themselves. It occurred to me that the real meaning of this numbness might be a gradual slipping away from the pleasure pain guidance of the animal man. It has been proven, I take it, as thoroughly as anything can be proven in this world, that the higher emotions, the moral feelings, even the subtle tenderesses of love, are evolved from the elemental desires and fears of the simple animal: they are the harness in which man's mental freedom goes. And, it may be that, as death overshadows us, as our possibility of acting diminishes, this complex growth of balanced impulse, propensity, and aversion, whose interplay inspires our acts, goes with it. Leaving what?

I was suddenly brought back to reality by an imminent collision with a butcher-boy's tray. I found that I was crossing the bridge over the Regent's Park Canal, which runs parallel with that in the Zoological Gardens. The boy in blue had been looking over his shoulder at a black barge advancing slowly, towed by a gaunt white horse. In the Gardens a nurse was leading three happy little children over the bridge. The trees were bright green; the spring hopefulness was still unstained by the dusts of summer; the sky in the water was bright and clear, but broken by long waves, by quivering bands of black, as the barge drove

through. The breeze was stirring; but it did not stir me as the spring breeze used to do.

Was this dulness of feeling in itself an anticipation? It was curious that I could reason and follow out a network of suggestion as clearly as ever: so, at least, it seemed to me. It was calmness rather than dulness that was coming upon me. Was there any ground for the belief in the presentiment of death? Did a man near to death begin instinctively to withdraw himself from the meshes of matter and sense, even before the cold hand was laid upon his? I felt strangely isolated—isolated without regret—from the life and existence about me. The children playing in the sun and gathering strength and experience for the business of life, the park-keeper gossiping with a nursemaid, the nursing mother, the young couple intent upon each other as they passed me, the trees by the wayside spreading new pleading leaves to the sunlight, the stir in their branches—I had been part of it all, but I had nearly done with it now.

Some way down the Broad Walk I perceived that I was tired, and that my feet were heavy. It was hot that afternoon, and I turned aside and sat down on one of the green chairs that line the way. In a minute I had dozed into a dream, and the tide of my thoughts washed up a vision of the Resurrection. I was still sitting in the chair, but I thought myself actually dead, withered, tattered, dried, one eye (I saw) pecked out by birds. "Awake!" cried a voice; and incontinently the dust of the path and the mould under the grass became insurgent. I had never before thought of Regent's Park as a cemetery, but now through the trees, stretching as far as eye could see, I beheld a flat plain of writhing graves and heeling tombstones. There seemed to be some trouble: the rising dead appeared to stifle as they struggled upward, they bled in their struggles, the red flesh was tattered away from the white bones. "Awake!" cried a voice; but I determined I would not rise to such horrors. "Awake!" They would not let me alone. "Wike up!" said an angry voice. A cockney angel! The

man who sells the tickets was shaking me, demanding my penny.

I paid my penny, pocketed my ticket, yawned, stretched my legs, and feeling now rather less torpid, got up and walked on toward Langham Place. I speedily lost myself again in a shifting maze of thoughts about death. Going across Marylebone Road into that crescent at the end of Langham Place, I had the narrowest escape from the shaft of a cab, and went on my way with a palpitating heart and a bruised shoulder. It struck me that it would have been curious if my meditations on my death on the morrow had led to my death that day.

But I will not weary you with more of my experiences that day and the next. I knew more and more certainly that I should die under the operation; at times I think I was inclined to pose to myself. The doctors were coming at eleven, and I did not get up. It seemed scarce worth while to trouble about washing and dressing, and, though I read my newspapers and the letters that came by the first post, I did not find them very interesting. There was a friendly note from Addison, my old school friend, calling my attention to two discrepancies and a printer's error in my new book, with one from Langridge venting some vexation over Minton. The rest were business communications. I breakfasted in bed. The glow of pain at my side seemed more massive. I knew it was pain, and yet, if you can understand, I did not find it very painful. I had been awake and hot and thirsty in the night, but in the morning bed felt comfortable. In the night time I had lain thinking of things that were past; in the morning I dozed over the question of immortality. Haddon came, punctual to the minute, with a neat black bag; and Mowbray soon followed. Their arrival stirred me up a little. I began to take a more personal interest in the proceedings. Haddon moved the little octagonal table close to the bedside, and, with his broad black back to me, began taking things out of his bag. I heard the light click of steel upon steel. My imagination, I found, was not altogether stagnant. "Will

you hurt me much?" I said in an off-hand tone.

"Not a bit," Haddon answered over his shoulder. "We shall chloroform you. Your heart's as sound as a bell." And, as he spoke I had a whiff of the pungent sweetness of the anæsthetic.

They stretched me out, with a convenient exposure of my side, and, almost before I realized what was happening, the chloroform was being administered. It stings the nostrils and there is a suffocating sensation, at first. I knew I should die—that this was the end of consciousness for me. And suddenly I felt that I was not prepared for death: I had a vague sense of a duty overlooked—I knew not what. What was it I had not done? I could think of nothing more to do, nothing desirable left in life; and yet I had the strangest disinclination to death. And the physical sensation was painfully oppressive. Of course the doctors did not know they were going to kill me. Possibly I struggled. Then I fell motionless, and a great silence, a monstrous silence, and an impenetrable blackness came upon me.

There must have been an interval of absolute unconsciousness, seconds or minutes. Then, with a chilly, unemotional clearness, I perceived that I was not yet dead. I was still in my body; but all the multitudinous sensations that come sweeping from it to make up the background of consciousness had gone, leaving me free of it all. No, not free of it all; for as yet something still held me to the poor stark flesh upon the bed—held me, yet not so closely that I did not feel myself external to it, independent of it, straining away from it. I do not think I saw, I do not think I heard; but I perceived all that was going on, and it was as if I both heard and saw. Haddon was bending over me, Mowbray behind me; the scalpel—it was a large scalpel—was cutting my flesh at the side under the flying ribs. It was interesting to see myself cut like cheese, without a pang, without even a qualm. The interest was much of a quality with that one might feel in a game of chess between strangers. Haddon's face was firm, and his hand steady; but I was sur-

prised to perceive—(*how* I know not)—that he was feeling the gravest doubt as to his own wisdom in the conduct of the operation.

Mowbray's thoughts, too, I could see. He was thinking that Haddon's manner showed too much of the specialist. New suggestions came up like bubbles through a stream of frothing meditation, and burst one after another in the little bright spot of his consciousness. He could not help noticing and admiring Haddon's swift dexterity, in spite of his envious quality and his disposition to detract. I saw my liver exposed. I was puzzled at my own condition. I did not feel that I was dead, but I was different in some way from my living self. The gray depression, that had weighed on me for a year or more and colored all my thoughts, was gone. I perceived and thought without any emotional tint at all. I wondered if every one perceived things in this way under chloroform, and forgot it again when he came out of it. It would be inconvenient to look into some heads, and not forget.

Although I did not think that I was dead, I still perceived quite clearly that I was soon to die. This brought me back to the consideration of Haddon's proceedings. I looked into his mind, and saw that he was afraid of cutting a branch of the portal vein. My attention was distracted from details by the curious changes going on in his mind. His consciousness was like a quivering little spot of light which is thrown by the mirror of a galvanometer. His thoughts ran under it like a stream, some through the focus bright and distinct, some shadowy in the half-light of the edge. Just now the little glow was steady; but the least movement on Mowbray's part, the slightest sound from outside, even a faint difference in the slow movement of the living flesh he was cutting, set the light-spot shivering and spinning. A new sense-impression came rushing up through the flow of thoughts; and lo! the light-spot jerked away toward it, swifter than a frightened fish. It was wonderful to think that upon that unstable fitful thing depended all the complex motions of the man: that for the next

five minutes, therefore, my life hung upon its movements. And he was growing more and more nervous in his work. It was as if a little picture of a cut vein grew brighter, and struggled to out from his brain another picture of a cut falling short of the mark. He was afraid: his dread of cutting too little was battling with his dread of cutting too far.

Then, suddenly, like an escape of water from under a lock-gate, a great uprush of horrible realization set all his thoughts swirling, and simultaneously I perceived that the vein was cut. He started back with a hoarse exclamation, and I saw the brown-purple blood gather in a swift bead, and run trickling. He was horrified. He pitched the red-stained scalpel on to the octagonal table; and instantly both doctors flung themselves upon me, making hasty and ill-conceived efforts to remedy the disaster. "Ice," said Mowbray, gasping. But I knew that I was killed, though my body still clung to me.

I will not describe their belated endeavors to save me, though I perceived every detail. My perceptions were sharper and swifter than they had ever been in life; my thoughts rushed through my mind with incredible swiftness, but with perfect definition. I can only compare their crowded clarity to the effects of a reasonable dose of opium. In a moment it would all be over, and I should be free. I knew I was immortal, but what would happen I did not know. Should I drift off presently, like a puff of smoke from a gun, in some kind of half-material body, an attenuated version of my material self? Should I find myself suddenly among the innumerable hosts of the dead, and know the world about me for the phantasmagoria it had always seemed? Should I drift to some spiritualistic *séance*, and there make foolish, incomprehensible attempts to affect a purblind medium? It was a state of unemotional curiosity, of colorless expectation. And then I realized a growing stress upon me, a feeling as though some huge human magnet was drawing me upward out of my body. The stress grew and grew. I seemed an atom for which monstrous forces were fighting. For one brief,

terrible moment sensation came back to me. That feeling of falling headlong which comes in nightmares, that feeling a thousand times intensified, that and a black horror swept across my thoughts in a torrent. Then the two doctors, the naked body with its cut side, the little room, swept away from under me and vanished, as a speck of foam vanishes down an eddy.

I was in mid-air. Far below was the West End of London, receding rapidly—for I seemed to be flying swiftly upward—and, as it receded, passing westward, like a panorama. I could see through the faint haze of smoke, the innumerable roofs chimney-set, the narrow roadways, stippled with people and conveyances, the little specks of squares, and the church steeples like thorns sticking out of the fabric. But it spun away as the earth rotated on its axis, and in a few seconds (as it seemed) I was over the scattered clumps of town about Ealing, the little Thames a thread of blue to the south, and the Chiltern Hills and the North Downs coming up like the rim of a basin, far away and faint with haze. Up I rushed. And at first I had not the faintest conception what this headlong rush upward could mean.

Every moment the circle of scenery beneath me grew wider and wider, and the details of town and field, of hill and valley, got more and more hazy and pale and indistinct, a luminous gray was mingled more and more with the blue of the hills and the green of the open meadows; and a little patch of cloud, low and far to the west, shone ever more dazzlingly white. Above, as the veil of atmosphere between myself and outer space grew thinner, the sky, which had been a fair springtime blue at first, grew deeper and richer in color, passing steadily through the intervening shades, until presently it was as dark as the blue sky of midnight, and presently as black as the blackness of a frosty starlight, and at last as black as no blackness I had ever beheld. And first one star, and then many, and at last an innumerable host, broke out upon the sky: more stars than any one has ever seen from the face of the earth. For the blueness of the sky is the light of the sun and stars sifted

and spread abroad blindly: there is diffused light even in the darkest skies of winter, and we do not see their light by day because of the dazzling irradiation of the sun. But now I saw things—I know not how; assuredly with no mortal eyes—and that defect of bedazzlement blinded me no longer. The sun was incredibly strange and wonderful. The body of it was a disk of blinding white light: not yellowish, as it seems to those who live upon the earth, but lily white, all streaked with scarlet streaks and rimmed about with a fringe of writhing tongues of red fire. And, shooting half way across the heavens from either side of it, and brighter than the Milky Way, were two pinions of silver-white, making it look more like those winged globes I have seen in Egyptian sculpture, than anything else I can remember upon earth. These I knew for the solar corona, though I had never seen anything of it but a picture during the days of my earthly life.

When my attention came back to the earth again, I saw that it had fallen very far away from me. Field and town were long since indistinguishable, and all the varied hues of the country were merging into a uniform bright gray, broken only by the brilliant white of the clouds that lay scattered in flocculent masses over Ireland and the west of England. For now I could see the outlines of the north of France and Ireland, and all this island of Britain, save where Scotland passed over the horizon to the north, or where the coast was blurred or obliterated by cloud. The sea was a dull gray, and darker than the land; and the whole panorama was rotating slowly toward the east.

All this had happened so swiftly that, until I was some thousand miles or so from the earth, I had no thought for myself. But now I perceived I had neither hands nor feet, neither parts nor organs, and that I felt neither alarm nor pain. All about me I perceived that the vacancy (for I had already left the air behind) was cold beyond the imagination of man; but it troubled me not. The sun's rays shot through the void, powerless to light or heat until they should strike on matter in their course. I saw things with a serene self-forget-

fulness, even as if I were God. And now below there, rushing away from me—countless miles in a second—where a little dark spot on the gray marked the position of London, two doctors were struggling to restore life to the poor hacked and outworn shell I had abandoned. I felt then such release, such serenity, as I can compare to no mortal delight I had ever known.

It was only after I had perceived all these things that the meaning of that headlong rush of the earth grew into comprehension. Yet it was so simple, so obvious, that I was amazed at my never anticipating the thing that was happening to me. I had suddenly been cut adrift from matter: all that was material of me was there upon earth, whirling away through space, held to the earth by gravitation, partaking of the earth-inertia, moving in its wreath of epicycles round the sun, and with the sun and the planets on their vast march through space. But the immaterial has no inertia, feels nothing of the pull of matter for matter: where it parts from its garment of flesh there it remains (so far as space concerns it any longer) immovable in space. I was not leaving the earth: the earth was leaving *me*, and not only the earth but the whole solar system was streaming past. And about me in space, invisible to me, scattered in the wake of the earth upon its journey, there must be an innumerable multitude of souls, stripped like myself of the material, stripped like myself of the passions of the individual and the generous emotions of the gregarious brute, naked intelligences, things of new-born wonder and thought, marvelling at the strange release that had suddenly come on them!

As I receded faster and faster from the strange white sun in the black heavens, and from the broad and shining earth upon which my being had begun, I seemed to grow, in some incredible manner, vast: vast as regards this world I had left, vast as regards the moments and periods of human life. Very soon I saw the full circle of the earth, slightly gibbous, like the moon when she nears her full, but very large; and the silvery shape of America was now in the noonday blaze

wherein (as it seemed) little England had been basking but a few minutes ago. At first the earth was large, and shone in the heavens, filling a great part of them; but every moment she grew smaller and more distant. As she shrunk, the broad moon in its third quarter crept into view over the rim of her disk. I looked for the constellations. Only that part of Aries directly behind the sun and the Lion, which the earth covered, were hidden. I recognized the tortuous, tattered band of the Milky Way, with Vega very bright between sun and earth; and Sirius and Orion shone splendid against the unfathomable blackness in the opposite quarter of the heavens. The Pole Star was overhead, and the Great Bear hung over the circle of the earth. And away beneath and beyond the shining corona of the sun were strange groupings of stars I had never seen in my life—notably, a dagger-shaped group that I knew for the Southern Cross. All these were no larger than when they had shone on earth; but the little stars that one scarce sees shone now against the setting of black vacancy as brightly as the first-magnitudes had done, while the larger worlds were points of indescribable glory and color. Aldebaran was a spot of blood-red fire, and Sirius condensed to one point the light of a world of sapphires. And they shone steadily: they did not scintillate, they were calmly glorious. My impressions had an adamant hardness and brightness; there was no blurring softness, no atmosphere, nothing but infinite darkness set with the myriads of these acute and brilliant points and specks of light. Presently, when I looked again, the little earth seemed no bigger than the sun, and it dwindled and turned as I looked, until, in a second's space (as it seemed to me), it was halved; and so it went on swiftly dwindling. Far away in the opposite direction a little pinkish pin's head of light, shining steadily, was the planet Mars. I swam motionless in vacancy, and, without a trace of terror or astonishment, watched the speck of cosmic dust we call the world fall away from me.

Presently it dawned upon me that my sense of duration had changed:

that my mind was moving not faster but infinitely slower, that between each separate impression there was a period of many days. The moon spun once round the earth, as I noted this; and I perceived, clearly, the motion of Mars in his orbit. Moreover, it appeared as if the time between thought and thought grew steadily greater, until at last a thousand years was but a moment in my perception.

At first the constellations had shone motionless against the black background of infinite space; but presently it seemed as though the group of stars about Hercules and the Scorpion was contracting, while Orion and Aldebaran and their neighbors were scattering apart. Flashing suddenly out of the darkness, there came a flying multitude of particles of rock, glittering like dust-specks in a sunbeam and encompassed in a faintly luminous haze. They swirled all about me, and vanished again in a twinkling far behind. And then I saw that a bright spot of light, that shone a little to one side of my path, was growing very rapidly larger, and perceived that it was the planet Saturn rushing toward me. Larger and larger it grew, swallowing up the heavens behind it, and hiding every moment a fresh multitude of stars. I perceived its flattened whirling body, its disk-like belt, and seven of its little satellites. It grew and grew, till it towered enormous; and then I plunged amid a streaming multitude of clashing stones and dancing dust particles and gas-eddies, and saw for a moment the mighty triple belt like three concentric arches of moonlight above me, its shadow black on the boiling tumult below. These things happened in one tenth of the time it takes to tell of them. The planet went by like a flash of lightning; for a few seconds it blotted out the sun, and there and then became a mere black, dwindling, winged patch against the light. The earth, the mother mote of my being, I could no longer see.

So with a stately swiftness, in the profoundest silence, the solar system fell from me, as it had been a garment, until the sun was a mere star amid the multitude of stars, with its eddy of planet specks, lost in the confused glit-

tering of the remoter light. I was no longer a denizen of the solar system: I had come to the Outer Universe, I seemed to grasp and comprehend the whole world of matter. Ever more swiftly the stars closed in about the spot where Antares and Vega had vanished in a luminous haze, until that part of the sky had the semblance of a whirling mass of nebulae, and ever before me yawned vaster gaps of vacant blackness, and the stars shone few and fewer. It seemed as if I moved toward a point between Orion's belt and sword; and the void about that region opened vaster and vaster every second, an incredible gulf of nothingness, into which I was falling. Faster and ever faster the universe rushed by, a hurry of whirling motes at last, speeding silently into the void. Stars glowing brighter and brighter, with their circling planets catching the light in a ghostly fashion as I neared them, shone out and vanished again into inexistence; faint comets, clusters of meteorites, winking specks of matter, eddying light points, whizzed past, some perhaps a hundred millions of miles or so from me at most, few nearer, travelling with unimaginable rapidity, shooting constellations, momentary darts of fire, through the black exorbitant night. More than anything else it was like a dusty draught, sunbeam lit. Broader, and wider, and deeper grew the starless space, the vacant Beyond, into which I was being drawn. At last a quarter of the heavens was black and blank, and the whole headlong rush of stellar universe closed in behind me like a veil of light that is gathered together. It drove away from me like a monstrous jack-o'-lantern driven by the wind. I had come out into the wilderness of space. Ever the vacant blackness grew broader, until the haze of the stars seemed only like a swarm of fiery specks hurrying away from me, inconceivably remote, and the darkness, the nothingness and emptiness, was about me on every side. Soon the little universe of matter, the cage of points in which I had begun to be, was dwindling, now to a whirling disk of luminous glittering, and now to one minute whizzing disk of hazy light. In a little

while it would shrink to a point, and at last would vanish altogether.

Suddenly feeling came back to me: feeling in the shape of overwhelming terror: such a dread of those dark vastitudes as no words can describe, a passionate resurgence of sympathy and social desire. Were there other souls, invisible to me as I to them, about me in the blackness? or was I indeed, even as I felt, alone? Had I passed out of being into something that was neither being nor not-being? The covering of the body, the covering of matter, had been torn from me, and the hallucinations of companionship and security. Everything was black and silent. I had ceased to be. I was nothing. There was nothing, save only that infinitesimal dot of light that dwindled in the gulf. I strained myself to hear and see, and for awhile there was naught but infinite silence, intolerable darkness, horror, and despair.

Then I saw that about the spot of light into which the whole world of matter had shrunk there was a faint glow. And in a band on either side of that the darkness was not absolute. I watched it for ages, as it seemed to me, and through the long waiting the haze grew imperceptibly more distinct. And then about the band appeared an irregular cloud of the faintest, palest brown. I felt a passionate impatience; but the things grew brighter so slowly that they scarce seemed to change. What was unfolding itself? What was this strange reddish dawn in the interminable night of space?

The cloud's shape was grotesque. It seemed to be looped along its lower side into four projecting masses, and, above, it ended in a straight line. What phantom was it? I felt assured I had seen that figure before; but I could not think what, nor where, nor when it was. Then the realization rushed upon me. *It was a clenched hand.* I was alone, in space, alone with this huge shadowy Hand, upon which the whole Universe of Matter lay like an unconsidered speck of dust. It seemed as though I watched it through vast periods of time. On the forefinger glittered a ring; and the universe from which I had come was

but a spot of light upon the ring's curvature. And the thing that the Hand gripped had the likeness of a black rod. Through a long eternity I watched this Hand, with the ring and the rod, marvelling and fearing and waiting helplessly on what might follow. It seemed as though nothing could follow: that I should watch forever, seeing only the Hand and the thing it held, and understanding nothing of its import. Was the whole universe but a refracting speck upon some greater Being? Were our worlds but the atoms of another universe, and those again of another, and so on through an endless progression? And what was I? Was I indeed immaterial? A vague persuasion of a body gathering about me came into my suspense. The abysmal darkness about the Hand filled with impalpable suggestions, with uncertain, fluctuating shapes.

Then, suddenly, came a sound, like the sound of a tolling bell: faint as if infinitely far; muffled, as though heard through thick swathings of darkness: a deep, vibrating resonance with vast gulfs of silence between each stroke. And the Hand appeared to tighten on the rod. And I saw far above the Hand, toward the apex of the darkness,

a circle of dim phosphorescence, a ghostly sphere whence these sounds came throbbing; and at the last stroke the Hand vanished, for the hour had come, and I heard a noise of many waters. But the black rod remained as a great band across the sky. And then a voice, which seemed to run to the uttermost parts of space, spoke, saying:—"There will be no more pain."

At that an almost intolerable gladness and radiance rushed in upon me, and I saw the circle shining white and bright, and the rod, black and shining, and many things else distinct and clear. And the circle was the face of the clock, and the rod the rail of my bed. Haddon was standing at the foot, against the rail, with a small pair of scissors on his fingers; and the hands of my clock on the mantel over his shoulder were clasped together over the hour of twelve. Mowbray was washing something in a basin at the octagonal table, and at my side I felt a subdued feeling that could scarce be spoken of as pain.

The operation had not killed me. And I perceived, suddenly, that the dull melancholy of half a year was lifted from my mind.—*New Review.*

JOHANNESBURG THE GOLDEN.

BY E. H. S.

In the chilly light of early morning I am awakened from an uneasy doze by the window of the railway carriage being let down with a bang, and the voice of my husband exclaiming, "Wake up, and come and look at the mines! We are getting close to Johannesburg."

The prospect of speedy release from the stuffy little carriage that has held me prisoner for the last two days and nights assists me to achieve a hurried and decidedly superficial toilet, and soon I also cram my head out of the window, to gaze at the new world opening before me. After the seemingly endless dead level of monotonous veldt, with here and there in the far distance

the low, whitewashed cottage of some Boer farmer twinkling in the hot sun, with never a tree or flower on the barren gray-brown flats to relieve the weary eye, as hundred after hundred of miles are slowly traversed on the way up, the sight that now bursts upon me appears doubly strange.

As far as the horizon, tall iron chimneys rise on all sides, with thick smoke pouring from their mouths; great mounds of whitish-looking clay and high piles of intricate machinery, all dotted over with small electric lamps, shining like glowworms in the misty dawning light, are crowded together as far as the eye can see; and as we slowly wind in and out of these wonderful

suburbs, I notice little tin shanties, here and there in clumps, then perhaps in straggling lines, in which the greater part of the mining population live.

The noise is tremendous; all the machinery is in full work, for neither by night nor day does it ever stop. Hooters are sending forth dismal wails, and the clang and crash of the ore, as it is thrown by the trucks that bring it from the mine below upon the huge heap awaiting the crushing process, resounds above the uproar.

As we get still closer to the city, however, the scene changes; beautiful houses appear, surrounded by gardens one blaze of color, and broad shady roads, lined with stately "blue-gum" trees, stretch away into the distance. A few minutes more, and we stop, thankfully alighting upon the narrow platform, and glad at last to be able to stretch our cramped limbs. We are certainly a very unwashed, untidy-looking crew; but then it must be allowed that a hot dusty journey of forty-eight hours is a trying ordeal, even to the most stoical individual.

The station gives me a distinct shock, for instead of the palatial edifice I had expected to see, there appears in front of me a barn-like structure, composed of corrugated iron, to which all the passengers who are not arrivals for the first time are madly rushing, conveying in their arms as much of their personal luggage as they can possibly stagger under. We hastily follow suit, and, after a wearisome period of waiting, and a prolonged wrangle with a nondescript individual in a porter's jacket, who insists upon the smallest handbag being opened for his inspection—for this is the "Customs"—we are at length free to depart and search for the hotel beneath whose sheltering roof we may once more transform ourselves into respectable members of society.

Far easier said than done, however, for from pillar to post we are driven in a rickety Cape cart, drawn by two miserable screws, everywhere met by the same answer, "Not a room of any sort vacant." At last, we are taken in with an air of the greatest condescension by the largest hotel in the town, and installed in a tiny cubicle close under the roof (for this room alone, by

the way, with board, we pay thirty-two guineas a month). The heat is already stifling, although it is quite early, and there is no room to move, let alone "swing a cat;" but, for all that, as some fellow-passengers come in, and are uncereemoniously turned away, we feel thankful to have found a resting-place for our weary selves, of any description.

After a short sojourn in Johannesburg, many things that at first appear inexplicable to the new-comer become easy of comprehension; the utter independence, for instance, amounting in most cases to absolute incivility, of every person of the lower classes, whether white or colored, at first is astonishing; but when it is discovered that for every servant there are a dozen mistresses, ready and willing to give enormous wages for absolutely unskilled labor, and thankful to have any one at all to do the rough work of their houses for them, then the reason is sufficiently apparent.

The hotels treat all visitors with absolute indifference, and the charges are exorbitant. There is no attendance to be had, except at meal times, and any complaint is of no avail whatever; there are always people waiting eagerly to come in directly a room is vacated, therefore it is no wonder that enormous sums are amassed, and that the lucky proprietors of these hotels retire after a few years' sojourn on the "Rand" with fortunes made.

The prices of most articles of consumption are high, and, when there is a drought, which happens often for many months at a time, all market garden and farm produce fetches fabulous amounts. I have seen cabbages sold for ten shillings apiece, eggs are often eight-and-sixpence a dozen, and butter seven shillings a pound. These, it must be understood, are considered high prices, but are cheerfully paid by the wealthy portion of the population, which in most cases consists of men and women originally sprung from the humblest grades of life.

The want of water, however, can never reach the pitch again that it did six years ago, before the railway was an accomplished fact. Then the case of the inhabitants was grievous indeed,

for the transport wagons were unable to bring provisions, owing to want of food for the oxen along the route, and the state of affairs closely resembled a siege. Condensed milk was sold at six shillings a tin, paraffin five pounds a small tin, and horses were turned loose in the streets by their owners to live if they could, no forage being procurable for love or money.

At the present time, no rain to speak of has fallen for nearly six months, and a very uncomfortable state of affairs prevails. The hotels cannot use the electric light, which is the usual illuminating agent of the town, owing to lack of water wherewith to work the engines, and dismal candles, stuck in empty beer bottles, send feeble glimmers at the ends of long corridors through the darkness, and ineffectually strive to illumine the wide hotel staircases. Baths are remembered as a luxury of bygone days, and business men in town are washing their hands, before going into lunch, in soda-water at a shilling a bottle.

One extra-cleanly man of my acquaintance is surmounting the bath difficulty by having a morning tub of four bottles of soda-water carefully dribbled over him by a Kaffir boy, the while he rubs it in with a sponge; but, unfortunately, not all of us can afford four shillings a day for a bath. So badly off is the hotel for water, that I heard the haughty proprietor praying earnestly the happy owner of an adjacent well to sell him two barrels full, at a sovereign each, "to make the soup." One of the first impressions upon entering the town is wonder at the very "English" appearance of the buildings and population. Pritchard Street, the Bond Street of Johannesburg, conveys to the mind no feeling whatever of being in a foreign country; splendid shops line it on either side, mostly of the kind dear to the feminine soul; beautiful garments fresh from Paris are displayed in costly profusion in the windows, and well turned out Victorias, with coachmen and footmen in elaborate liveries, throng the roadway. There are restaurants, where any delicacy can be supplied; tea-shops, thronged at the fashionable hour in the afternoon with ladies and chil-

dren beautifully dressed; huge jewelers' windows, blazing with costly gems—in short, everything that civilization can supply or demand is to be found here at a price.

In Commissioner Street the sight, in its way, is just as marvellous; thousands of business men rush hurriedly up or down the long street of stately buildings, talking always of stocks and shares, their faces betraying the intensity of their thoughts on this, the sole and all-absorbing topic of Johannesburg. "Between the chains"—about half-way down the street—is, on days when the market is booming, a fighting, yelling mass of humanity, each trying to outshout his neighbor. This place, being just outside the Stock Exchange, is the spot at which the outside brokers and small fry generally congregate. It consists of a small street, leading out of Commissioner Street, with posts and chains across each end to prevent traffic. From nine in the morning until about six in the evening this pandemonium reigns, and then gives place to a stream of people on pleasure bent, wending their way to one of the theatres or music-halls.

The population is an exceedingly mixed one. In the course of a walk through one of the streets there will probably be encountered types of every race under the sun; and there abides here an enormous colony of the vilest and most depraved specimens of humanity possible to find: men who will not hesitate to rob and murder at the first opportunity—the riff-raff from every clime, gathered together in the noisome slums that abound on all sides.

Robbery with violence is of terribly frequent occurrence even at the present time, although the police are far better organized than they used to be, and there are very few men who do not carry a revolver in their pockets at night-time for protection. One gentleman, the manager of a mine just on the outskirts of the town, has been "stuck up," as he terms it, no less than four times within two years, and if he had not been in the habit of carrying a revolver, would assuredly have been murdered long ago.

The absence of any means of lighting the town at night, also, is certainly

conducive to acts of violence. What can be thought of those responsible for such a state of affairs, when it is known for an absolute fact that, with the exception of the two principal streets already mentioned, Johannesburg, after nightfall, is left in utter darkness? Is not this putting a premium upon crime?

A drive on a fine afternoon through one of the suburbs, in which the wealthy people of Johannesburg dwell, is a delightful change from the dusty and arid business centre. On every side, seen through bowers of roses and vivid green hedges of honeysuckle, rise magnificent houses, some of them of enormous size, with ball-rooms and billiard-rooms adjoining the main buildings. Fountains play on the fresh green lawns, beds of brilliant flowers and sweet scents are everywhere, and, seeing all this, it is almost impossible to realize that, less than five years ago, there existed a barren and stony waste of veldt on the very places upon which these fairy palaces of to-day arise.

Trees of all kinds grow with marvellous rapidity, and it is owing to this fact that the gardens and plantations present the matured effect of many years that is so astonishing.

"Society," as represented in Johannesburg, is of a decidedly unique description. Without doubt there are highly educated and altogether charming people among the residents, both men and women; but they belong, with few exceptions, to the professional classes—clergymen, physicians and lawyers, who have left their native lands and come here, attracted by the prospect of a larger scope for the exercise of their various callings. The *élite*, the mine owners, and original possessors of land—all millionaires many times over—taking them collectively, hardly display those qualities which "stamp the rank of Vere de Vere." The women are vulgar and illiterate, with dyed hair and artificial complexions; they wear outrageously loud toilettes, and are plastered with diamonds at all hours. Most of them are former members of theatrical touring companies, barmaids, or shopgirls, and they are to be seen all day long driving about the streets in their gorgeous carriages. The men are principally of the

pronounced Hebrew type, loud in manners and dress, ostentatiously drinking champagne at a pound the bottle, at all hours of the day, and causing the beholder to reflect upon the quotation from the "Lady Slavey": "Can I not do as I like? Am I not a millionaire?" The balls given by the *élite* are of the most sumptuous description; flowers for decoration are procured from all parts of Cape Colony, and many hundreds are spent over one evening's entertainment. The suppers comprise every delicacy that could be had in England—game, fish, etc., being sent out in the cool-air chambers of the mail steamers for the purpose. The cost of a fancy ball, recently given, amounted to over three thousand pounds; a plush curtain, specially made, and used for the one evening to hide an unsightly archway, costing over a hundred and fifty pounds. It is impossible, unless possessed of considerable means, to live with comfort in a private house in Johannesburg; rents are in proportion to all other prices asked—enormous. It is difficult for white working-men engaged on the mines to obtain a single room in a tin shanty under a rental of four pounds a month at the very least, while a small villa of five rooms, built of corrugated iron, will easily let at twelve to fourteen pounds a month, and fifty, sixty, or a hundred pounds a month is cheerfully paid for a furnished house, such as one would obtain in England for three guineas a week at the seaside.

Servants' wages are also very high. A raw Kaffir girl will receive four pounds a month, knowing absolutely nothing, and speaking only Kaffir. A Cape—that is half-colored—girl, who can cook a little, will easily command six or seven pounds a month, while a white girl, respectable and honest, can ask almost any price if she will come as nurse or lady's maid, and will gladly be taught all her duties.

Johannesburg at the present time is an "El Dorado" for domestic servants; the wonder is that more are not enterprising enough to emigrate, and, by contrast with the wages paid at home, step at once into comparative affluence.

Although the Dutch element is all powerful where Government offices are

concerned, employing none but Dutchmen for the police, Post Office clerks, etc., and issuing all public notices in Dutch, yet of Johannesburg's population the Dutch average only about fifteen per cent. The slowness and stupidity of the officials in every department is constantly inveighed against in the local papers, but naturally, while "Oom Paul" reigns omnipotent, to little purpose.

The town is spreading daily, houses are being built in all directions, and land goes up in price by leaps and bounds. A plot purchased for, say, a hundred and fifty pounds will, in three months' time, probably be worth double that amount.

By every train a crowd of new-comers flock to the town, and although there are dozens of hotels large and small, and most of them are extending their premises, it is a matter of great difficulty to obtain a lodging. Business men, with offices in town, are constantly entreated by newly arrived acquaintances to allow them to sleep on the floor until they can find a place to take them in.

Very piteous is the case of many a youth, sent out from England with an elaborate outfit, but equipped with only the vaguest idea of how to obtain a livelihood, and probably cherishing the fond idea that gold is everywhere, and Johannesburg a new edition of "Tom Tiddler's ground."

Many a boy is only too glad, after a few months of disheartening attempts to obtain employment, with starvation staring him in the face, to accept the first work that offers itself. I know

many instances of boys of twenty or thereabouts, sons of people at home in high positions, too proud to write asking for assistance, and working as bar-men, waiters, night-porters at hotels, in fact, at anything that will provide them with a temporary shelter and food.

The town is overrun with them, poor lads, so badly equipped to battle with hard manual labor, when pitted against the competition of sturdy workmen of the Cornish type, of which there are many here, but manfully doing their utmost to avoid returning home, avowed failures.

In a word, Johannesburg, when the glamour that envelopes it to those who view it from afar off is dispelled, is a place that few who are not obliged would choose to live in permanently. The population is restless, unsettled and constantly changing, and that percentage of the inhabitants who cannot leave, exist in the hope of one day making their fortunes and going home.

The exceedingly primitive and insanitary domestic arrangements that prevail, the ever present and intensely irritating dust, the bad accommodation and high prices of the hotels, and the feverish, gambling existence led by rich and poor alike, combine to render the memory of Johannesburg to those lucky enough to have made their little pile, and taken flight for more congenial shores, an impression such as is left upon the brain by a troubled, feverish dream, from which the sleeper in the morning gladly awakes, thankfully contrasting the peaceful realities of the present with the unrestful phantoms of the past night.—*Temple Bar*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

BY GEORGE PEEL.

IT is just fifty years since the Corn Laws were repealed. Sir Robert Peel, the author of that great reform, must always be remembered in the Conservative party, which he founded, in the city of London, which lives under the laws of his making, and in the country whose finances he established, whose police he organized, whose penal code

he mitigated, and to which he gave the gift of sound money and of cheap bread. In the days of Mr. Burke no one cared for Lord Bolingbroke, and who cares for Mr. Canning to-day? But with Sir Robert Peel it is otherwise; his actions have entered into the living structure of our commonwealth, his opinions are still cogent in existing

controversies, and still as each succeeding session of Parliament is opened there may be some to wish that the author of the Bank Acts and of the repeal of the Corn Laws were in his place that day :

Tuque tuis armis, nos te, poteremur, Achille.

But his memory will live not only because his life was useful, but also because it was dramatic. On the stage of the classics the scene would rise upon some monarch, *Œdipus* or *Agamemnon*, in the plenitude of honor and greatness, immovably strong ; and next would display him fallen by some strange and sudden metamorphosis, fallen forever from glory and power by the stern revolution of fate. So do we see Sir Robert Peel crowned at length with supreme authority, honored with the hopes and confidence of the people, and so firmly established that it is supposed in the Cabinets of Europe that his tenure of office can end only with his life ; and then that rainy summer of 1845, and that spoilt potato crop, and the decision, after a long agony, to repeal the tax on food, and the party that will not follow, and the furious revolt, and the disastrous fall from power.

But he has this claim also upon the attention, or perhaps the affection, of succeeding times, that on behalf of the people of this country he suffered deeply for the sake of what he believed to be right and true. It is easily and lightly said that he was one who changed his mind upon the question of the Currency, of the Catholics, and of the Corn Laws : it is easily and lightly said, but the trial was hard and heavy for him who made it. For one who is upright it is difficult to change, because he respects and honors himself ; and for a great man it is also difficult, because with him others must alter also, because important interests must lose in him their support and pivot, and because he must too often advance to pull down the pillars of the very temple which has hitherto been his own appointed shrine. The Duke of Wellington told a friend that he had never seen such human agony as in Peel watching the progress of the famine in Ireland, and meditating the abo-

lition of the tax on corn. Such suffering in the public service may be held to canonize a statesman.

If, then, for these reasons he is not unworthy of remembrance, is it not good to remember him, this being the tribute which such men may claim at the hands of posterity, and which it is meet for posterity to pay ? He made that claim in his last words as Minister in the House of Commons : " It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow." Let me, then, venture to justify that wish, and, as far as lies in one individual, forward the fulfilment of it.

Why was it that at the age of twenty-four, in the year 1812, Robert Peel became Chief Secretary for Ireland ? The causes lie partly in the history of his family, partly in his own native talents, and partly in the history of this country. It had been his grandfather who in the early years of George the Third had founded the family fortunes. That ancestor forestalled the future and initiated the greatness of Lancashire ; in other words, he mortgaged his landed estates and turned the money thus raised into the cotton industry. It was an excellent speculation, and wealth followed. His son, the first Sir Robert, by the creation of Pitt, followed his example, had the wisdom to adopt, as they appeared, the new inventions of Arkwright and Hargreaves, bought Drayton Manor in Staffordshire, and entered Parliament as member for the adjacent borough of Tamworth. But, above all things else, he formed the strange resolution to create a statesman, and he literally succeeded. On the birth of his son Robert he solemnly devoted him to his country, trained him as assiduously as Chatham had trained Pitt, bought him a seat in Parliament at the earliest possible date, gravely allowed it to be known that this was the young man of the future, and, dying in 1830, yet lived to see this son head of the Tory party, and to all intents and purposes Prime Minister of England. Such, tersely put, is the early history of that family : they founded an industry and

then deliberately proceeded to found a statesman. I should have been inclined to say, on general grounds, that the former was the more useful achievement, did not I recall to mind that the statesman repaid to industry all, and more than all, that he had drawn from it in securing by a series of unparalleled measures the industrial freedom, and therefore the industrial greatness, of England.

The son by a happy fortune responded to the resolution of the father. Every one remarked his talents; upon this point Byron, his school friend, agreed with Dr. Drury, the head master. Those talents bore no trace of audacious originality or of dangerous brilliancy, but ran in the sober course marked for them by the routine of Harrow and of Oxford. Though his health was good, and his humor pleasant and even gay, his spirits were not high, and his thoughts tended within. How could it be otherwise when such hopes hung upon him, when the pleasures of boyhood must have seemed at best distractions from the real business of life, and when even now he must be anxious in the formation of habits to lay foundations which would resist the wear and tear of office, and would give him mastery over the plausible logic of the House of Commons? Thus he entered upon public life like an actor whom the audience awaits. Finally, his rapid rise was due also to the fact that he was a Tory. I shall venture to say that four main causes explain, and perhaps justify, that long and practically unbroken period of Tory rule from 1784 to 1830. To begin with, there was Pitt. Pitt was beyond all question the most enlightened statesman of his age; he understood commerce and finance, and, besides this, in an age of political corruption he was pure. It is scarcely disputable that from his accession to power the Tory party, led by him, were more enlightened than the Whigs, under the leadership of Fox. The second cause was the reaction against French revolutionary principles, and the third was the reaction against English revolutionary practices as they displayed themselves after the termination of the great war. The fourth cause is less

well known, but is decidedly remarkable. About the year 1822 the Tory party underwent a transformation; Lord Liverpool still remained Prime Minister, but the whole character of the administration was changed and liberalized by the accession of Canning, Peel, and Huskisson to three of the most important posts in the Government. These men gave a new lease of life to Toryism, and in their hands it regained something of the lustre and distinction of the days of Pitt.

It is in that period between the death of Pitt and 1822, that period so bright in our external and so dark in our internal history, that Peel's political life began, in the heyday, or perhaps the midnight, of Toryism. But on the whole he was singularly fortunate; it is true that he walked at first as one between cliffs rising upon either side above him to exclude or to narrow the day, but then he had the advantage of entering a party which for twenty years was to rule England and was to confer upon him out of that twenty no less than sixteen years of official life. It was in these manifold circumstances that, on the assassination of Perceval in 1812, Lord Liverpool, the new Prime Minister, made the young man Chief Secretary for Ireland.

It was that hour in Irish history when the star of Grattan was waning before the ascendent influence of O'Connell. That permutation of the planets contained no portent, but was in the natural order of things. Both were orators and both were patriots, but the one was old and the other young; the one had stood by the cradle of the Irish Parliament, and, in his own phrase, had followed its hearse; but the other had a voice fitted less for parliaments than for peoples, for Clontarf or for the Hill of Tara rather than for College Green, the most consummate of the demagogues of our democracy. Yet both alike, however various in character and influence, directed their extraordinary powers to one point, the emancipation of the Catholics, Grattan at the head of that brilliant band of Parliamentary orators which comprised Brougham, Plunket, and Canning, and O'Connell at the head of

that portion of Ireland which was resolute to wring from England the boon that had been so long delayed. As Pitt had to face the coalition of Fox and North, and to hold his own against the most puissant orators of his day, so had Peel to face Canning and Brougham, the Tory and the Liberal, on this point combined against him, in the administration of Ireland, O'Connell himself. I remember being told by the late Sir William Gregory that Sir Robert Peel offered him when a young man the conduct of Irish business in the House of Commons, and that when he replied that he could not support so difficult a position the Prime Minister smiled and said, "Oh, but there is Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary; when you are frightened, you shall run under his shield and find protection, like Ajax in the battle of Homer." Perhaps Sir Robert smiled to remember his own youthful experience of the office, and the Goliaths whom he had gone forth to combat unaided and alone.

It was then, to borrow the phrase originally applied by Macaulay to Mr. Gladstone, as a stern, unbending Tory that Peel rose into eminence. And this suggests a comparison between the two statesmen whose political lives, taken together, extended from 1809 to 1894, and who will perhaps in future ages be regarded as the two supreme representatives of the political England of the nineteenth century. Both began as Tories and ended otherwise, thus contradicting alike the normal law of human character, and both alike broke up a great political party when it refused to be the instrument of their imperious will. Both as life advanced seemed to grow more young, and to become more definitely the scions of their own epoch. It was not that they were original in thought so much as that they were marvellous in assimilating the thoughts of others. The greatness of each was founded upon laborious knowledge and conscientious mastery of detail, and upon a serious and high enthusiasm for the functions and duties of statesmanship. Yet they differed widely from one another; it was the achievement of Sir Robert Peel to change Tory into Conservative Eng-

land, and to deliver our politics from those dangers of a reactionary party which have been the bane and curse of other Parliaments. Slowly, with infinite care and caution, he led and educated his followers until bigotry was vanquished and sound finance was understood by those who had applauded Eldon and had voted the budgets of Vansittart. The character of the man grew into harmony with the necessities of his case; placed in a solitary position between the Whigs, his natural enemies, and the Tories, his unnatural friends, he became cold because he could not sympathize and reticent because it would have been fatal to expand, and strove to conceal beneath halting phrases and manifold reservations his natural instincts for reform. The fate and fortunes of the younger statesman in this respect have been exactly opposite. His mission in history cannot be tersely stated; perhaps it was to give form and expression to those diverse energies and aspirations which flooded Europe in 1848, and which now to all seeming have been exhausted in the change and lapse of years. Backed by devoted followers, he had every motive to display those convictions which Sir Robert had every motive to conceal. Hence his oceanic sympathies and burning oratory, his universal fervor and innumerable enthusiasms. It is Ireland and Homer, Armenia and Horace, Dante and the Budget, Bulgaria and the Book of Psalms. To decide who was the greater of the two would be invidious, but was not the elder the more finished statesman, because the younger was a statesman and something more?

Sir Robert gave his whole undivided attention to statesmanship, and succeeded accordingly in all that he undertook, actually repealing the Corn Laws on the very day on which he fell from power. The two main objects of the other were to repeal the income tax and to settle the Irish question; yet neither of these can be placed in the catalogue of his achievements. There is a story that one morning at Drayton Sir Robert Peel received Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State; he opened and glanced at the pages, and then as he put it aside was heard to

say, "That young man will ruin a fine career if he writes such books as these." There was a good deal in the observation: it marks the difference between two great characters.

In 1818 Peel resigned the Irish office, and remained a private member until 1822, when he became Home Secretary, holding this post until the retirement of Lord Liverpool in 1827 from the Premiership. On that occasion a peculiar crisis occurred. Up till 1801 the Tory party had remained united under Pitt, but from that date up to its destruction in 1830 it contained two rival sections within itself. The question that formed the principle of difference was the Catholic question; Addington, and then Perceval, and subsequently Peel were in the House of Commons the successive leaders against the Catholics, while Pitt, and after his death Canning, commanded the opposite side. It was the peculiar tact of Lord Liverpool which enabled him to govern for a period of fifteen years a party thus divided against itself, but when he retired there was none to take his place; George the Fourth had to make his choice, and, after much hesitation, the son of an actress became Prime Minister of England. George Canning—for it was he—possessed all the wit that his Irish birth and all the theatrical talent that his mother could supply. He was a man of literature, the close friend of Scott, the founder also and supporter of the *Microcosm*, the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the *Quarterly Review*, and shared all the vanity and sensitiveness of the literary character. From the death of Fox in 1806 he was the favorite of the House of Commons, and was said to rule that assembly as Alexander ruled Bucephalus. If I were to compare the two orators, I should quote and contrast a sentence from each. "Liberty is order, liberty is strength" has all the repetition and directness of Fox. "I called a new world into being, to redress the balance of the old" has all the rhetoric and rhythm of Canning. But the new Prime Minister was not only brilliant, but had achieved great things. It was he who, in the Ministry of Portland, had planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, thus fulfilling the work

that Trafalgar had begun; it was he who had steadily supported Wellington through the Peninsular campaign; it was he who, as Foreign Minister from 1822, had thrown all the weight of English influence into the cause of European freedom. Nor did his mind disdain or fail to cope with the dryest details of finance. He was a master of the question of currency, as became the friend of Lord Liverpool, and was anxious for free trade and the relaxation of the corn law. These were his merits and virtues: his faults were an unbridled sarcasm and a passion for intrigue.

But though the high Tories under Peel and Wellington remained out of office, they had not to wait long: Canning died, and early in 1828 Peel returned to the Home Office, becoming for the first time leader of the House of Commons. It was a moment of triumph, but it was the triumph of a moment and no more. As the traveller on the American pampas stands aghast to see the horizon fill with the glow of fire, so did the west start into flame before the eyes of the Ministry, in a conflagration lit by the hand of the incendiary O'Connell. For nearly a generation O'Connell had, in his own phrase, been "a professed agitator" in the Catholic cause, and had endured every sort of failure, arising now from his own vehemence, now from the royal obstinacy, now from the House of Lords, now from the Church of Rome, now from the apathy of England, and now from the indifference of Ireland itself. But all his miscalculations were redeemed by two strokes of practical genius; he had for the first time brought the priesthood as an organized body into Irish politics, and he had established the Catholic rent, a measure which gave to the peasantry a direct and practical interest in the success of emancipation. He now stood and was returned for Parliament, although as a Catholic he was incapacitated from taking his seat. It was an act of defiance; nay, rather it was a signal for rebellion, and the Ministry resolved to yield. Thus there was an impressive scene that evening of the 5th of March, 1828, in the House of Commons. There might be Whigs

who were jealous that the triumph of the Catholics was not a triumph for them, and there might be Tories embittered at the treachery of Ministers; but that such feelings were the prevalent emotions of the assembly can only be thought by those who do not know the House of Commons. As the member in charge of the measure of Emancipation moved from point to point in his elaborate exposition, enthusiastic cheering broke from the audience, for they felt that it was conceived in a broad and generous spirit, and that the goal of an endless controversy which had lasted for centuries was touched at last. And who was he who stood there before them all? It was not a Whig: "The credit belongs to others and not to me. It belongs to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Grattan, to Mr. Plunket, to the gentlemen opposite, and to an illustrious and right honorable friend of mine who is now no more." It was not a private member: "I rise as a Minister of the King, and sustained by the just authority which belongs to that character, to vindicate the advice given to his Majesty by an united Cabinet."

It was a statesman guided by public spirit as by a pillar of fire in the wilderness: "I will act unchanged by the scurrility of abuse, by the expression of opposite opinions, however vehement or however general; unchanged by the deprivation of political confidence, or by the heavier sacrifice of private friendships and affections. Looking back upon the past, surveying the present, and forejudging the prospects of the future, again I declare that the time has at length arrived when this question must be adjusted." It was an orator on the theme of spiritual freedom: "We have removed, with our hands, the seal from the vessel in which a mighty spirit was enclosed; but it will not, like the genius in the fable, return within its narrow confines, to gratify our curiosity, and enable us to cast it back into the obscurity from which we evoked it." It was Peel.

When the first reformed Parliament assembled in 1833, it was seen that the Tory party had disappeared. Yet it was generally acknowledged that Peel,

the surviving leader of a nameless remnant, was the leading man in the assembly. The great aim of his life had been hitherto to maintain the oligarchic constitution, and to justify its existence by carrying an extensive programme, as we should now term it, of social measures, such as the reform of the penal code, of the judicature, of the police, and of the currency. Thus by a strange fortune the man who was the first of our statesmen to deal with social problems was also a decided opponent of constitutional reform; for to reform the House of Commons was to degrade it into a body of delegates, and that was detestable to all his soul. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that Sir Robert Peel, than whom, in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "our constitutional and representative system never had a more loving child or a more devoted champion," and who, either from policy or nature, or both, completely adapted himself in all other respects to the temper and spirit of the new constitution, never admitted that, as member or as Minister, he was in any sense a delegate. His tone on this point was consistently maintained.

"As Minister of the Crown I reserve to myself, distinctly and unequivocally, the right of adapting my conduct to the exigency of the moment and to the wants of the country." Acting on this principle, the principle of the unreformed House of Commons, he felt it no reproach to have carried free trade, as he carried Catholic emancipation, without the formal consent, or even against the wishes, of the country. There shows the haughty, independent spirit of our ancient constitution. Now at the opening of the new era all eyes turned upon him, and speculation was rife as to what he was to do. Some suggested that, like Croker, he should fold his robe about him and leave the stage. Others proposed that he should form a sort of Labor party and dish a bourgeois régime. One young gentleman of literary acquirements and foreign appearance, who had written a novel and had travelled in the East, and who was to become Prime Minister of England, opined that now that oligarchy had fallen it was time to revive the monarchy of

Charles the First. But the penetrating glance of him who was the object of these lamentations and condolences saw deeply and truly into the current of events: he did what nobody had recommended, and began by supporting the Whig Government. This policy was exceedingly judicious, and at once gave to himself and his band of followers a commanding position. For as the danger of the time was that Ministers should be hurried into revolutionary courses by the Radicals and by the Irish Repealers, those who now sheltered the timid Whigs from their own allies could appear as patriots in the eyes of the country, and as patrons of the most powerful majority that the century had seen. Persons acquainted with our peculiar system of government are aware that a prudent leader of Opposition should always act as though the administration was immediately to devolve upon himself: the omission to observe this rule of conduct was the ruin of Fox. And accordingly Peel, to the astonishment of those who looked for a generation of Whig government, acted as though he would shortly return to power, as, indeed, he did actually succeed in doing within a period of two years.

Meanwhile he looked about him for a party and for principles suited to the epoch. It was decided that Conservative should be the name adopted, and as for the original objects of that party, they are described by himself in 1838: "My object for some years past has been to lay the foundations of a great party which, existing in the House of Commons, and deriving its strength from the popular will, should diminish the risk and deaden the shock of collisions between the two deliberative branches of the legislature." That was the origin of the Conservative party, and the sentence which describes it is worthy of the most careful remembrance. But, since it is useless to give a name and principles to a body that has no existence, he anxiously collected and organized a following. The personality of a political leader is a main consideration with young men who are deliberating upon which side they shall take their fortunes: it was the personal magnetism of Pitt which

drew George Canning from the Whig circle of Devonshire House and enrolled him among the Tories. Since the death of Pitt no young man of first-rate promise, with the exception of Peel—and he himself was a Pittite—had entered the Tory party in the House of Commons. Now all that was hopeful and brilliant in England gathered round the Conservative chief, and followed his standard in the day of battle. Supreme above the rest were two, comparable for strength and swiftness to the horses of Achilles—

Two coursers of ethereal race,
Their necks with thunder clothed, of long resounding pace.

The one in his pale, dark features showed traces of his Venetian, Spanish, and Jewish origin. He too would be Prime Minister of England, and in the pursuit of that aim must needs be more Byronical than Byron and more practical than Peel. To attract attention he must pile extravagance upon extravagance, outdressing D'Orsay, and outwitting Bulwer, and outdoing them all. But all this was ordered and regulated by the calm and calculating ambition that lay at the basis of the man, for he clearly recognized that in the politics of democracy you should only be really startling when you have statistics. Thus, on the advice of Shiel, the Irish orator, he alternately bored and electrified the House of Commons, so that grave and decent members who could not understand his wit became convinced that there was a good deal in him when they could not understand his figures. It is said that he first met Peel at a banquet given by Lord Eliot early in the year of the great Reform Bill, and as the two sat side by side Disraeli "reminded Peel by my dignified demeanor that he was an ex-Minister and I a present Radical." But, unfortunately for the dignity of youth, Peel ceased in 1834 to be an ex-Minister, and the other, observing the turning tide of public affairs, ceased to be a present Radical. The *Letters of Runnymede* were dedicated to Sir Robert, and the astute author became a Conservative. He bought into the shares of the new company that was forming, for he perceived that the di-

rector was a man of business and that the shares would rise.

The other young man was as opposite in character and attainments as pole is opposite to pole. Like Peel, he was the son of a Lancashire merchant, and had been the most promising of his time at Oxford. His speech against the Reform Bill at the Oxford Union was perhaps the most effective ever delivered in that assembly, for it actually converted an opponent, who at its close solemnly moved over to the Tory benches. He was full of indignation and earnestness on all manner of subjects. He was as rigorous in the choice and as microscopic in the investigation of words as any doctor of scholastic learning, and indeed on leaving college he had disturbed his father by an expressed desire to enter holy orders. But that parent recommended foreign travel and arranged for a seat at Newark; yet though this diverted Mr. Gladstone from the pulpit into Parliament, it did not prevent him becoming, in the phrase of Dollinger, "the best theologian in England." Such were the two young men who for a few years ran side by side toward the goal that was before them under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel.

It is not too much to say that it was the monarchy that maintained the Whigs in office so late as 1841. But for that influence they would have fallen long before that date. Many concurrent causes served to render them weak and unpopular: there was the reaction against Radicalism; there was their Irish policy, which strove to be popular in Ireland and was proportionately unpopular here; there was the secession from their ranks of Stanley and Sir James Graham; there was their lamentable finance and inquisitive attention to Church moneys, and finally there was the dogged resistance of the House of Lords. But all this was redeemed by three separate interventions of monarchy upon the political stage.

It will be remembered that at the close of 1834 William the Fourth suddenly dismissed his Whig Ministers, and Peel was summoned from an entertainment at the Duchess of Torlonia's, as Wellington from the ball-room

of Brussels. On arrival he dissolved Parliament, but did not secure a majority, and after a short struggle resigned office. Posterity may pronounce that the dissolution was scarcely a judicious act, and that he should have continued to hold it like a sword above the heads of his opponents. At any rate, this entry into office forced upon him by the King was premature, and only served to strengthen and consolidate the Whig party. Again, the accession of her Majesty in 1837 undoubtedly prolonged the tenure of Lord Melbourne, for it was generally felt at the ensuing elections that it would be unchivalrous as well as unpatriotic to perplex a young Queen by a change of Ministers. Thirdly, the Bedchamber question in 1839 between the Court and Sir Robert actually restored to office the Ministers who had fallen on the Jamaica controversy, but now returned because their female relations declined to follow them into opposition. Hence it was not till 1841 that Peel, now in a majority of over eighty, was able to form that which Mr. Gladstone has described as "a perfectly organized administration." It was high time, indeed; for our Government had become confused abroad and at home contemptible; the deficit in our budgets was returning regularly with the return of spring, and the disorders of the State and the misery of the working classes were growing like some fundamental and incurable disease. Who should save us? There was Peel, perhaps, but, as M. Guizot used to say of him, "*il ne se déboutonna jamais*," and in his own phrase he declined to prescribe till he was called in. Yet people remembered that it was he who in his youth had governed Ireland against O'Connell, who at the age of thirty-one had restored us to a sound currency, and that if now the Chartists were threatening revolution, it was he who as Home Secretary in old days had organized the police of London and had emancipated the Catholics. So the nation summoned him; they called for Sir Robert Peel.

It is not within these limits to describe what that Ministry did—how O'Connell was thwarted in his attempt to repeal the Union, how deficits grew

into surpluses, how the Bank Acts were passed, and how free trade was won. Only I shall recall to mind a story told by M. le Comte de Jarnac, which illustrates better than a long array of facts and figures the motives and character of the man who was now to rule. It was, if I remember aright, in 1847, the year preceding the revolution of 1848, that the Count was dining with Sir Robert, then fallen from office, at his house in Whitehall. The Count spoke hopefully of France and of the stability of the Government of Louis-Philippe. His host listened with profound attention, sometimes inclining forward as he assented, or shaking his head as he could not agree. Then, speaking in his turn, he foretold coming revolution and the earthquake that would shake the soil of this ancient Europe. He spoke of the tidal passions of democracy, of the vast realities of human misery, and of the unenlightened lot of man. And it was so that to the mind of his hearer the walls around him, bright with the masterpieces of Rubens and Reynolds, seemed to crumble and vanish, and that from the darkness arose, at the apostrophe of the statesman, the disinherited outcasts of society, who would return at all costs into their inheritance. "Then was it," said the Count, "that I understood for the first time the motives for the abolition of the Corn Laws and the character of the genius of Sir Robert Peel."

He believed in the English people, for he knew them; and they believed in him for the same good cause. His life had been passed before the eyes of the public, and they saw by proof that beneath the conservative texture of his mind lay the forces of a masculine and unbiassed reason which could cast aside all personal and party prejudices in the face of national necessities. M. Guizot, who knew him well, used to tell of the intense personal anxiety that the condition of the laboring classes caused to Sir Robert Peel; and Sir William Stephenson, who was his private secretary at the Treasury, informs me that he would labor regularly for sixteen hours a day. And indeed the good of our people was his good, and his happiness was in their prosperity.

He liked them too much to flatter them, and understood their interests too deeply to be always asking them what they would wish him to do. He told them to be bold and manly; to rely upon themselves and to seek salvation in their own great qualities:

This night you will select the motto which is to indicate the commercial policy of England. Shall it be "Advance" or "Recede"? Which is the fitter motto for this great empire? Survey our position; consider the advantage which God and Nature have given us, and this destiny for which we are intended. We stand on the confines of Western Europe, the chief connecting link between the Old World and the New. The discoveries of science, the improvement of navigation have brought us within ten days of St. Petersburg, and will soon bring us within ten days of New York. We have an extent of coast greater in proportion to our population and the area of our land than any other great nation, securing to us maritime strength and superiority. Iron and coal, the sinews of manufacture, give us advantages over every rival in the great competition of industry. Our capital far exceeds that which they can command. In ingenuity, in skill, in energy we are inferior to none. Our national character, the free institutions under which we live, the liberty of thought and action, an unshackled press, spreading the knowledge of every discovery and of every advance in science, combine with our natural and physical advantages to place us at the head of those nations which profit by the free interchange of their products. And is this the country to shrink from competition? Is this the country to adopt a retrograde policy? Is this the country which can only flourish in the sickly, artificial atmosphere of prohibition?

Choose your motto, "Advance" or "Recede."

"It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will." That wish is hard of fulfilment, now that those who knew him living are too few to do more than hand on a faint light of remembrance to us, the coming generation. But there is the House of Commons, his own native place, still bearing in its better hours the marks and memories of his ancient ascendancy. And there is the English people, whose unrivalled commerce is free and whose food is plentiful through him. Therefore to realize what he was we must not go to libraries or historians, but we must stand where his statue looks down Cheapside to the Bank of England, and we must place ourselves on the

crowded quays of Liverpool, or Shanghai, or Belfast, or London. But above all places else we should enter into the homes and cottages of our people at the hour when, in his own words,

"they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."—*Nineteenth Century*.

COROT.

BY R. A. M. STEVENSON.

THE poor are always with us in art as decidedly as in life; but they claim our attention to a different tune in each century—or shall I say each decade? At present it seems all up with certain kinds of bad artist. We have surely seen the last of the old British Niggler for at least a generation—or it may be two. It is becoming less easy every day to persuade people that you are artistic because you are virtuous, or that you have imagination because you are patient and arithmetical. You may multiply blades of grass, or cram more waves into the square inch than any other man of your age; but it looks beggarly, reality being infinite, to count out hundreds when you might conjure up the illusion of millions. I repeat it, the Niggler's game is up for the moment, nor is it much better with the flimsy person who breeds false values and gets a spiritual squirm out of the bad strawberry of a fantastic roof. The literary title and the anecdotic interest die hard; but for the moment people pretend that a picture may be equally well or badly painted whether it is called *A Gray Day in November*, *Near South Puddock*, *The Waning of the Year*, or *The Country of John Libbel*. Now, the Niggler may be impelled by realism, but the Stippler indulges in style of *malice prepense*. I suppose the British Stipplers fed on the droppings of Turner's palette; and they have dotted and spotted so long that Fashion allows them to see the new *Pointilliste* through their dim spectacles, and they may say "*Nunc Dimittis!* the Iridescent has arisen in Paris!" Perhaps in eighty years an Old-New Impressionist Society will be still making drawing-room trifles after the formulas of Corot, Manet, Monet, and the rest.

Meanwhile *Salut aux Maitres!* The Romantics, the Barbizonians, the Impressionists that some of us knew in the flesh, have received in England the degree of O.M.—Old Master. It is difficult to move English public opinion; but, once the dead weight is tarted, the whole mass slips away like a big ship on the launching slides. In art it is the Academy that holds the public: knock out that pin, and away goes British enthusiasm in the direction that is greased and prepared for its mighty volume. Now Corot, Millet, Delacroix, Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, and ever so many more, have at last hung up their shields among the Old Masters in Burlington House; and of course it will be acknowledged now that everybody always knew and liked such pictures. G. P. Chalmers, the Scottish Academician, could tell you (if he were alive) a different tale: could tell you how hard—almost impossible, indeed—he found it in the Eighties to induce the R.S.A. to hang a couple of Corots. The late Daniel Cottier, too, one of the dealers who first brought over the work of this particular School, could have told you of the "dead frost" it proved. There is no need, however, to multiply evidence. I myself could witness (and so could the Editor of this Magazine) to the scorn of the public and the tepid dislike of artists, even in Scotland and as late as the Edinburgh Exhibition of '85-6. I say even in Scotland, because Corots and such pictures teem now in the private collections of the North, and, better still, because a large and admirable school of young painters has arisen to witness to the value of those very examples which the older men distrusted. It may be supposed that I know something of painters both here

and in France ; for when I lived abroad (during the Seventies) I made frequent visits to England, and I found the painters there either ignorant of or hostile to the principles of the late Renaissance. The recollection of Academy varnishing days and (later) of Academy Press days is still with me, as well as a more recent experience which showed me the attitude toward painting of the British Burgess in the large industrial towns of England. If, then, there has come about any revulsion in public opinion on painting, any change of front in art, I, for one, take little interest in it, and cannot delude myself as to its real meaning and value. For many years the late Lord Leighton possessed some fine Corots, and yet his taste never seemed to affect the views of his colleagues or to prevail in favor of something better than the worship of commercial success and the cult of the Anecdote and the Christmas Card. I hope it may not prove true ; but I fear that a race which takes a natural and passionate interest in the arts of the ear, literature and music, will always approach the arts of the eye, either with the eagerness of social and commercial competition or with the spirit of curious dilliticism. We are a mixed lot, and we may have some painters more ; but shall we ever, as a race, take to expressing our real selves in the plastic arts ? Shall we not continue sometimes to pervert painting to literature, sometimes to use it to record scientific observation, and sometimes to play with its styles for purely decorative purposes ?

Speaking of the Frenchmen and their work between '30 and '75, and especially of Corot and of his landscape, one must at once say of their painting that it was not decorative alone, nor truthful alone, but that, at its best, it was always both. I am tired of using this phrase, or something like it, for the space of more than twenty years ; but it is a fact, and a fact most important in the history of a century which has given us schools despising reality as well as schools ignoring art and beauty. As to Corot, I am almost sick of his name (though not of his works), for I talked about him during many years, and I've written about him dur-

ing many others. Now, when I admire a man's work it occurs to me naturally, first, to make *pastiches* of it ; second, to copy some of it ; third, to drink to his health or his memory ; fourth, to speak of him ; and only last to write about him. Indeed, to speak and write about painting is almost as bad as to paint words—as the Anecdotists do always, and the Mystics and Symbolists sometimes. To use the art least suited to your purpose is but a hopeless double of the hunted one pursued by staleness. If you cannot be convinced through your eyes of a picture's worth, I am sure you will never learn it through your ears. Long ago, when Louis Stevenson and I were working in the Forest of Fontainebleau, I used to try to make him admire Corot, and see the reason of his work in natural scenes. For years I had shown him Corot's pictures on every chance and had urged him with every argument of the craftsman, the decorator, the romantic painter, when one day, in despair, I fell back on some bleat about "larks singing," and ere the words were out of my mouth, he clapped in with : "Now, I see Corot." I was never so disconcerted in my life. "See Corot ?" I said. "Hear, you mean ! Why, man, you have seen enough long ago, and nothing new to-day !" The truth is the man born to feel language will learn more from two words than from an acre of painted canvas. Yes, and he will know more about the pigments on that canvas even than if he had stared at them all through a summer's afternoon. And it is only because the other side of the question is true that we illustrate a book or paint a religious picture. For myself, I never admit a painter upon purely decorative credentials as the companion of my walks, as one who may focus the world for me to his point of view. I fight him long on points of truth ; and not till his impression is mine, do I give in to him as my guide and master. At first, though I saw Corot's beauties on canvas, and understood Corot's devices of handling, I did not see the meaning of Corot's definitions, nor the reason of some of Corot's coloring. I thought he had cooked up a decorative result from the mate-

rials given him by an impression of the world which I might have received myself; and for the sake of what seemed true to me, I worked in a hard and piece-meal fashion even after he had taught me to know something better in the way of mere style. Every one must find out for himself what the principles of Impressionism mean, and that they correspond to some mood of seeing, to some way of directing one's attention to nature. To succeed in doing so is to find that Corot's way is wonderfully noble, impassioned and fertile in poetry.

We cannot talk of Corot without reference to this Impressionist view of painting, which just now is preferred before the photographic, the categorical, or even the purely decorative. As much as any man, Corot helped to make Impressionism possible, at least, in landscape. And although, thanks to the analogies of perspective, the artist may easily see the application of Impressionist principles to landscape, the public may learn to understand them more readily in the art of figure-painting. It is easy to persuade people that their attention is riveted to a moving act which is taking place before their eyes. When Rizzio is murdered, when Guise is stabbed, when the Princes shiver together in the Tower, a number of focuses is not admissible. The photographic representation of knots in the floor or folds in the curtain, which would be the result if it were, implies a distribution of attention which every one feels to be silly, because it is not human. Impressionism is the rendering of the human and natural attention bestowed on a scene according to its character and interests. When I look at a crowd in the running-ground, before the athletes come out to race, I see it in a certain fashion; but when the racers toe the scratch, all braced up for the start, my eye takes in the crowd quite differently. If I painted the crowd as I felt it before the men came out, I could not give the racers that effect of concentrated attention which is necessary to make them look as they appeared at that vital moment. You will say that the painter who attempts to render such an impression cannot avoid giv-

ing an unnatural look to the whole scene: a look which causes misunderstanding and derision, which by means of strange shapes and splashes even gives some part of the field of vision an undue share of the attention. The problem, I admit, is difficult, but it is that difficulty which makes the glory of Velasquez, Corot, Whistler, Manet, to quote only a few of the men who have worked out the principles of Impressionism.

Most people pay no conscious heed to anything but human figures, unless it be to a horse they mean to buy or a step whereon they fear to break their shins. Although the attention is not claimed by anything with the insistence and earnestness of a race or a fight, yet in landscape the æsthetic importance of a true distribution of attention is not less than in figure-painting. The man sensitive to landscape characters recognizes something which is as striking amid its surroundings as a figure in action which makes the world a background; and this mass, line, group, effect of atmosphere, color, or tone must be focussed, composed, defined, surrounded, and put into a scheme of color by him in obedience to the conditions under which his impression was received. If some quality in a thing—tallness, or brightness, or any other characteristic—strikes you, it is easy to see that you cannot realize this upon a canvas except by showing the thing in certain relations to other things. There is no tallness on a two-foot canvas, except what comes from relation to the sides of the frame and to the other shapes in the picture: and there is no luminosity in colors, except what comes from contrast, juxtaposition, and *nuance*. If you sketch a form from nature, and introduce it into a foreign composition, you cannot expect that it will retain such qualities of beauty as came from its relation to other forms and colors, and from its place in a scheme of quite other complexity.

Briefly, what Velasquez did for men, that Corot did for trees. The Spanish portrait painter showed how he felt a head in relation to the clothes, the walls, and the air about and round it; he showed full lengths dressed for state,

for war, for hunting; he showed men alone and in groups, in the covered gloom of palace chambers, in stately gardens, or as they appeared on horseback against the distant hills. Under all these conditions he saw them differently, and he painted them with a different kind of attention and a different kind of modelling. The French landscape painter showed the tree in its true essence and in its true position amid skies, verdure, water, and rocks, or waving grasses. His own statement—that the birds could fly through his trees without falling down dead, as if they had flown against painted tin—gives an idea of the way he looked at foliage. But it took him, as it took Velasquez, years of study to realize his impressions of the large aspect of nature; it took him years of study and a thousand half-failures to imagine the technical devices that enabled him to give true relief to his idea. The grain of the canvas, the fluidity of the vehicle, the use of impasto, the flick into wet paint, the retouched scrape, the quick upward drag of the rigger, the smudged texture—all these things had to be considered and practised before the finest Corots were produced. Corot generally uses a *toile fine* of small but sharp grain—that is, a canvas with a good “tooth” on it, and very little preparation. Upon this he smudged in very thinly his main masses of tone, modelling them loosely and broadly. Then he worked into this wet paint darker and lighter spots of detail, and, finally, his last exquisite touches of finish. This was one of his ways of working; but sometimes he laid in the whole canvas thickly and heavily, and then, before finishing, he scraped the thing down to a thin ghost of itself. In either case the thin underlay was of the tone required, so that there is not much chance of his pictures changing color more than all paint must. A third kind of Corot is painted thickly all through, and straight ahead after the style of Millet, and most Frenchmen of the time. In some others you will see a mixture of two of these processes; and that kind of Corot is very common.

Now that the worth of a Corot as decoration is beginning to be perceived,

he is supposed to have been serene, impeccable, and self-assured, as no man ever was, and certainly not an artist of his slow and gradual growth. At one time I was much in the way of hearing about Corot, his life, his character, and his methods of work; for I have painted some of the *motifs* he painted, and that in the company of old friends of his. - But I kept no notes of their conversation, and, as I have a treacherous memory, I do not care to print anecdotes when (as in most cases) I have forgotten my authority. Assuredly I retain an ideal of him which is built upon sufficiently good grounds to enable me to differentiate what is true and likely concerning him from what is false and put-up. Moreover, I know that many friends and admirers fell into a habit of patronizing him as one who had good ideas, but could not make the best of them. They would say of a well-reasoned and perfectly finished picture that it was a good “lay-in,” and that Corot should look forward to the time when he might be able to carry out such an idea, although at that time he might be incapable of doing anything but spoil it. An old gentleman (one of Corot’s *intimes*) told me that Corot often tried to satisfy these friendly critics, but only dissatisfied himself, and did no good except in the way of strengthening his own belief that finish was something other than labor, neatness of hand, or multiplicity of definitions. When, on an occasion, a friend might take up a brush to touch a sketch of his, the hard precision and cheap explanation of form which he planted there would convince the painter that he himself had done well to discard elaboration of the part for finish of the whole. An English painter of the School of Minuteness, whom I met in Paris just after he had seen French work for the first time, told me that he could paint flowers and grasses better than Corot. As I suspected him capable of no greater miracle than raising dulness to the power of Infinity, I asked him under what conditions he could perform *this* one; when I learned that he believed in the existence of a one and absolutely true way of rendering objects, whether they were spots in a fore-

ground or the whole subject of a still-life study. Even in such a still-life study you may be sure that he would have treated each blade of grass or separate petal as if it existed alone.

Corot was not merely a painter of the fine passage, the square inch of quality, the neatly elaborated detail, the minute joinery of finish that calls for a magnifying glass. He looked at the whole aspect of the field he painted, and he imagined on his canvas a pattern of decorative consistency which corresponded to the general impression he had received. The little bits of preciser definition and more vivid color which critics suggested here and there Corot considered trivial, inartistic, hostile to his main interests, and altogether beside the purpose of his picture. Though he may have tried now and again to reconcile his views with those of his friends, on the whole he displayed a wonderful firmness in seeking to render the strange aspect (for strange it was in the days before the Impressionist School had come into being) of nature which he alone seemed to perceive. Original, however, as he was, those who look more at his mechanical methods than at the vision they were used to create, may find hints of his procedure in the work of these who painted before him. Velasquez, whose landscape work perhaps Corot never saw, had painted very Corotesque trees, as may be seen even in the *View of the Prado* (National Gallery). But men with whose paintings he was certainly familiar—Jean de Boulongne, Watteau, Lancret—had thought fit, in backgrounds to figures or in fan decoration, to treat trees with Corot's simplicity of mass if not with his piquancy of touch, his atmospheric truth, and his poetic elegance of *ensemble*. His impressionistic view of a scene caused him to see trees soft against the sky as if they were clouds; to see the long grasses as a texture, and the clouds themselves as delicate films. The masses are not empty in his pictures: they are nuanced and modelled, for there is as much fact of shape conveyed by modelling as by outline. When Corot plants a defined leaf on these vaporous plumes of foliage, he does it with as delicate a carefulness as any

pre-Raphaelite. But two things prevented him from spoiling his effect, as the pre-Raphaelite does when he covers his whole mass with such sharply defined eye-detaining leaves. First, a sense of style which told him what is effective to the sight, and taught him that, even as an orator cannot be heard in a tumult, so a form or a color cannot impress its character upon you when it is lost in a crowd of similar shapes or tints. This consideration alone would lead an artist to the selection of forms on decorative principles; but the second consideration that moved Corot determined his selection on other than decorative grounds. The relative importance of forms, colors, definitions, modellings, etc., was given to him in his impression of the whole scene, and details were not so much selected by him as imposed upon his imagination by his habit of looking at nature.

But if we may come upon predictions of Corot's soft breadth in handling a close-set clump of foliage, we can find nothing in the past which forestalls his treatment of a light maze of branches and scanty foliage thrown against the sky. The details of such tracery are so subtle and so complex that no human hand can render them as distinct pre-Raphaelite objects with all their multiplicity, their wonderful softness, their infinite variety of definition. Such a delicate embroidery must be treated mainly as texture if it is not to become a stiff and grotesque parody of the supple and waving original. Corot's methods of treating this beautiful appearance in nature have been accepted by all painters save a few Englishmen. If justification is required for the translation of detail into tone and texture, it may be found in the nature of sight. In etching, does not a fine rain of lines produce the sensation of tones or textures? and may not the ramification of bare branches upon a winter sky give rise to a similar sensation? All the impossible *finesses* of their various inclination to the light, of their dark sides and of their lit sides, of their softly jagged contours, result in a delicate vapor which it seems illogical to render by a few hard, inadequate hieroglyphs.

Corot had a predilection for the feathery sort of tree whose stem and branches shoot up like a tall willowy girl, whose foliage grows in soft and vaporous masses, or spreads itself like a veil of lace upon the sky. But he understood the artistic value of a foil; and he often chose a *motif* which gave him somewhere in his picture a solid dark mass of verdure. In contrast with this clump, or round it as a nucleus, he wove his webs of scanty branches, or his delicate patterns of slender outstanding saplings. But though he loved a dark, velvety mass of leafage, and enjoyed such towers of rustling foliage as he has shown us in the *Biblis* or the *Orpheus*, I cannot remember that he cared to treat strong and slow-growing trees except in a distant mass. The bold, angular foliage of oaks, the black, ponderous plumage of the elm, he seldom touched. Thus the elm in Mr. Hamilton Bruce's lovely *Evening in Normandy* is half out of the picture, and its main branch is but scantily clothed with leaves. The dark, bladder-shaped nucleus of the second group in that picture and its feathery halo of lighter growths are more agreeable to Corot's taste. When he painted the elms of the Serpentine, it was in a distant mass, seen through the misty air of Hyde Park, and across the broad stretch of water.

What is the charm that artists have

found in Corot that was not in those who came before? and what the lesson they have learned from him that they could learn from no one else? "Mere license," say some. I would say, rather: "A new sense of beauty derived from a new attention to the way we receive impressions through the organs of sight." In his large and studied canvases he showed less originality and novelty in composition than in tone, atmosphere, color, or handling; in his smaller, freer work, done closer to nature, his style of composition also becomes modified by his impressionist vision. The principles he established were, chiefly, that light must be preferred before local color; the growth of a stem before the markings on its bark; that modelling must be held of greater importance than leaf drawing; that you must ever observe the several aspects nature wears at various distances from your foreground. Obedience to these has helped him to render his feeling for the upspring of a shaft of poplar, the profundity of a vista of sight, the moving depths of an evening sky, the quality of luminous misty air, the silver shimmer of light upon the undulating surface of long grass, and the various mysteries of envelopment that give each place and each hour its own character and its own particular poetry.—*New Review*.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MISS MEHITABEL.

I.

It was at Genoa that we first fell in with the two Miss Tuckers.

The merest chance of travel had brought us to the same hotel in the first instance, but the two sisters had looked so forlorn, and appeared so ludicrously, even pathetically, out of place among the other hotel inmates, that some charitable person had suggested they should be invited to join our party in seeing the palaces and pictures of that wonderful city.

The Miss Tuckers knew no Italian, and so accepted the offer with gratitude, tempered, in Miss Mehitabel's case, with dignified reserve.

Miss Mehitabel Tucker was the elder sister. She was gaunt and thin, and gave one the impression of being mostly bones and nerves, while from under her iron-gray brows her keen gray eyes looked out as steadily, not to say sternly, on the world at large as those of any of her Puritan ancestors could have done in bygone days.

It was simply from Miss Mehitabel's expression that we settled at once that the new arrivals must have had Puritan ancestors, even before we learnt that the two sisters came from New England.

Nor were we wrong in our surmise, for a belief that a far-removed Tucker had come over in the *Mayflower* was,

we subsequently found, the most cherished pride of both sisters.

Miss Aurelia was, however, altogether different to Miss Mehitabel. She could not have been much younger than her sister, and after fifty a few years more or less are of slight importance, save to their owner; but whereas Miss Mehitabel had aged, and in aging had hardened, Miss Aurelia had faded; and whereas her elder sister's strongly marked features could never have been otherwise than plain, she must have been decidedly pretty. Her face was even now attractive, with its delicate pointed nose and sensitive lips, from which all youth had long since vanished.

Both sisters were somewhat silent—Miss Mehitabel from natural reserve, and Aurelia from shyness. For Aurelia was shy as any unfledged school-girl, and Miss Mehitabel treated her almost as such, ordering all her goings with kindly imperiousness, and speaking of her invariably as "my little sister"—a phrase that, looking at Aurelia's gray hairs, struck us as odd. On the other hand, Miss Aurelia was evidently the one soft spot in her sister's heart. The very expression of Miss Mehitabel's face and the tone of her voice softened when she was in question. There was something at once laughable and pathetic in seeing these two lonely women so far from their natural surroundings, and yet so evidently all in all to each other; but beyond this we knew nothing of their history or peculiarities. The next day we went on a sight-seeing expedition through the town. We examined the filigree work that looked like lace at the jeweller's, and the preserved fruit that simulated jewels at the confectioner's, with equal interest, while admiring the picturesqueness and abusing the dirt of the narrow streets in duly orthodox fashion.

A sudden April shower burst upon us as we at length mounted the uneven steps that led up to the church of the Annunziata. The big raindrops splashing on the gray stone pavement caused us all to hurry into the shelter of the porch.

Below in the triangular Piazza umbrellas were being hastily raised—umbrellas red and blue, russet, orange,

and green, all uncompromising bright colors, not like our dull-hued and prosaic umbrellas in England—so that in a few moments the open space before us was transformed into a gay piece of moving patchwork, for the rain was heavy. There was a pause while the old cicerone was collecting the party. Yes, we were all there, all but one.

"Where is Miss Mehitabel?" said some one.

"I am here," came the answer from outside the porch, "but I am not coming in, thank you. I shall stay here."

"In the rain?"

"I have an umbrella."

"But you will be tired waiting."

"Thank you, but I have a camp stool."

There was a little movement of surprise as Miss Mehitabel slowly unfolded a minute camp stool and sat down, and then proceeded with even greater deliberation to unfurl her dark brown umbrella.

Miss Aurelia bit her lip and colored like a girl. She moved toward the elder woman, and began to expostulate in a low voice. From my place it was impossible not to hear the following colloquy:

"But just this once, Mehitabel, just this once. Only to look round," she pleaded wistfully.

"No, Relia, you know how I feel about it all. Don't ask me."

"But there could be no harm in looking round."

"Not for you, perhaps, but for me there would be."

"But you don't mind my going?"

"No, you can please yourself. Folk are different. Go 'long right away."

"And leave you here! Oh, Mehitabel!" And there were almost tears in the younger woman's voice.

Some of the party, tired of waiting, had gone in.

"Go on," said Miss Mehitabel; "just see, you are keeping every one else waiting."

But still Aurelia hesitated.

"I believe I'd just as lief miss seeing it altogether as leave you here."

"Nonsense, why should you miss it? The guide books say it's mighty fine inside. It must be, if it's to make up for its tumble-down looks. Besides"

—as if the statement were a conclusive argument—"you remember our consul at Marseilles said you were to see it if you came here, and he ought to know. Now, don't be foolish, but go in right away."

Thus exhorted, Miss Aurelia reluctantly followed us into the church, but her face was downcast, and it is to be doubted if, for the first few minutes, she took any pleasure in what she saw there. Her thoughts were evidently still with her absent sister, and she cast continual glances of regret behind her.

The interior of the Annunziata is not in good taste. It is, indeed, probably the most costly specimen of what can be achieved to the contrary in existence, in spite of its fine paintings; but, this once granted, there remains a certain splendor in the very profusion of its ornamentation and gilding that never fails to appeal to an uncultivated eye.

Little by little, as the wealth of color and detail dawned on Miss Aurelia, her face brightened.

She looked up from the massive red marble columns to the gilded and painted roof with childish awe.

"It's beautiful—beautiful!" I heard her murmur softly to herself. "I never saw anything like it. If only Mehitabel could have seen it." But when we reached the east end of the church, where the lofty cupola rises above the glittering golden sheen of the high altar, she could only gaze and say nothing.

The rain must have ceased, for a ray of sunlight shot suddenly through the upper windows of the dome and lit up the painted ceiling, where smiling saints and angels floated among clouds. It lent to them a rosy and unearthly glow.

Miss Aurelia looked at them as though spellbound.

Some one softly touched her arm.

"Are you not coming? We are going on now to the sacristy."

She shook her head gently, but she never moved, and we left her still gazing upward at the angels.

When we came back a short time afterward she was still standing where we had left her, but a vague sweet

smile was on her face, as if she had in very truth had a glimpse of a heaven beyond. The vague smile still lingered round her mouth when we emerged into the open daylight.

The rain had freshened the air, and it smelt cool and sweet after the heavy incense-laden atmosphere within. For the time being even the perennial smell of garlic was in abeyance.

Miss Mehitabel was still patiently sitting by the threshold, but she had put down her umbrella and was busy sorting a packet of small leaflets in her lap. She greeted Aurelia with an indulgent smile, much as a mother would look at a little child.

"Well, Relia, did you like it?" she asked.

"It was beautiful—if only you had been with me," her sister began in a low voice of reproach.

"No, Aurelia, why, you know I can't. Idolatry doesn't suit me."

"But just to see it all. I guess that is not idolatry exactly—and when the pictures were so beautiful. They seemed to make heaven quite real."

Miss Mehitabel gave a disdainful sniff and opened her lips to speak, but thought better of it and closed them again.

"After all," Miss Aurelia went on timidly, "these churches ain't exactly heathen—they are a sort of Christian." But she spoke with hesitation and as if she doubted whether the fact would be admitted by her sister.

Miss Mehitabel shook her head as she gathered up her camp stool.

"Bowling's bowling, and a graven image a graven image any way you take it," she said curtly. "Besides, Relia, you've forgotten that I once did go into a Papist church to please you, and I didn't go for nothing. You're a good child, Relia, but I guess you're a simple one, and I'll reckon you'll allow me, at my time of life, to believe my own eyes."

And Aurelia, meekly silent, said no more, but prepared to follow her sister down the stone steps that led to the piazza.

"Why, I declare if I hadn't almost forgotten," exclaimed Miss Mehitabel, stopping short with a jerk, as we gained the narrow street.

"What?"

"The leaflet."

"Oh don't, sister; the man won't read it. 'Tisn't likely he would."

"Why not, when it's in Italian? Besides, that's his duty, not mine. I shall go right back."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

There was real pain in Miss Aurelia's tones, but Miss Mehitabel had already turned and was threading her way across the crowded piazza to the church door.

Her sister gazed after her with a rueful countenance.

"I wish, I do wish, she wouldn't. Isn't it dreadful?" she said, turning to me in her despair. "And it's no use—I know it's no use, even if they are Italian?"

"What is it?" I asked bluntly.

"Those dreadful tracts," sighed Miss Aurelia; "I ought not to call them so, but indeed they are dreadful to me. They seem to spoil everything. You see it's this way. Mehitabel is so good, so very, very good, and she thinks it her duty to give them to the people here, being Papists. She gives them always to the men at the church doors. She'd forgotten it this time—that's why she went back. Sh— Here she is," as Miss Mehitabel, flushed and panting, caught us up.

"It's all right," she whispered triumphantly to her sister, "I made him take it."

But there was no reply. Miss Aurelia submissively turned her steps to rejoin the rest of the party, through the steep and narrow street that led toward the hotel.

II.

Very few tourists even now find their way to the old-world town of Le Puy, their experiences of Auvergne stopping short, as a rule, at Royat, Clermont-Ferrand, or the Mont d'Or, and yet one would have to travel far to find a more picturesque or remarkable spot in the whole of France.

Its very situation is supremely original, for the little town lies at one side of a huge green saucer, whence rise up on all sides cones of strangely shaped hills. They have nothing in common

with ordinary mountain peaks. Vesuvius multiplied by the score and then seen through a kaleidoscope conveys, perhaps, the best idea of their appearance, and in truth each mountain, be it larger or smaller, is nothing but the ancient crater of a long dead volcanic world. Now their sloping sides are overgrown with short, sweet grass, and only here and there masses of jagged rocks, huge pillars of black basalt, and gigantic heaps of fallen boulders are left as witnesses of the fiery chaos that once has been. Nor is the city itself less interesting. Two high, rocky crags rise up like needles in its midst, and round them the houses and many churches nestle. Below on the flatter ground are the public gardens, the large "Place," the museum, barracks, municipal buildings, and all the modern and conventional belongings of the ordinary French town, only to be distinguished from others of the same size by the many lace warehouses with English as well as French inscriptions visible thereon, for Le Puy is one of the centres of the modern lace trade, and sends thousands of yards of *torchon* and jetted laces yearly to England.

But the modern town, in spite of all this, is not in the least interesting, and to taste the charm of Le Puy one must climb up higher, through narrow evil-smelling streets and uneven passages, until one feels in another and an older age. One mounts up and up; in places the houses nearly meet overhead in a way that suggests the East, in places one has to climb up dirty steps, where the plump, rosy-faced women sit at the doorways and ply their bobbins, chattering and gossiping with each other as they weave their lace, until at length the striped black and white cathedral is reached, and we can stop to take breath.

The cathedral is not, however, the most curious sight in the town. There are convents, not in ones and twos, but literally by the dozen, for Le Puy is too far from the outer world to move with the times, and so remains to this day a kind of clerical stronghold against republican France.

On the loftiest of the tall crags near by is to be seen the gigantic bronze figure of Our Lady herself. She tow-

ers above the whole, and is at once the glory and adoration of all the simple dwellers therein. Made of the cannon taken in the Crimean war, she looks now peaceful and benign enough to belie her warlike origin, and with her Heavenly Child in her arms she embodies rather the symbol of universal motherhood than that of the victory she is supposed to typify.

She stands erect, smiling and calm, the strangest record of the later Empire days possibly to be found in France.

We knew Le Puy well, for we often visited it, having French friends living in the neighborhood; and we always returned to it with pleasure.

The bright-eyed landlady of the Couronne d'Or was fond of boasting to us that we were not her only English clients. She had others among the rich lace manufacturers and their agents who came over to make their purchases regularly at the proper season, but, with these exceptions, I do not think she had ever known others of our nationality, and we were well content that it was thus, for to escape altogether from the ubiquitous English and American tourist was not the least of the attractions of Le Puy.

It was a brilliant and intensely hot July day when we arrived, and we strolled out into the little hotel garden in search of cooler air. The apricots were beginning to ripen, and shone like golden balls among the green leaves of the apricot trees overhead. The apricots of Le Puy are famous, and every little garden has some trees, not stiffly trained against brick walls as we know them at home, but real trees that stand alone as Nature intended.

There was a small clump of such trees at the end of the garden, and beneath them a shady garden seat that we knew of old; so we turned our steps that way.

To our disappointment it was already occupied by two ladies.

Something in the scantily cut gray skirts struck me as familiar.

The nearest raised her head as she heard our steps crunching over the gravel.

It was Miss Aurelia Tucker.

"Why, see, Mehitabel!" she ex-

claimed in joyful accents, "why, if it isn't our English friends!" And she advanced to meet us, limping painfully over the few short steps that intervened.

"Sit down, Relia. Sit down directly, you'll make your foot bad again," urged Miss Mehitabel in warning accents. "She hurt her ankle, as you can see," she explained after our first surprised greetings were over. "Yes, she did it more than a week ago, at that queer old castle near here—Polly something—"

"Polignac," supplied her sister. "I twisted it over a big stone, but I guess it ain't so painful as it was, and the castle was beautiful."

"I put Pond's Extract on it," proceeded Miss Mehitabel; "luckily I always carry my own drugs about with me. I mistrust these foreign ones. It's getting better now, but of course she's got to be careful, and it's kept us here longer than we meant. We only meant to come here for a couple of days at most."

"It's not often visited," I replied.

"How did you chance to hear of it?"

"Well, I think it was our consul at Saint-Luc that told me about it—or was it the one at Lyons, Relia? I seem to forget."

"Your consul?"

"Yes," nodded Miss Mehitabel.

"Tisn't likely to be any one else. That's our plan. We just go to every city where we know we have a consul. We go to his office and ask his advice. Find out, don't you see, from him what there is worth visiting in the town, and so on. It saves a lot of trouble, seeing we have no one with us; and I find we get on in the end quite as well as if we had one of those fine couriers some people have, to say nothing of the saving in expense. What's the use, I say, of paying for a consul unless it's to do odd jobs of the kind now and then, and help their fellow citizens when they're in a strange land?"

I was silent. Miss Mehitabel had opened up new vistas as to a consul's responsibilities to my mind; but as she went on to tell me of all they had done and seen since we had last met, I began with this clew to comprehend the peculiar, not to say disconnected, nature of their wanderings more clearly.

They were not themselves responsible for their erratic nature, for they were dictated by the consul, in some cases even the clerk of the consulate, to which they chanced to apply. Nor was I, indeed, very certain if occasionally their official representative had not despatched the two Miss Tuckers with all available speed to some spot beyond the limits of his own sphere of influence. Miss Mehitabel's ideas of what might justly be expected from him in the way of attention were no doubt trying.

Of one individual she herself remarked dryly :

"I guess I worried him so much to find that missing trunk of mine he got downright mad; but what was the good of a consul if he couldn't fix it up with the railway company for me? And so I told him right out."

Looking at her stern old countenance, it was to be believed she did. Although she talked more than formerly, and seemed in an unusually expansive mood, she was not looking well. Her face was worn, and she had a bad cough, and at last, with a little shiver, she drew her shawl around her and went back into the house, leaving me alone with her sister.

Miss Aurelia drew her cane chair closer to me. She looked so pleased to see me that I could not but feel touched. She seemed to hail me as quite an old friend, although our former acquaintance had been of the slightest.

Now that her sister was out of hearing, she began to talk at once.

"Yes, they had had a lovely time—at least she had, for Mehitabel, although she never complained, did not, she feared, really like Europe," and here she sighed. "But it had all been beautiful," she resumed, brightening, "and she did love Italy. She liked it much better than France, or even than England. Yes, of course they had begun by doing England—all Americans ought to begin with England first. Didn't I think so? That was one of Mehitabel's regular principles."

And what had she liked best?

"Ah, well, she guessed Naples and Pompeii, but unluckily Mehitabel had not cared for either; in fact, she al-

lowed she was disappointed, for Vesuvius did not look at all like the pictures on the match-boxes. It had been all dull gray, very much like the hills here, only not so pretty, and there had unluckily been no eruption while they were there, which was so tiresome. Yes, Mehitabel had been disappointed in Pompeii too. The houses were so small, and being without roofs made them quite different to what she was led to expect."

"Rome?"

"No, not Rome," and here Miss Aurelia sighed again and lowered her voice. "Had I forgotten Mehitabel's principles? With principles like Mehitabel's it was not likely they could go to Rome, and so they had come back to Leghorn, by sea, as they had gone, and then on to Pisa. Mehitabel had been real pleased with the leaning tower. That, she said, was something like. She had even bought a little alabaster model for their parlor at home. I reckon I was real glad to see Mehitabel take pleasure in anything," Miss Aurelia went on in her gentle voice, which even its strong nasal inflection could not spoil, "for Mehitabel's real unselfish, seeing that she doesn't like Europe a mite better than she reckoned on all along. The victuals don't suit her dyspepsia, nor yet the folk's way her soul, and she misses her own meeting-house on Sunday."

"Why does she travel, then? Why, just out of kindness to me, for she knew I was all along crazy to see Europe, and she has always given me everything I wanted—always—or nearly always," and Miss Aurelia's truthful tones hesitated as she made the qualification, "unless, of course, it was against her principles. Where Mehitabel's principles are concerned it seems as if she couldn't give in, like about Rome. Not that it is not quite right to keep to one's principles," added Miss Aurelia hastily, as though afraid she had been unwittingly disloyal to her absent sister. "Mehitabel has always had the finest notion of principles. 'Tisn't in reason she could change now." Was it only fancy that there was a tinge of regret in her voice?

The *table d'hôte* bell here rang noisi-

ly, and we turned toward the dining-room, Miss Aurelia limping perceptibly as she crossed the narrow strip of garden.

Her sister's place was vacant, and the plump waiter said that a message had been sent downstairs to the effect that she was not coming to dinner as she had a headache.

Miss Aurelia started up. She was as disturbed at the news as if it had been some great calamity. "I never knew Mehitabel do such a thing before," she exclaimed nervously. "What can be amiss with her? I must go and see." And had we not dissuaded her she would then and there have mounted the many stairs that led to their room; as it was, she swallowed her food hastily, and left us before the dinner was half completed.

III.

We did not see her again until the following day, when we met her clinging wretchedly to the staircase rail on her way to the bureau.

One had only to glance at her miserable white face to know that her sister was no better.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped when I approached her, "Mehitabel is real sick. I'm just coming down to ask about a doctor. A French doctor—just fancy!" She uttered the words as if his nationality was the culminating stroke of an evil fate. "And there's no consul here, nor folks I know, nor—nor—anything," she concluded tearfully.

"But is your sister really so ill?"

"Why, yes; she's sick enough. You can come and look at her if you feel like it. She's far too sick to mind," she added encouragingly, as I hung back.

Miss Mehitabel was evidently very ill. There could be no doubt on that score. She lay flat on the high white bed, and her breath came painfully.

Her eyes were bright, but she did not seem to notice us much, and from time to time she muttered incoherent sentences to herself.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed Miss Aurelia pitifully, "whatever shall I do? I never had her sick before. She was always the one that tended other

folk. She nursed me scores of times, and now she's sick herself and there's no one to see after her. It does seem hard. Yes, I sat up with her all last night, but there—I didn't rightly know what I ought to do, and I felt frightened, dreadfully frightened. Oh, dear! I hope that doctor will come soon, even if he is French."

When he did come he did not give us much comfort. Miss Mehitabel was very ill. "She ought to have a proper nurse," he urged, after he had realized that poor Aurelia, the more flurried from her unwonted excursion into French, was her only belonging.

"A nurse," repeated Aurelia dejectedly, but when a Sister from one of the convents near by was suggested she grew indignant. "Mehitabel would grow crazy at the mere idea. Mehitabel could not endure nuns. She thought they were all foolish if they weren't wicked, and convents went clean against her principles. I don't mind them so much myself," faltered Miss Aurelia, "but I know Mehitabel would never, never forgive me if I took a nun into her room. No, I must just go to Saint-Luc and see if our consul there cannot fix it for me. 'Tisn't so far by rail. I calculate I can get back easily by nightfall, and maybe"—and here she looked at the landlady and myself with her appealing eyes—"maybe you would be so kind and look after Mehitabel while I'm gone?"

It was useless to argue with her, and she started off on her mission of inquiry. She returned late that night, more miserable, if possible, than before. She had, indeed, succeeded in seeing her consul, but he had only echoed the doctor's advice, and shown her, moreover, conclusively that the expense of procuring a nurse from Paris would be such as to put that idea out of the question for her slender purse.

"So there's no other way," she said helplessly, the next morning. "I must give in, and the doctor declares I'd better go to the convent myself and bring one back. He says there may otherwise be some difficulty about it, seeing Mehitabel and I are heretics—according to the nuns' way of thinking. Did you ever hear the like? Me-

hitalabel a heretic! Why it is downright dreadful to think of it; but the doctor's given me a letter! Oh yes—I can walk there quite well. It's close by, and I know the house—the big white house in the large garden, next to the tall pink one with the green shutters.”

She spoke quite steadily, and as though the shadow of her sick sister's dogged sternness had fallen on her along with her anxiety.

Then she turned to me hesitatingly, and said timidly, as of old, “Would you mind very much just coming with me? I guess I should not ask you, but I never—never was in a convent before.”

I naturally did not mind. The sight of Miss Aurelia in her present unhappiness would have melted a heart of stone.

As we walked slowly toward the convent she talked incessantly, and gave me, quite unconsciously to herself, odd glimpses of her former life. A simple, narrow life, but with the one dominant note of Mehitabel running through it. Her parents had died when she was but a child, and her sister had brought her up and been mother and father to her in one.

She described to me the little homestead, and Mehitabel's skill in all housewifely arts.

“She never, never let me do a thing she could help. It was always Mehitabel who made the bread and saw to the biscuit and cakes, and she looked after the dairy herself. You should just taste her butter. No one at Golden Spring can beat Mehitabel's butter, and they reckon themselves pretty smart at buttermaking all round us. Mehitabel was downright proud of her dairy, and she had a right to be so. And then to think she gave it all up just for my sake, and my silly fancy to see Europe before I died. Oh, why did I ever want to leave home? No, she never cared to leave home. It was entirely my doing. You see,” continued Miss Aurelia confidentially, while a shamefaced blush rose to her faded cheek, “it came about like this. When I was a young girl Mehitabel took for granted I should marry. She made up her mind so firmly that I

should, that from the time I was seventeen she actually got all my outfit ready, and she put aside fifty dollars regularly every year toward my furnishing and bridal trip—bridal trips were coming in then, and Mehitabel always declared I should have one like the rest. She fixed it all up to her mind—all but the man, and—and when it came to him”—and Miss Aurelia's voice dropped—“well, she never found one to her liking. I had plenty of beaux; I really was a pretty girl then,” she said, with a pathetic little blending of childish vanity and regret. “It was so long ago you won't think it conceited of me to say so; but there was, of course, some one whom—whom, well—whom perhaps—” She paused, and then went on hastily: “But then he was poor. Mehitabel did not think him good enough; or, rather, he was all right but for the want of money, but his family was not. Maybe she was right enough, for you see we Tuckers had always held our heads high, and Mehitabel thought she had a right to be very particular for me. She isn't a Tucker for nothing, and she takes after my father's family.”

“But I thought no one in America minded such things,” I interposed.

“Why, no more we do. We are all free and equal there, of course, only when it comes to one's own folk, why—”

“Ah, yes, I see then it's the same as here.”

“Yes,” acquiesced Miss Aurelia with great simplicity, “I guess it's about the same.”

“And so your sister objected to your marriage.”

“Yes, and then after a while he grew tired of waiting and went away—went west and settled there, and, I heard, got married himself; but only years and years afterward,” she added hastily; and in the thought of the years that had elapsed I gathered that Miss Aurelia had found a certain consolation.

“And you?”

“Well, what could I do? I just lived right on—went on going to all the prayer-meetings and tea parties, christenings, weddings, and funerals. What else could I do? Only I—I did not marry.” She spoke the last words

slowly. "Mehitabel always seemed to think I should. She was real kind; gave me every trifle I wanted. Of course other folk wanted to marry me sometimes. There was even one man Mehitabel herself thought would do for me, but somehow I could not think of him, and I just lived on, and at last I began to feel myself growing old. Do you know that feeling? It's terrible, I think.

"No, I don't think Mehitabel ever had it, although she's a whole seven years older. She's different somehow, and, to begin with, she has always been a sight too busy. She never knew what it was to fancy she was of no use in the world. That's what's near driven me crazy sometimes, and the more Mehitabel made things easy for me the more I felt badly over it. I guess it's only women like me who know what a terrible feeling it is. Maybe it's to make things more equal that we are given it, and one cannot speak of it as a rule, but one knows it is there all the same. I don't think I'm the only one that feels it, and it's just the most miserable sort of thing in life when it seems as if everything and everybody else had its proper place in the world excepting just your own self. Now, if I had married Aaron Miles," went on Aurelia thoughtfully, "I might have had trials in plenty. I reckon I was bound to, although that's as the Lord wills; I'm not maintaining I shouldn't, but I guess that dreadful sort of useless feeling I never should have known. It's rather unfair I should know it, too, seeing there's plenty of women, and unmarried ones too, that don't have it. I just tried once to explain it to Mehitabel, and I guess you should have seen her stare. I don't rightly know why I'm telling you now, only all this anxiety tells on me. Seems as if I had to talk, or I should die right away. So the years went on at home, and sometimes, although I was always very quiet, the thought of, maybe, all I might have had but for poor Mehitabel's principles, and all the love I had missed, just grew intolerable. It was not the being loved myself I cared for so much as finding folk I could love that I wanted. Why, there have been days

when I could hardly bear the sight of a child's face, or the sound of its little, shrill voice, through thinking that had things been different—" She broke off abruptly, and passed her hand over her eyes. "What nonsense I'm talking! But, anyhow, Mehitabel saw me getting miserable, although she never could find out the reason, and at last one day—it was on my birthday, of all days in the year—that she had been considering, and that she found the money she had been putting aside yearly against my wedding came to a good bit—over a couple of thousand dollars and more—and she thought, maybe, I'd better invest half of it, and, maybe, give the other half to foreign missions. That was what she thought fair and reasonable, and she was downright taken aback when I said, "What? so that I may have good security in both heaven and earth;" and I dare say I did speak snappishly, for Mehitabel was not pleased, and said she never counted on my being so irreverent; but I did not mean to be that, only it was my wedding money, and to see what might have been all my happiness for years past going to a foreign mission did upset me somehow; and then, how it was I never knew—I guess I must have been overtired, or queer, or something—but I just spoke up, and told her right out in one flash of how sick and tired I was of my life, of the farm, and the village, and the folk, and everything, and then I burst out crying."

"And your sister?"

"She said nothing then, only looked very sober; but a week afterward she came to me and told me she had been thinking it all over, and she had fixed it all, and that we were to take our passages for England in two weeks, so that I should never be able to say again that I had lived and died without having a chance of seeing the world. Oh! she was real generous. She said the money properly was mine, and although she would have dearly liked to give a big sum to the mission, I came first and had first right to it, and maybe she could do some good herself in mission work in her travels, seeing she always thought the poor Papists were worse than heathen niggers.

"That's why she gives around those tracts—it's just her conscientiousness—and now to think that this is the end of it. If anything happens to her over here, I can never, never forgive myself. Why, oh why, did I ever wish to leave home?" But here Miss Aurelia's self-reproaches were luckily cut short by our arrival at the convent.

"If it doesn't look, I declare, just like any other gateway!" she remarked in a surprised voice, as she looked at its whitewashed portals.

Nor did the sight of the rosy old nun who appeared in answer to the tinkling bell strike her as alarming; indeed, she whispered to me that, apart from the white wig, she bore a striking resemblance to a certain old "Aunt Hepsie" far away in her own Massachusetts.

We explained our errand and gave the doctor's note, but there was some delay, and the old *tourière* demurred. "Better for Madame"—Miss Aurelia here made a feeble disclaimer to the matronly title—"to go upstairs and wait. The Reverend Mother would come and arrange the matter later," and before Miss Aurelia had collected her presence of mind we were ushered into a large bare room divided at one end by a light wire netting. As the heavy door shut behind us with a clang that re-echoed along the wide passage, Miss Aurelia gave a perceptible start.

"I suppose it is all right," she murmured anxiously. "It's not a trap? I'm real glad I'm not alone; but one has heard of such dreadful tales of convents. Mehitabel has several books about escaped nuns."

I laughed outright, I could not help it. But she walked nervously to the window and looked out.

"Why, there's no bars to speak of," she said in a relieved voice, "and I declare there's roses—lovely roses, too—just the same kind that grow round our own house at home." She leant half out of the window as she spoke.

The roses were indeed lovely.

They hung in heavy garlands of crimson and creamy pink from above, they pressed up inquisitively from below, and filled the air with their sweet scent, making an oddly incongruous frame for poor Miss Aurelia meanwhile.

She buried her tired face in a delicious cluster. When she looked up there were tears in her eyes. "They are so home like," she said apologetically; "I'm glad the poor nuns have roses. It must be a comfort to them. One can forget a good deal in a rose. I thought they always had to live in dark cells and sleep on the floor, but this garden looks real nice."

The ringing of a bell interrupted her; from our window we could see a door open and a stream of bright-faced girls come out, followed by four or five nuns.

"Why, are those nuns?" she asked in astonishment. "And you don't mean to say those are novices. Why, they look like any one else. After all, perhaps, Mehitabel—" A subdued rustle behind her made us turn.

It was the Reverend Mother.

Miss Aurelia's French was very rusty, but her broken sentences explained how things stood better than any eloquence, and it was soon settled that the only Sister available should return with us at once to the hotel. Miss Aurelia's fears for our liberty had by this time diminished. She no longer trembled at the sound of a closing door; nevertheless she cast dubious glances at the black-robed figure in the quaint white cap and bands that walked by our side.

"I don't believe Mehitabel will stand her," she whispered. But poor Miss Mehitabel was past taking heed of such things, and the Sister was installed in her sick room without any remonstrance on her part.

But in spite of the doctor, in spite of medicine, and in spite of the Sister, she became steadily worse. Being known to be merely a chance acquaintance of the two American ladies, I speedily heard the truth.

From the first the doctor had thought very badly of the case. That her sister was very ill could not, of course, be hidden from Miss Aurelia, but as far as was possible she was kept away from the sick room, for the mere sight of her grief-stained face seemed to distress Miss Mehitabel and make her more restless and excited.

In consequence she hung about the passages and haunted the staircase, a

picture of utter misery that it would be hard to match anywhere.

Two or three days more, and it was conceded on all sides that Miss Mehitabel's wanderings on this earth were likely to be soon over.

The doctor had left that morning, after a few sympathetic words at the door to the weeping Miss Aurelia. It could be now, he said, but a question of hours.

There was a murmur of mild sympathy throughout the sleepy hotel at the news. Then a voice at the door was heard asking for Sœur Agnes, and the landlady herself climbed up to the sick woman's room and knocked at the door.

It was important. A message from the convent.

Miss Aurelia slipped into the room through the open door. She sank into the Sister's chair by the bedside.

"I will stay here. Go down," she nodded, and Sœur Agnes, after a doubtful glance, obeyed.

Outside the sun shone brightly, but Miss Mehitabel never stirred, and her sister did not dare to speak to her, although her heart was full. Her eyes were fixed upon the silent form. She clenched her hands in her agony. The cruelty of the blow paralyzed her mind. She was past praying in words, but in her heart rose despairingly the supplication, "Save Mehitabel, save my sister," and then the remembrance of the doctor's recent verdict came over her and crushed her anew.

The door creaked, and Sœur Agnes again appeared bearing a bottle—an ordinary black wine bottle—but her face shone with unusual excitement. She was followed by another Sister and the landlady. All seemed somewhat flushed.

"Imagine your good luck, Mademoiselle," she exclaimed in a loud whisper, as with almost reverential care she placed the bottle in safety on the high old-fashioned bureau.

"My good luck?" repeated Miss Aurelia, stupidly.

"Yea. Ah! but there are good, kind hearts in the world. The lady who lives in the pink house next to our convent heard of your misfortune. There is a good kind woman—she has

sent you this," and Sœur Agnes pointed triumphantly to the bottle.

"But what is it?" asked Miss Aurelia. "Wine? Medicine?"

"Wine!" exclaimed the Sisters scornfully. "Medicine! No, indeed! It is better than either. No less than a bottle of water from the famous shrine of St. Anne d'Osac. Ah! but she is a good saint, that dear Saint Anne, and since the doctor can do no more—" and she paused expressively, while her companions nodded their heads in approbation of her words.

"Yes, indeed, Mademoiselle," broke in the landlady, "Saint Anne has made many wonderful cures. I could tell you of several." But she stopped as Miss Aurelia's face fell, and her looks expressed nothing but blank disappointment.

"We can but try it," continued the good nun, briskly. "Naturally your poor sister, not being of the faith, may make a difference to Saint Anne; but there is infinite mercy, and if it fails why it fails, and we have at least done our little best."

Sœur Agnes was a good woman, but she had seen too many death-beds in her time to take more than a professional interest in her present patient.

Even now she was evidently thinking more of the possible glory that might accrue to the dear Saint Anne than of Miss Mehitabel's own share in the matter.

As for Miss Aurelia, she stood like one petrified. She put her hand to her throat and made an effort to speak; but the words would not come, and with a species of fascination her eyes followed the two nuns' movements as they deliberately uncorked the bottle.

"Mademoiselle need fear nothing," whispered the landlady, consolingly. "Let her not disquiet herself. It is but pure water. Sœur Agnes is always careful, and"—with marked significance—"there is no time to lose."

"Oh," groaned Aurelia faintly, as Miss Mehitabel only stirred uneasily when the cup was held to her closed lips. Her eyes never opened.

"But she has swallowed some," exclaimed both nuns triumphantly in a jubilant duet, and they sank on their

knees on each side of the narrow white bed.

The landlady and I, although with less quickness, followed their example, but Miss Aurelia still stood erect, her gaze fixed despairingly on her sister's unconscious face.

How long she stood there she never could have told. She had lost all sense of time in the intensity of her own anguish. As she looked at the kneeling figures around her, there arose in her heart an overwhelming impulse. For Mehitabel—to save Mehitabel she would defy all her carefully taught traditions. She would pray to Saint Anne also. Perhaps even Saint Anne, being a woman herself and therefore human, would hear her the better in her extremity. Had not all her other prayers of the last week been apparently of no avail?

She sank upon her knees at the foot of the bed, but when her voice tried to frame the words, she could only murmur brokenly the familiar "Our Father." She said the syllables over and over again. The room was very still, save for the buzzing of a fly on the window pane and the low monotonous murmur of the two nuns' prayers.

The landlady's voice broke the spell. "Look, look," she cried, in an excited whisper, "look, there is a change!" At the words the two nuns started up, and Miss Aurelia strove to struggle to her feet, but the tension had been too much for her, and she fainted dead away where she knelt.

IV.

When she came to herself she found she was lying in her own room. The landlady was sitting beside her, with an anxious expression.

"Mehitabel? Ah! you have come to tell me she is dead—I know she is dead," murmured Miss Aurelia.

"But not at all, Mademoiselle! Ah, that blessed Saint Anne. Mademoiselle must calm herself, and I will tell her all. It is a veritable miracle. The doctor himself can make nothing of it. She is getting better hourly, and sleeps now as quietly as a child. She has taken some soup. Mademoiselle need have no longer fear. Ah! you weep;

that is good, *ça soulage le cœur*." For Miss Aurelia's tears were falling fast. It was true enough. Miss Mehitabel, against all medical rules and precedents, was much better. The alarming symptoms had suddenly disappeared. Whether the doctor had not made sufficient allowance for the tenacity of the New England constitution, whether Sister Agnes had exaggerated the gravity of her case, or whether, again,

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of,

I do not pretend to say. The fact remains.

That there were great rejoicings in the convent may be imagined. The fame of the surprising miracle was noised far and wide. Among the simple peasants on the hill-sides, among the *beates* and nuns, it was a nine-days' wonder.

In honor of the unconscious Miss Mehitabel's recovery a local pilgrimage was even instituted to Saint Anne's nearest shrine.

Miss Aurelia told me of it with bated breath.

"Fancy what poor Mehitabel would say to that. Yes, she is much better and stronger to-day, but I don't think her principles are a bit changed by her illness. She told me only this morning she guessed she could do without Sœur Agnes now. Not that she was not real kind and helpful, but it worried her dreadful to see a nun around. She allowed she was not such a bad sort of woman as she expected—I guess that was something from Mehitabel—but when she comes to hear how she was cured, oh my—" Miss Aurelia's pause was expressive.

"If I weren't so happy, and thankful to see her getting round, I should worry over that too—I sha'n't tell her if I can help it. I never kept anything yet from Mehitabel," she added, with a sigh, "at least not of that kind. But this is different. I did an awful thing yesterday, but I could not help it either, and it seemed real mean not to show my thanks, even if it were in their own queer way, and the Sisters were downright pleased. Can you believe it?" her voice sank to the merest

whisper, "I—I—sent a candle to Saint Anne. Do you understand? A candle to Saint Anne!"

I seemed to understand very well, and so I said.

"Well," she said doubtfully, "I'm glad you're not as shocked as I guessed you would be."

"Do you know," she went on confidently, "I've always been carefully brought up, Mehitabel took care of that; but, in spite of all the ministers say, I begin to think it's almost a want of faith to think one's own ways must always be the best, specially when it comes to religion. I guess the Lord knows what suits folk better than we do, even if we are earnest Christians. I said as much to Mehitabel only the week before she fell sick, but she didn't take it well. She said she'd pray for me—that's what lots of people say when they're really only provoked with you. She said she prayed I might see the true light more clearly. I pray for that, too," said Miss Aurelia simply, "only somehow the more I pray the less I see it her way. It's all a great puzzle"—and she sighed as she ascended the staircase toward her sister's room.

* * * * *

Miss Mehitabel's recovery, once begun, proved unusually rapid. Every succeeding day left her better and stronger and more her old stanch Puritan self. She was able now to sit out under the apricot trees in the hotel garden. The apricots had passed away and had fulfilled their destiny in tarts, and the famous *pâte d'abricots* for which Le Puy is renowned; but the shade was still pleasant and the invalid enjoyed the fresh air; and, while thus sitting guarded by Miss Aurelia, curious passers-by would gaze at her through the hotel railings, and perhaps come back twice or thrice to behold her again.

"Why, sakes alive, Relia, one would almost think they had never seen sick folk before," Miss Mehitabel remarked impatiently, after an unusual display of such interest. "I declare they stare at me as though I were a wild beast, and I'm not a camel yet nor an elephant either, although I've grown a perfect scarecrow since I fell ill.

There's another one come to look. Whatever can it be? I know well enough they're talking about me too."

"I reckon," faltered Aurelia mendaciously, "they mean no harm. They're just ignorant peasant women. Maybe they feel sort of pleased, because—because you got well."

"If that's so," said Miss Mehitabel relenting, "it's real kind and friendly of them, seeing we're after all but strangers. I don't know if I sha'n't bow to them, poor misguided Papists and idolaters as they are." And she nodded her head and smiled in quite a friendly manner.

The peasant women were charmed. They craned their necks over the high railing and nodded their white-capped heads vehemently in return.

One held up her baby in her arms and pointed to Miss Mehitabel.

"Did you ever see the like?" said Miss Mehitabel, rather gratified at the sensation she was creating. "Do find out, Relia, what they are saying. You understand the language. What is it?"

Miss Aurelia's face had crimsoned. She knew only too well what their curiosity betokened, even had not broken sentences from the road occasionally reached her ear.

"What is it, Relia?" cried Miss Mehitabel suspiciously. "Now, don't deny it. You heard well enough. Why are you so red? What is it? What have I done? Mercy on us, if there isn't one of those black priests talking to them now, and if he isn't looking our way too. Tell me right away, Aurelia Tucker; I'm not going to have you hide anything from me after all these years."

Miss Aurelia's sensitive lip quivered. "Oh dear!" she said tremulously. "I don't see how I can ever—"

"Tell me this moment," interrupted Miss Mehitabel imperiously. She had raised herself from her cushions, and now sat bolt upright. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked quite her old iron self. "What is it?" she repeated.

"Well—oh mercy, I know you'll be vexed. I guess they want to look at you because—because of the miracle."

"Miracle!" exclaimed Miss Mehitabel.

"Yes, miracle. St. Anne, you see."

"St. Anne! Miracle!" gasped the invalid. "Are you crazy, Relia? What have I to do with miracles and St. Annes. I know no miracles, thank God, out of their proper place, the Bible, and as to St. Annes"—and she gave a wholly disdainful sniff. "You tell me all about it. Tell me right away! Oh dear, I knew things would go to rack and ruin directly I was took sick."

And then, with averted face and frightened voice, Miss Aurelia told her tale.

Miss Mehitabel listened in silence, her hand nervously clenching itself at times. It is to be feared her feelings toward every one concerned, the good Saint Anne included, were hardly charitable ones. At last Miss Aurelia's voice ceased.

"And so you let them give me the water?" Miss Mehitabel's voice was hard and dry.

"Yes." A very feeble "yes" came from under her sister's shady hat.

"And I got well directly?"

"Well, yes—pretty soon afterward."

"And you never told me before?"

"No. No, Mehitabel."

"Why?"

"I—well—I guess I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Well, I reckoned you would not care to be cured in that way."

Miss Mehitabel lifted her eyes for the first time. They were fairly blazing with suppressed anger.

"You were right," she said bitterly.

"You were right enough there. I'd rather—far, far rather—have died."

"Oh, sister."

"I suppose I'm wicked. I suppose I ought to be thankful, but I can't feel it. No, I can't."

There was a silence.

Miss Aurelia furtively wiped away two large tears. Mehitabel's method of receiving her revelations was even more terrible than she had anticipated.

She spoke at last hesitatingly.

"Maybe, very likely it was not Saint Anne; but at any rate, sister, you cannot deny it was the Lord's doing."

"I don't pretend to deny it, but I guess that's why I find it so hard. 'Tisn't as if He couldn't have fixed it for me in some other way."

There was another silence.

Miss Mehitabel's brow was wrinkled with emotion. She looked troubled, and as if she were pondering what she had best do next.

At length she spoke again.

"Relia, I reckon you'd better go in and pack up our trunks."

"Pack up. Why?"

"Yes, pack up. We shall leave here to-morrow."

"But you're not fit?"

"I'm strong enough to get away."

"Indeed you're not, Mehitabel. I won't hear of such foolishness."

"Then I shall have to go by myself."

"You won't." Amazement made Aurelia audacious.

Miss Mehitabel made no answer, but slowly and painfully began to rise. She was still so weak that she had to steady her shaking knees by clinging to the apricot tree's gummy bark.

"Whatever are you doing?" cried out Miss Aurelia.

"I'm going in—I've got to pack. I guess, as you won't help me, I must just fix it by myself."

Aurelia gave one incredulous glance at her sister's set face, and then rose. She knew that particular expression far too well to venture on a further contradiction.

"You need not move, sister, I'll see to it. But I can't see why you take it so."

"Not see why!" interrupted Miss Mehitabel fiercely, as she sank down in her chair again from sheer weakness. "Not see why! Well, Relia, I never thought to hear you ask such a silly question. 'Haven't I been working all my life in the Lord's cause? You know my principles. You know—no, you can't know—how hard I've tried to do my best for these poor foreign folk; how I've striven to save them from their superstitious ways, and then now to think I should myself be a fresh stumbling-block in their path. If I'd have died it wouldn't have happened, but now I don't suppose if I went round and told each separate individual one of them different they'd mind—'"

"No," interrupted Miss Aurelia, almost as stubbornly as her sister, "that they wouldn't. Not a mite, for you

see you *did* get well, Mehitabel. You can't run against that." Miss Mehitabel groaned. The fact was unanswerable.

They left the next morning for Paris on their way to Havre. Miss Mehitabel has hitherto avoided that town as being "a wicked city," although less given over to all iniquity than Rome; but now her spirit was crushed, and she agreed to use it as a halting-place for a night or two. She even sent a message to me, through Miss Aurelia, as to whether I could recommend her to the quiet hotel she had heard us speak of.

We were spending a few days in Paris ourselves ten days later, and were somewhat surprised to find that the Miss Tuckers were still in the hotel, having been detained longer than they expected.

I sent up to know if I might pay them a visit, and after a little delay Miss Aurelia, rather dishevelled from packing, came running down the stairs to welcome me.

"Come right up, Mehitabel will be so glad to see you. She's had a dull time here, for of course the journey tired her out and she's never been able to stir since; but she's better to-day, and we leave to-morrow morning early for Havre. What luck you should come to-day! We should have missed you otherwise;" and, talking, she opened the door of their room and ushered me in.

"Yes, I'm here still, and I'm better, but I don't think much of Paris after all," was Miss Mehitabel's characteristic remark.

Poor thing, it would be wonderful if she had, for their room, *au quatrième*, although large and clean enough, looked down into a courtyard where a stunted oleander bush in a green tub and a gray parrot in a cage supplied the place of all other decoration.

"I'm glad you've come, though," she said more graciously. "I wanted to see you again."

"We said 'good-by' so hurriedly at Le Puy," interposed Miss Aurelia.

"Yes," I answered, somewhat maliciously I fear, "every one there was so disappointed. They intended to organize quite a pretty little farewell

to you. You were to have been escorted to the station and—"

"Who told you that?" interrupted Miss Mehitabel, sharply.

"Let me see. Perhaps it was Sister Agnes—or, perhaps, the landlady; but several people spoke of it. You see you were no ordinary visitor—"

I broke off. I felt my tone was out of place, and that any reference to her recovery was not to be made lightly. A dull red was rising to Miss Mehitabel's cheek. Miss Aurelia nervously began to fold up some dresses.

"There's such a lot of packing to get through," she stammered apologetically, with a glance at her sister's disturbed face.

"Wait," said Mehitabel, as I prepared to take my leave. "I want to say something to you. I meant to do so anyhow to Aurelia, and I guess now you're here I'd as lief you should hear too, seeing as you've been so much with us all along. Put down that sack, Aurelia, and just listen to me."

Aurelia dropped the jacket and drew nearer.

"Give me that packet of tracts," said Miss Mehitabel. "There they are, Relia, just under my black bonnet. No, don't be frightened. I'm not going to give them away, but I've got to do this, for I've been thinking. I've been thinking things out all this week, and—and praying, and somehow I begin to see things different to what I did before I was sick. It began in an odd way, too. I guess you'll not believe it—you needn't if you don't feel like it—but it began all along of the butter. You know the butter here is first-rate, and it set me thinking, seeing as I rather fancy I know about that, at least. I was wondering how they made it, and then I remembered how in Devonshire they had very good butter, and I went into a dairy there to see how they fixed it, and then when I came to look into it, it was clean against all my own ideas of what was right in making, and then, when I came to look into it, everything they used was a trifle different, right away from the beginning. It was only the cow that one might say was the same. Churn, dashers, skimming pans, and all had something wrong with them

according to my notions. The same over in Normandy. And so I said to myself, I declare I don't see why it shouldn't be the same with religion, and that folk might do worse than leave it to the Lord to work out in His own way. I guess you think I'm mighty queer to speak of butter and religion in the same breath, but it's just how it came to me, and the Lord knows I don't mean to be wicked. I went thinking right on, and then it came to me that maybe we are so busy trimming and tending our own rushlights we forget that the moon and the stars are shining, too, for us outside."

She stopped. There was a suspicious brightness in her eyes.

"See here," she said, and, stooping down, opened the door of the empty stove and crammed the packet of tracts into it. She lit a match. Her hand trembled as she held it to the mass of crumpled paper.

"Goodness! Mehitabel," exclaimed Aurelia, in a terrified voice, "you surely are never going to burn your tracts?"

"Yes, I am," said her sister doggedly, "seeing, as I see now, I was thinking more of myself and of pleasing the

minister at home than of the glory of God, when I gave them around."

"But it's awful wicked to burn tracts," urged Miss Aurelia anxiously.

"Why? Isn't it better to burn them than to leave them lying so that folk can make fun of them?"

"Well, I never!" murmured Miss Aurelia faintly, as she watched the flickering flame.

The stove was cold, and the tracts did not kindle quickly. They smouldered for a while, and then a thick cloud of yellow smoke issued from the narrow grating and curled up into the room, making us cough and choke. Miss Aurelia hastily threw up the window, then turned and surveyed the ascending smoke pensively.

"Doesn't it remind you, Mehitabel, of the picture in the big Bible at home—the one of the 'Burnt Sacrifice,' you know?"

Miss Mehitabel started. A peculiar expression crossed her face. For a minute she did not reply. Then she answered, slowly—

"Well, Relia, maybe it is something like—more than you think for. I reckon the Lord knows."

And I doubt not that He did!—
Cornhill Magazine.

EVOLUTION OF THE PROFESSIONS.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

THE saying that we cannot put old heads on young shoulders figuratively expresses, among other truths, the truth that the beliefs which in youth result from small information joined with undisciplined thought and feeling cannot, until after long years, be replaced by the beliefs which wider knowledge and better balanced mental powers produce. And while it is usually impracticable to antedate the results of mental development and culture, it is also usually impracticable to arouse, during early stages, any such distrust of convictions then formed, as should be caused by the perception that there is much more to be learnt.

This general remark, trite in substance though it is, I am prompted to

make *à propos* of the profound change which study of many peoples in many places and times causes in those ideas of social organization which are current—ideas entertained not only by the young but also by the majority of the old, who, relatively to the subject-matter to be investigated, are also young. For patient inquiry and calm thought make it manifest that sundry institutions regarded with strong prejudices have been essential institutions; and that the development of society has everywhere been determined by agencies—especially political and ecclesiastical—of characters condemned by the higher sentiments and incongruous with an advanced social ideal.

One in whom aversion to autocratic

rule is strong does not willingly recognize the truth that without autocratic rule the evolution of society could not have commenced; and one to whom the thought of priestly control is repugnant cannot, without difficulty, bring himself to see that during early stages priestly control was necessary. But contemplation of the evidence, while proving these general facts, also makes it manifest that in the nature of things groups of men out of which organized societies germinate must, in passing from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, have first assumed the form in which one individual predominates—a nucleus of the group serving as a centre of initiation for all subsequent steps in development. Though, as fast as society advances, and especially as fast as the militant type yields place to the industrial type, a centralized and coercive control, political and ecclesiastical, becomes less needful, and plays a continually decreasing part in social evolution; yet the evidence compels us to admit that at first it was indispensable.

This generalization, which we saw variously illustrated by political institutions and ecclesiastical institutions, we now see again illustrated by professional institutions. As the foregoing chapters have shown, all the professions originate by differentiation from the agency which, beginning as political, becomes, with the apotheosis of the dead ruler, politico-ecclesiastical, and thereafter develops the professions chiefly from its ecclesiastical element. Egypt which, by its records and remains, exhibits so well the early phases of social progress, shows us how at first various governmental functions, including the professional, were mingled in the king and in the cluster of those who surrounded the king. Says Tiele:—

"A conflict between the authority of priest and king was hardly possible in earlier times, for then the kings themselves, their sons, and their principal officers of state were the chief priests, and the priestly dignities were not dissevered from nor held to be inconsistent with other and civil functions."

And again—

"The priestly offices were state functions . . . which did not differ at all in kind from

that of commander of the troops, governor of a district, architect, and chamberlain. In fact, both kinds of office were, for the most part, filled by the same persons."

And since, as Brugsch tells us, "Pharaoh's architects (the *Mur-ket*) . . . were often of the number of the king's sons and grandsons," we see that in the governing group the political, ecclesiastical, and professional functions were united.

No group of institutions illustrates with greater clearness the process of social evolution; and none shows more undeniably how social evolution conforms to the law of evolution at large. The germs out of which the professional agencies arise, forming at first a part of the regulative agency, differentiate from it at the same time that they differentiate from one another; and, while severally being rendered more multiform by the rise of subdivisions, severally become more coherent within themselves and more definitely marked off. The process parallels completely that by which the parts of an individual organism pass from their initial state of simplicity to their ultimate state of complexity.

Originally one who was believed by himself and others to have power over demons—the mystery-man or medicine-man—using coercive methods to expel disease-producing spirits, stood in the place of doctor; and when his appliances, at first supposed to act supernaturally, came to be understood as acting naturally, his office eventually lost its priestly character altogether: the resulting physician class, originally uniform, eventually dividing into distinguishable sub-classes while acquiring a definite embodiment.

Less early, because implying more developed groups, arose those who as exhibitors of joy, now in the presence of the living ruler and now in the supposed presence of the deceased ruler, were at first simultaneously singers and dancers, and, becoming specialized from the people at large, presently became distinct from one another: whence, in course of time, two groups of professionals, whose official laudations, political or religious, extended in their range and multiplied in their

kinds. And then by like steps were separated from one another vocal and instrumental musicians, and eventually composers; within which classes also there arose subdivisions.

Ovations, now to the living king and now to the dead king, while taking saltatory and musical forms, took also verbal forms, originally spontaneous and irregular, but presently studied and measured: whence, first, the unrhythmical speech of the orator, which under higher emotional excitement grew into the rhythmical speech of the priest-poet, chanting verses—verses that finally became established hymns of praise. Meanwhile from accompanying rude imitations of the hero's acts, performed now by one and now by several, grew dramatic representations, which, little by little elaborated, fell under the regulation of a chief actor, who prefigured the playwright. And out of these germs, all pertaining to worship, came eventually the various professions of poets, actors, dramatists, and the subdivisions of these.

The great deeds of the hero-god, recited, chanted or sung, and mimetically rendered, naturally came to be supplemented by details, so growing into accounts of his life; and thus the priest-poet gave origin to the biographer, whose narratives, being extended to less sacred personages, became secularized. Stories of the apotheosized chief or king, joined with stories of his companions and amplified by narratives of accompanying transactions, formed the first histories. And from these accounts of the doings of particular men and groups of men, partly true but passing by exaggeration into the mythical, came the wholly mythical, or fiction; which then and always preserved the biographico-historical character. Add to which that out of the criticisms and reflections scattered through this personal literature an impersonal literature slowly emerged: the whole group of these products having as their deepest root the eulogies of the priest-poet.

Prompted as were the medicine-men of savages and the priests of early civilized peoples to increase their influence, they were ever stimulated to acquire knowledge of natural actions and

the properties of things; and, being in alleged communication with supernatural beings, they were supposed to acquire such knowledge from them. Hence, by implication, the priest became the primitive man of science; and, led by his special experiences to speculate about the causes of things, thus entered the sphere of philosophy: both his science and his philosophy being pursued in the service of his religion.

Not only his higher culture but his alleged intercourse with the gods, whose mouthpiece he was, made him the authority in cases of dispute; and being also, as historian, the authority concerning past transactions and traditional usages, or laws, he acquired in both capacities the character of judge. Moreover, when the growth of legal administration brought the advocate, he, though usually of lay origin, was sometimes clerical.

Distinguished in early stages as the learned man of the tribe or society, and especially distinguished as the possessor of that knowledge which was thought of most value—knowledge of unseen things—the priest of necessity became the first teacher. Transmitting traditional statements concerning ghosts and gods, at first to neophytes of his class only but afterward to the cultured classes, he presently, beyond instruction in supernatural things, gave instruction in natural things; and having been the first secular teacher has retained a large share in secular teaching even down to our own days.

As making a sacrifice was the original priestly act, and as the building of an altar for the sacrifice was by implication a priestly act, it results that the making of a shelter over the altar, which in its developed form became the temple, was also a priestly act. When the priest, ceasing to be himself the executant, directed the artificers, he continued to be the designer; and when he ceased to be the actual designer, the master-builder or architect thereafter continued to fulfil his general directions. And then the temple and the palace in sundry early societies, being at once the residence of the apotheosized ruler and the living ruler (even now a palace usually contains a

small temple) and being the first kinds of developed architecture, eventually gave origin to secular architecture.

A rude carved or modelled image of a man placed on his grave, gave origin to the sculptured representation of a god inclosed in his temple. A product of priestly skill at the outset, it continued in some cases to be such among early civilized peoples; and always thereafter, when executed by an artisan, conformed to priestly direction. Extending presently to the representation of other than divine and semi-divine personages, it eventually thus passed into its secularized form.

So was it with painting. At first used to complete the carved representation of the revered or worshipped personage, and being otherwise in some tribes used by the priest and his aids for exhibiting the tribal hero's deeds, it long remained subservient to religion, either for the coloring of statues (as it does still in Roman Catholic images of saints, etc.), or for the decoration of temples, or for the portraiture of deceased persons on sarcophagi and stelæ; and when it gained independence it was long employed almost wholly for the rendering of sacred scenes: its eventual secularization being accompanied by its subdivision into a variety of kinds and of the executive artists into correlative groups.

Thus the process of professional evolution betrays throughout the same traits. In stages like that described by Huc as still existing among the Tibetans, where "the Lama is not merely a priest, he is the painter, poet, sculptor, architect, physician," there are joined in the same individual, or group of individuals, the potentialities out of which gradually arise the specialized groups we know as professions. While out of the one primitive class there come by progressive divergences many classes, each of these classes itself undergoes a kindred change: there are formed in its subdivisions and even sub-subdivisions, which become gradually more marked; so that, throughout, the advance is from an indefinite homogeneity to a definite heterogeneity.

In presence of the fact that the immense majority of mankind adhere per-

tinuously to the creeds, political and religious, in which they are brought up; and in presence of the further fact that on behalf of their creeds, however acquired, there are soon enlisted prejudices which practically shut out adverse evidence; it is not to be expected that the foregoing illustrations, even joined with kindred illustrations previously given, will make them see that society is a growth and not a manufacture, and has its laws of evolution.

From prime ministers down to plough-boys there is either ignorance or disregard of the truth that nations acquire their vital structures by natural processes and not by artificial devices. If the belief is not that social arrangements have been divinely ordered thus or thus, then it is that they have been made thus or thus by kings, or if not by kings then by parliaments. That they have come about by small accumulated changes not contemplated by rulers, is an open secret which only of late has been recognized by a few and is still unperceived by the many—educated as well as uneducated. Though the turning of the land into a food-producing surface, cleared, fenced, drained, and covered with farming appliances, has been achieved by men working for individual profit not by legislative direction—though villages, towns, cities, have insensibly grown up under the desires of men to satisfy their wants—though by spontaneous co-operation of citizens have been formed canals, railways, telegraphs, and other means of communication and distribution; the natural forces which have done all this are ignored as of no account in political thinking. Our immense manufacturing system with its multitudinous inventions, supplying both home and foreign consumers, and the immense mercantile marine by which its products are taken all over the globe and other products brought back, have been naturally and not artificially originated. That transformation by which, in thousands of years, men's occupations have been so specialized that each, aiding to satisfy some small division of his fellow-citizen's needs has his own needs satisfied by the work of hundreds of others, has

taken place without design and unobserved. Knowledge developing into science, which has become so vast in mass that no one can grasp a tithe of it, and which now guides productive activities at large, has resulted from the workings of individuals prompted not by the ruling agency but by their own inclinations. So, too, has been created the still vaster mass distinguished as literature, yielding the gratifications filling so large a space in our lives. Nor is it otherwise with the literature of the hour. That ubiquitous journalism which provides satisfactions for men's more urgent mental wants, has resulted from the activities of citizens severally pursuing private benefits. And supplementing these come the innumerable companies, associations, unions, societies, clubs, subserving enterprise, philanthropy, culture, art, amusement; as well as the multitudinous institutions annually receiving millions by endowments and subscriptions: all of them arising from the unforced co-operations of citizens. And yet so hypnotized are nearly all by fixedly contemplating the doings of ministers and parliaments, that they have no eyes for this marvellous organization which has been growing for thousands of years without governmental help—nay, indeed, in spite of governmental hindrances. For in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, banking, journalism, immense injuries have been done by laws—injuries afterward healed by social forces which have thereupon set up afresh the normal courses of growth. So unconscious are men of the life of the social organism that though the spontaneous actions of its units, each seeking livelihood, generate streams of food which touch at their doors every hour—though the water for their morning bath, the lights for their rooms, the fires in their grates, the bus or tram which takes them to the City, the business they carry on (made possible by the distributing system they share in), the evening "Special" they glance at, the theatre or concert to which they presently go, and the cab home, all result from the unprompted workings of this organized humanity, they remain blind. Though by its vital activities capital is drafted to places where it is

most wanted, supplies of commodities balanced in every locality and prices universally adjusted—all without official supervision; yet, being oblivious of the truth that these processes are socially originated without design of any one, they cannot believe that society will be bettered by natural agencies. And hence when they see an evil to be cured or a good to be achieved, they ask for legal coercion as the only possible means.

More than this is true. If, as every parliamentary debate and every political meeting shows, the demands for legislation pay no attention to that beneficent social development which has done so much and may be expected to increase in efficiency, still more do they ignore the *laws* of that development—still less do they recognize a natural order in the changes by which society passes from its lower to its higher stages. Though, as we have seen, the process of evolution exemplified in the genesis of the professions, is similar in character to the process exemplified in the genesis of political and ecclesiastical institutions and everywhere else; and though the first inquiry rationally to be made respecting any proposed measure should be whether or not it falls within the lines of this evolution, and what must be the effects of running counter to the normal course of things; yet not only is no such question ever entertained, but one who raised it would be laughed down in any popular assemblage and smiled at as a dreamer in the House of Commons: the only course thought wise in either the cultured or the uncultured gathering being that of trying to estimate immediate benefits and evils.

Nor will any argument or any accumulation of evidence suffice to change this attitude until there has arisen a different type of mind and a different quality of culture. The politician will still spend his energies in rectifying some evils and making more—in forming, reforming, and again reforming—in passing acts to amend acts that were before amended; while social schemers will continue to think that they have only to cut up society and re arrange it after their ideal pattern and its parts will join together again and work as intended!—*Contemporary Review*.

THE STORY OF AN AMATEUR REVOLUTION.

BY A JOHANNESBURG RESIDENT.

For some months dissatisfaction with the Boer Government in this country has been growing from bad to worse. The absolute refusal of the Volksraad to consider the grievances of the Uitlander population, in spite of many appeals and petitions, and the open challenge of some of the more extreme Boers to fight if we were not contented, led us to the conclusion that nothing would be obtained by peaceful agitation. I will not go more fully into the political aspects of the case than to point out that the Uitlander population pay nine-tenths of the taxes and are cut off from all "say" in the government. They are practically debarred from the civil service and all government appointments. Everything used by them is heavily taxed, foodstuffs and every necessary included. Articles never produced in the Transvaal, or only in the smallest quantity, are rated under the plea of protection, which absolutely fails to induce the Boer to attempt either manufacture or production. The railway rates are enormous, the lines are blocked with traffic owing to the ignorance of an ignorant Hollander staff. Native labor, so important in the working of our mines, is rendered scarce and costly by harassing regulations and the insecurity of the roads. The condition of natives living on farms in the more out-of-the-way districts is little better than slavery. The Home Government seem to forget that these natives were handed back to Boer rule in 1881 on the distinct understanding that proper and just treatment should be meted out to them. The prisons are a disgrace to a state calling itself civilized.

On Saturday, the 21st of December, Mrs. B. and I went from our home at Roodepoort, a mining district ten miles from Johannesburg, to stay with some friends in Doornfontein, the largest suburb of Johannesburg. Our host was a German, and his wife a colonial. We went to the races in the afternoon. The quarterly race-meeting is always a

great event. That day, however, rumors of conspiracies and coming trouble had begun to spread, and one was as often asked for an opinion on the situation as on a racehorse. The question "Do you know anything?" did not apply to the Johannesburg Handicap. The next day, Sunday, I was asked what attitude I should take, and whether I would shoot if called upon. Naturally I first wanted to know more of what was going forward, and said I would give a straight answer in a day or so. On Monday the only talk of the street and the club was "the situation." Rumors of "recruiting," "Maxim guns," "rifles" were flying about like squibs, and I began to think I had better send my wife and the maid away before trouble really came. We moved that afternoon to another house. Our host was an Englishman, and I found from him in conversation after dinner that he was in the thick of the plot, and was very anxious for me to join. He was to be in command of a company, and already some of my friends had joined it. The following day I had an interview with one of the military leaders, and asked his advice about my wife going away. This he strongly recommended, and I should probably have gained further useful information from him had we not been interrupted, and also I did not wish to press for more than was needful. Till then I had no notion that preparations were so far advanced, though I had some idea that a movement was on foot.

Wednesday, Christmas Day, instead of going to church and eating a great deal too much, as has been my custom for many years, we hurried out to Roodepoort. Having packed up all we wanted and stowed away anything that was of value, we went back as quickly as we could to Johannesburg, as my wife intended to leave that night for the Cape. On our arrival, however, we found that a hitch had occurred, and that there was, therefore, no desperate hurry. We were able

after this to eat a Christmas dinner, and to try to think we were very jolly. Turkey, plum-pudding, champagne, impending revolutions, and separation don't mix on a hot summer's evening, so I don't recommend them. There was racing again next day and more rumors. The Reform Committee, under the title of the National Union, a body which has been in existence for some years, issued a Manifesto, which set forth all the causes for dissatisfaction with the Government, and practically amounted to an ultimatum, while a meeting was called for January 6th, at which the people would be called upon to endorse the manifesto, and show the Pretoria officials that we intended to get our rights. The delay I have referred to was at least in part caused by the frightful block in goods traffic on the line. In October the Government had closed the drifts through the Vaal River in order to try and force all goods and produce to come in by the Netherlands Railway. Though they yielded to strong representations from the Colony and England, and threw the drifts open again in a few days, the mischief was done, and the block on the already overloaded railway became almost hopeless in the hands of an incompetent Boer staff. Unfortunately, too, a railway accident occurred in the Colony; for days packing-cases containing rifles were scattered on the Veldt, though, fortunately, none were broken, so that discovery was avoided. In all, about 3,000 rifles, a moderate quantity of ammunition, and three Maxim guns had been safely got through, but these were not nearly sufficient, and many more were to arrive before January 6th. The way the customs officials were "got at" would probably be instructive reading. Some cases were marked "machinery," some "explosives," some cartridge cases came through as "plum pudding," and were accordingly lined with that commodity. The Maxims, I believe, emerged from a huge cylinder labelled "oil." A quantity of rifles were carefully hidden under bags of coke, and were duly forwarded and off-loaded at the siding of one of our leading mines under the plea of "Urgency."

On Friday, the 27th, my wife went

to Natal, as her friends at the Cape were not able to have her. It was none too soon to go, as after Friday the already full trains became absolutely crammed with fugitives. I am glad to say very few men except Cornish miners left the country. These ran by the hundred, crowding into cattle vans or anywhere else where they could find standing room. Women and children had to take their seats in the morning in trains that did not leave till nearly midnight. All sorts of old and dirty carriages were pressed into the service. One train I saw off on Saturday, the 28th, consisted of thirty-seven wagons, and must have had 1,000 people in it, many of them standing on the footboards. No joke to undertake a sixty hours' journey to the Cape without a seat, or rammed into a carriage with about ten babies and children. The frightful accident on the Natal line, by which I think nearly forty people were killed and others injured, was one of the results of the panic. I myself saw the ill-fated train start and sent some letters to Durban by one of the passengers who was hurt. Several Netherlands carriages were put on the train; they are not fitted for the curves of the Natal line and must have caused the smash.

I was told I should receive my rifle and some ammunition on Sunday. They were brought round in a four-wheeled dog-cart with a good well, and as few people were about, it was very easy to take them into our houses. They were done up in straw and canvas. On Monday morning I went out to the mine to see how things were going on there. The men had realized by this time that a row was imminent, and were anxious to devise means for protecting the property and for obtaining rifles. A trolley was to go into town that evening to bring out any that could be got. I returned in the evening and did what I could to get them arms, but the authorities were not in a position to give out guns except to men who could come into town. That evening news came in that Jameson had crossed the border and was marching on Johannesburg. All was excitement and bustle. The Committee were taken by surprise. They did

not intend that any outside help should come in until a revolt in Johannesburg had actually occurred, and I know that every endeavor was made between Christmas Day and the 29th to communicate with Dr. Jameson and inform him of the postponement of events, but no replies were received. As it was, the Committee had to act on the spur of the moment. Guns and ammunition were hastily run into the town from the Irene estate and other places during the night. Packing cases had to be forced and arms distributed all in a hurry. Horses had to be brought in from different localities, saddles and bridles unpacked. In fact the night was one rush of preparations.

Tuesday morning early (December 29th) I cleaned my rifle and made my preparations. Bought a belt, canvas bag, huge flask, etc. Then I went to the club to receive instructions. These were—to be in Von Brandis Square at 4.30 in the afternoon, equipped and ready to march. By this time all the regular police had been withdrawn, and men were going about rifle in hand to the different rendezvous. A word of praise is due to the officials for so promptly withdrawing the police. They undoubtedly saved useless bloodshed, as their numbers were too small to be effective. Shops began to close and many put up barricades. At 4.30 my company, about 50 strong, paraded, and with about 120 others were addressed by the commander of our division. The windows of the houses and balconies were filled with spectators who cheered and waved handkerchiefs. Of course, we all felt very brave and warlike, as there was an encouraging absence of any enemy. One amusing incident was the arrival of Captain Von Brandis, an old man and chief magistrate of the town. He insisted on talking to us, expressing a wish that he was a younger man that he might come out with us, and ended up by saying he hoped we should not make fools of ourselves. I rather think he has the laugh on us just now. Most of us filled our pockets with biltong—dried buck or beef—a most sustaining food, and our flasks with whiskey. Whiskey, oddly enough, is considered indispensable by most South Africans.

After about an hour we were dismissed till 7.30, so that we might have a chance of getting food, and I with several others adjourned to the club, where we had dinner as soon as possible, and ate all we could as we did not quite know when the next chance of feeding would be. At a quarter past seven we took up our "accoutrements" and marched off to Von Brandis Square as if the world belonged to us. Arrived there we fell in and numbered. After a short pause, while other companies were falling in, we united, formed fours and set off for Doornfontein hill. The crowd cheered us and we beguiled the two hours' march by singing songs. Nearing the top of the hill which commands the town we passed the contingents from the mines east of Johannesburg. At the Nazareth Home, a large and not quite finished building, we halted, were dismissed, and told we might sleep inside. A few minutes found some of us in a large lofty room capable of holding 100 or more. It was evidently the temporary carpenter's shop, as there were lots of timber and shavings about. We hoped for a few minutes that we should have the place to ourselves, but, in a short time, in tramped the mine contingent, quickly filling up our room, the passages and all the other rooms on the ground floor.

The noise was awful and the language worse. Many of these men had marched over twenty miles that day and were loud in their complaints, though the commissariat wagons were being rapidly off-loaded outside. After a time they were served with food, but the noise was kept up till past one o'clock and was then succeeded by the best collection of snores and grunts it has ever been my fate to listen to. About twelve o'clock a few of us went outside as we could not sleep, and drank the new year in under the brilliant light of the South African moon. By-and-by we returned to our floor, but the snoring and grunting of scores of not very sweet-smelling men, the trampling of others in the passage, and the yelling of Kaffir mule-drivers outside, did not allow of much sleep. Besides, the first night on the hard boards with only a mackintosh for a pillow, is not exactly comfortable. At

four o'clock a bugle sounded what was intended for reveillé, and we turned out. Why so early I do not know, as there was nothing to do. One or two water taps served for washing purposes, and were much patronized. Between six and seven a good Samaritan turned up from a neighboring house with "boys" carrying huge jugs of coffee which they dispensed to all around. Very refreshing it was, though as a rule I hate early coffee. We then paraded, and pickets were told off. By eight o'clock rations of coffee, tea, bully beef, and bread were served out, and we soon formed messes and had breakfast. After the first day the commissariat was really excellently managed and all sorts of food provided. About eleven I was told off on picket duty and was very glad to get outside the camp, as several rifles had been let off in unpleasant proximity by enthusiastic recruits, in a vain endeavor to improve their knowledge of Lee-Metfords. By nightfall things were more ship-shape, and quarters were allotted to us at the end of a long passage, about ten feet wide, so that when we lay down there was a considerable mixing up of legs. One man whose "bed" was next to mine was very energetic in his endeavors to make himself comfortable. After a prolonged absence he reappeared with a brick and a piece of wall-paper. The brick was to be a pillow, the paper did service as a blanket. He retired to roost triumphantly half an hour before we did. Presently I arrived from a foraging expedition with a glass of whiskey and water and a crust of bread, and proceeded to step over him to get to my nook. He sprang up very indignant, and abused me soundly for scattering bread-crumbs in his bed. That crumb story, of course, well embellished, is still going round, and I don't think he will easily forget it. Night pickets and guards were posted, and many yarns are told of the false alarms they spread. One man was certain the Boers were coming. He had seen large bodies of them approaching. The Boers resolved themselves into a plantation of gum-trees waving in the wind.

Besides our own camp of one thousand men, there was one at Hohenheim

in a commanding position, and another farther west at Auckland Park. The town was policed by a body of men under Trimble, late head of the detective department, who was deposed about two months ago because he was not a burgher. Bodies of horsemen under Bettington and others were constantly patrolling the town and neighborhood. Large corps of Australians, Scotchmen and Irishmen were also formed, but unfortunately there was not sufficient ammunition. Shops were barricaded and business at a standstill. Huge crowds daily collected round the Reform Committee offices, waiting for news of Jameson and the movements of the Boers. Forage, mealies, etc., went up to famine prices, in spite of the large stocks known to be in the place. The next day, Thursday, the 2d, we did some drilling, and about 9.30 I was instructed to get the children and Sisters out of the Home, and send them on trolleys into town. They had all retired to the upper floors on our first arrival. With the assistance of another man I had just got two trolleys covered with mattresses and about forty children with two or three Sisters on them, when an order came to fall in. Back into the upper rooms they had all to be bundled, while the trenches dug round the building on the previous day were lined. My company was first put in the building to man loop-holes, but most of us were soon moved out to the trenches, where we remained in a blazing sun for some hours. The alarm was a false one, and was probably caused by parties of Boers being sighted in the distance moving toward Krugersdorp. At no time did they really contemplate attacking our positions, as the armistice, pending the arrival of Sir Hercules Robinson in Pretoria, was already arranged. In the afternoon I did four hours' picket duty. We had strict orders not to return the fire of any enemy should one appear.

Rumor at this time ran absolutely mad. We heard that the Government was prepared to give us everything we wanted. Indeed, for the first day or two, I believe this was practically the case, as the Government had information to the effect that we had twelve

Maxim guns instead of only three, and about twenty thousand rifles, whereas we had but three thousand, if so many. At that time they had not succeeded in stopping Jameson. The reports came in of a battle near Potchefstroom, in which Jameson had defeated the Boers with a loss of about three hundred men. Five minutes later we would be told that he was near Krugersdorp, then at Randfontein fighting hard. Half an hour later he was close to Johannesburg, and was expected in half an hour. Sir John Willoughby was killed one moment and revived the next, and so on. The Reform Committee agreed to an armistice on the 1st, the fact being that they were not sufficiently strong to take the initiative. They have been blamed for not seizing the jail, which commands the town, as well as the position which we occupied at the Nazareth Home; also for not blowing up the railway and taking possession of the telegraph offices, and above all, for not sending assistance to the Doctor; but it must be remembered that through force of circumstances they were weak, and that if we were to secure the sympathy of the British Government and the outside world, it was imperative to be very careful how we acted. The prompt action of the Imperial authorities in attempting to recall Jameson, and ordering all British subjects to refrain from assisting him, must have had due effect on their decisions. No one seriously doubted that Jameson would get through safely, as we did not think that the Boers would have time to muster so strongly, and it was hoped that his arrival would be the signal for a surrender on the part of the Government. When the news of his capture was confirmed, most of us could scarcely accept it. We believed that he must have surrendered to the Queen's proclamation or something of that sort.

Up to the time when he reached Doornkop his loss had not been severe, and it seems probable, from observations made on that ground, that he could even then have retired from the trap laid for him. But men and horses must have been thoroughly fagged by their long march and about thirty hours' almost continuous fighting. It

is evident that he either moved on to the rough country near Krugersdorp, in the expectation of meeting relief from Johannesburg, or else was ignorant of the country, both there and at Doornkop, some eight miles S.E. His guides were either treacherous or incompetent. By keeping further south and coming in on the Kimberley road, I cannot but think that he would have come through without much loss. Doornkop is the last bit of really rough country he would have encountered, and any one could have avoided it who was well acquainted with the district. But these are considerations for military men, not for amateur revolutionists.

On Friday, the 3d, most of the mine contingents were disarmed and sent back to their various homes to resume work. This was a good move, as there were numbers of volunteers in the town who were better suited for using guns, but who were totally unarmed. I do not wish to say anything against the miners and mechanics who so readily turned out; but it was impossible that the majority of them should be accustomed to firearms. Their discipline in camp was good, and their coming out an excellent demonstration of earnestness.

Enormous stores of provision had been accumulated by the Reform leaders, and also forage for the horses and cattle. The commissariat was well managed, though there was a little trouble at first. Positions for defending the town had been carefully surveyed. The Maxim guns were well placed, two being taken up to the Nazareth Home and one at Hohenheim. During the week when Johannesburg was under arms I may truthfully say there was less crime and less drunkenness than has ever been known. There were a few cases of store looting by Kaffirs, but as most of these low-class Kaffir stores are the channel of the illicit drink trade, I do not think their destruction altogether a misfortune. We remained in the camp till the following Tuesday, January 7th, some of us getting leave every day to go into the town, which meant a bath and change. We all helped more or less in cooking, but for the last two days

had a coolie. We kept our spirits up in spite of the rather depressing probability of it all proving a fiasco. Wild-cat stories of all sorts were flying about, but trustworthy information was difficult to obtain.

The High Commissioner had arrived in Pretoria on Saturday night, but negotiations were not begun before Monday, as the Boer absolutely refuses to attend to business on a Sunday. It was known that we were surrounded by large numbers of Boers, but they kept some distance off. On Monday, the 6th, it was rumored that we should have to lay down our arms in order to save the lives of Jameson and his men. This proved to be true on Tuesday, and though many of us felt much more inclined to fight it out, it had become generally known that we were very short of arms and ammunition, and very little difficulty was experienced in carrying out the order of the Reform Committee. I was in Johannesburg on Tuesday morning, and stayed to hear Sir Jacobus de Wet and Sir Sidney Shippard address the people from the balcony of the club. The crowd was enormous, and naturally very excited. The speeches, asking the towns-

people to give up their arms and to remain quiet, in order to save Jameson, were not good; but as the majority of the audience had no arms to lay down, it, perhaps, did not much matter.

When I got back to Nazareth Home the camp was already broken up. On the evening of the next day the police began arresting the Reform leaders. They surrounded the club while we were at dinner, and at first none of us knew who would be taken and who would be left; so we ordered coffee and large cigars, and awaited events. It soon became evident that few besides the actual committee were "wanted," and I think a good many of us sighed with relief, though the next day we all pretended to be insulted by the fact that we were not considered big enough game to be noticed by the Government. For some days the authorities did not think that sufficient arms were surrendered, and investigated mines, houses, and stores. Some annoyance was also given by the Boers searching people travelling on the roads, and making themselves objectionable; but on the whole I think they behaved wonderfully well.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ENGLISH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS—AS THEY WILL BE.

A FORECAST.

BY COLONEL HENRY KNOLLYS, R.A.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER's statement that "a wise policy does not consist in pushing any one point to the utmost perfection of which it may be susceptible, but in regulating and balancing opposing interests in such a manner that the greatest benefit shall arise from the working of the whole," is peculiarly applicable to the present phase of army administration, when the public are eagerly watching what changes will be initiated by the new military rulers who have been substituted for the old. The school of thirty-five years ago denounces dangerous enterprise; the modern school protests against putrefying inactivity; and a third section applies Victor Hugo's

simile of rancid perfume to the perpetuation of once honored but subsequently out-of-date institutions. "I was formerly the rose," pleads the perfume, to which the pitiless answer must be, "Yes—formerly." I have endeavored to prove in my former papers* the increased efficiency of our officers and of our rank and file, resulting from many years' persistence in the path of progress; I have tried to show that the English army—constantly absurdly underrated in foreign countries, and intermittently belittled in its own—possesses a *personnel* in a high state of

* See "Blackwood's Magazine," October and December 1895.

excellence; and now, while carefully avoiding criticising the action of my military superiors, or wearying my readers by nibbling at details, I will seek to forecast the further ameliorations to be expected from a continuance of wise men's reformatory toil, which has ever been the sport of fools.

Our foremost subject of exultation is founded on the intimation conveyed by the Secretary of State for War, that much of the responsibility hitherto concentrated under one head will be split up and assigned to auxiliaries. We may, therefore, anticipate that each general will be empowered to adjudicate on various details within his command, formerly referred to the Horse Guards. For instance, he will perhaps be permitted on his own responsibility to order the discharge of characters so undoubtedly scoundrelly as to be qualified for residence at Wormwood Scrubs, or of patients whom he has ascertained, by personal inspection, to be so manifestly in the final stage of decline that even residence in Madeira would not prolong life for a couple of months; or he may transfer a recruit from one regiment to another; or he may allow Lieutenant Smith to spend a week at Ostend or Calais; or he may even give orders for casting a troop horse so crippled as to be unfit for a costermonger's cart,—all without documentary consultation with the Commander-in-Chief. Similar increased powers, though in a descending ratio, will doubtless be delegated to commanding officers. This latitude of action will inevitably carry with it the further advantage of abrogating much of the clerical work which may be described as now of terrifying proportions. Lord Wolseley in his "Soldier's Pocket-Book" (pp. 135, 136) himself comments on the "absurdity" of certain features, on "the twaddle that can be dispensed with," and on "the complicated returns" in which we "revel," and these strictures will come forcibly home to every one who has had experience in military offices. Returns in duplicate, in triplicate, and even in quadruplicate, sent in monthly, weekly, daily; columns of figures like a book of logarithms; arrays of names like a Post-office Directory—all re-

markable for their valueless accuracy—are accumulated in the orderly-rooms, are pigeon-holed at the headquarters of districts, are furnished to the headquarters of the army; and we venture respectfully to sympathize with our central administrators, who, having long ago arrived at the conclusion that the weariness of the perusal of these documents would be intolerable, have at length discovered that their disposal in recondite corners is cumbersome. Commanding officers will rejoice at being relieved of some of the functions of a superintending counting-house clerk, and at the further time at their disposal for soldiering, pure and simple; and they will appreciate the release, for regimental duty, of many of their best non-commissioned officers, formerly employed in copying correspondence which should never have been started, which could with difficulty be traced when needed, but which never by any chance is needed. The late Mr. Thomas White, the universal provider of Aldershot, and an illustrious representative of English trade, in confiding to me part of the history of his success stated "My entire system was based on that admirable model of organization, an English regiment. Only I stopped short at the redundancy of your clerical work. Your incessant duplications and checkings are preposterously superfluous, and would eat up half the profits of a tradesman through the multiplicity of clerks." It may be suggested that checking beyond a certain point entails the very inaccuracies it is intended to prevent. Through a rather flagrant error of the War Office I was once paid staff pay twice over. With the heavy heart which sometimes accompanies even actions of elementary honesty, I wrote to the War Office clerks, traditionally honored by their perfection of checking, pointing out the necessity that I should refund. The culprits purged themselves of their offence by sending me, who had rectified it, an illogical rebuke to the effect that "the error of overpayment would be overlooked on this occasion, but I must not do so again!"

The next reform probably impending is the enforcement of economical

regulations whereby officers will be enabled to live, according to their proper status, not entirely on their professional income, but with an inconsiderable supplement thereto. Thus they will be relieved from the alternatives of the obloquy of poverty, selfish demands on their parents' means, or the dishonorable career of the desperate spendthrift who, never intending to pay, cares not by what means he supplies his immediate desires. "We are sick of this cry; we have legislated for economy over and over again, and nothing further herein can be effected," may be the angry commentary of some masters of the art of saying everything and doing nothing, of those whose hearts are cold for reform, and whose minds are narrow for improvement. "The evils indicated can be successfully combated, have been so combated, and will be so combated again," is the reply of others who refuse to be arrested by artificial obstacles, and who maintain the distinction between parrot like assertion and demonstration substantiated by facts. Many years ago I was appealed to by my colonel to assist him in reducing preposterously high mess-bills at a large and expensive home station. *Carte-blanc* was given me, with the sole proviso that the credit of the establishment was to be maintained. The result was that the average £15 monthly mess-bill, charged even to the most frugal subaltern, was reduced at once to £10, and in other respects the success of our efforts was such as to now enable me to write with certainty on the practicability of surmounting similar difficulties, adding just sufficient detail to make my statements clear.

Within the last few years a lieutenant colonel of artillery addressed his officers to the following effect: "I have noticed of late duns hanging about the barrack precincts with discreditable frequency, and I have even received menacing letters from tradespeople claiming my assistance to compel some of my officers to pay outstanding bills. It is now my duty to put a stop to a disrepute which has become public. Many of you subalterns are 'hard up' by reason of immoderately high mess-

bills, and in dealing with this evil I not only require your obedience—I invoke your hearty and cheerful co-operation." The course then pursued was as follows: An officer was detailed for a tour of three or four months' duty as mess-manager, and with functions far more comprehensive than those usually assigned to a mess secretary. Every morning he visited the kitchen and servants' offices, scanned the bill of fare proposed for the next twenty-four hours, and checked the usual squandering of provisions upon a superfluous horde of fatigue-men. He put a stop to all unnecessary expenses, and supervised all dealings with tradesmen, who were forbidden, upon pain of loss of custom, to supply goods except on requisition signed by himself, and whom he personally paid once a month. After this system had been brought into thorough working order, these multifarious duties, which at first sight would seem to necessitate incessant labor, were performed with an efficient speed attainable only by military organization, and involved an average expenditure of time not exceeding forty-five minutes daily. In the final result the mess bills were reduced to the important extent of 33 per cent, the cuisine was notably improved, guests were as freely entertained as before and with more credit to the mess, all-round efficiency and comfort were materially increased,—and duns were silenced. It may be added that the mess-manager was not struck off the roster of orderly officers; but he was relieved as far as possible from further subsidiary duties, leave was granted to him with lavish liberality, and his commanding officer made a point of recognizing his efforts by treating him with marked friendliness and confidence.

A few colonels, chiefly those who talk a great deal of "keeping up the credit of the regiment," and do nothing to maintain the financial honor and repute of its component members, may aggressively argue, "All this clamor of success is quite unwarranted. The system you have been belauding as a novelty has in several instances been existent in outline for years." Yes—in theory, not in practice. Where that flagrant source of immoderate mess-

bills—a messman contractor—has been abolished, he has been merely replaced by the happy-go-lucky administration of a committee and secretary, who have exerted themselves little to check items of current expense, and have cared still less.

On another occasion the same lieutenant-colonel, when inspecting a battery at a foreign out station, was made aware that some of the officers were suffering under a severe stress of impecuniosity. At the same time he observed, when he officially examined their mess accounts, that the wine-bills had not been paid with the punctuality which is strictly required by the rules of the service, and were preposterously high, to a great extent due to the lavish supply of expensive champagne to an incessant influx of civilian guests. "I am sure you will not attribute to me a tyrannical prying into your private circumstances," said the colonel, "when I suggest to you that not one of you can afford this expense. I sympathize with your anxiety not to appear chary of hospitality, and I purpose helping you out of your difficulty by the exercise of the power vested in me as your commanding officer. I shall therefore issue, confidentially, an order that champagne is not to be placed on the mess-table except on the regulated guest-nights. Should a friend chance to dine with you on any other occasion, you are quite at liberty to apologize for not giving him champagne owing to the restrictions of your high-handed colonel." As the latter was on the most friendly terms possible with every one of the officers, they abstained from stigmatizing him while they utilized the excuse; it is certain that the expedient was thoroughly successful, and that the wine-bills dropped down to a virtuous figure. The sequel to this trivial incident is not, perhaps, entirely without interest. In due course the colonel stated to his superior the steps he had taken, and was met by the sharp and adverse criticism, "You can't do that; you have exceeded your powers." "Very well, sir," was the reply, "give me an order to cancel my prohibition, and I assure you that, in obeying you, I will not harbor one thought of vexation." But

to counter-order a measure which effectually dealt with an undoubted evil was too great a gulp, and the colonel was allowed his successful way. Had the matter been referred to a still higher source, it is questionable whether any military authority would have dared to decide in opposition to the certainty of civilian public opinion.

The Queen's Regulations declare not only that mess expenses should be limited, but that extravagant entertainments should be discountenanced, and we gratefully anticipate that increased vigilance will be enjoined in ensuring that these precepts are obeyed in spirit as well as in letter. Hitherto, however, the injunction has, in many cases, received the same amount of practical observance as that assigned to sententious precepts at the head of children's copy-books. In one case with which I was acquainted, the mess-bills were sent direct to, and charged through, the regimental agents, so that the officers were not necessarily aware of their respective amounts until they received their pass-books from their bankers. A prominent feature in an expensive station is the charge for mess-guests. Wholesale invitations to dinner by respective corps are virtuously forbidden; but the virtue of traditional hospitality is viciously exercised by individuals combining to invite individuals to ceremonious and elaborate dinners equally tedious to givers and recipients. About 1881, at Aldershot, an order was issued to messes, requiring the prior sanction of the assistant-adjutant-general to dinner entertainments of a comprehensive nature. The consequent reduction of mess-bills was of a most satisfactory nature; but by degrees the artillery observed that they were left in an invidious position, inasmuch as other corps were, *sub rosa*, ignoring the prohibition. I was thereupon called on, as brigade-major, to inquire whether the injunction had been cancelled; and the assistant-adjutant-general—distinguished for his tact and efficiency—was compelled to reply with a meaning smile, "Don't ask me any more." Autumn manœuvres are beneficial not only in training officers and men in field-exercises, but in accustoming them to the frugality

of tent-life, and with this view the authorized weight of baggage is strictly limited; yet private traps, messmen's carts, and contractors' vans dog the track of most regiments with an audacity which contemns concealment. In one instance which came within my knowledge the mess charges of a regiment which marched, with frequent halts, from Aldershot to Wimbledon and back, and which, during the week so employed, kept open mess-tent for all comers, were for some individuals £70. Champagne flows, and costly provision is supplied to every Dick, Tom, and Harry visitor, with a profusion suggestive of the luxury which attended Napoleon's grand army in the first stages of its advance to Moscow. The balls given at — and — and — by successive regiments, each rivaling its predecessor in magnificence, are noble. Alas! that the long-suffering father should sigh at such nobility when he signs a check which represents the participation in splendor of his son for three or four hours, and the consequent economies of his daughters for three or four months! Were I to write down the average expenses incurred under some of the above headings, the statement would be pronounced incredible by the inexperienced and a lie by the inculcated; but I confidently appeal to my brother officers to confirm my assertion that, as a rule, the liberality, under the guise of sanctioned hospitality, displayed by young officers in spending their parents' money amounts to an annual sum which is portentous. I admit that some of my illustrative incidents occurred years ago, but I maintain that the principles and practice which characterized them have been but little modified.

Detailed figures would obviously be out of place in this paper, and I must therefore ask the civilian reader to accept the following estimates as the result of my consultations with many wise officers, and of my own not inconsiderable experience. The minimum private annual allowance sufficient to enable an economical subaltern on home service to associate with his brother officers without the mortifications of poverty is—

In an average infantry regiment.....	£130
In expensive infantry regiments.....	200
In a horse artillery battery, from. £150 to 300 according to the credulity of the father and the blackmail demand of the son.	
In an average cavalry regiment.....	500

This last figure appears outrageous, but it is within the strict limits of facts. "It is positively unfair to put a lad into the cavalry on a smaller allowance," remarked to me a colonel of that branch of the service, himself a comparatively poor man, who entered into every detail whereby he had arrived at the total.

We may confidently forecast that ere long orders will be issued from the new Horse Guards striking at this evil, with an unflinching resolution to override the trivialities of objection and to accomplish the reduction of mess expenses throughout the service. It may be expected that commanding officers will be held primarily responsible that the spirit of these instructions is carried out, executive details being left to their own discretion; that there be no silence concerning subscriptions which are theoretically optional, but which are exacted by custom more peremptorily than by law; that the ostensible mess-bills include, without ambiguity, every single contribution which officers have paid for joint purposes; while generals will be required to state after their inspections the average monthly totals, so that neglect or non-compliance may meet with curative consequences.

Arrangements will, it is hoped, be made whereby officers will have the option of hiring articles of furniture from local Government stores at a rate just sufficient to cover expenses. This equipment would include bedding, washing apparatus, chairs, tables, carpets, etc., not of a War Office pattern, strong and hideous, but of a description in use in private life by gentlemen of moderate means. Such an expedient would spare officers original outlay and the expense of making good damage caused by the wear and tear of removal, and would save Government large sums in baggage transport. The country would not at present consent to increase the pay of officers, but probably it will be willing to indulge in the

costless generosity of diminishing their expenses, while increasing their comfort.

The statement made in the House of Commons in the latter part of the last session, that Latin will henceforth be an optional, and not a compulsory, subject in army examinations, foreshadows an intention so to modify the papers that the preliminary tutorial training of candidates will prove of enhanced value in their subsequent professional career. The shortcomings of our public schools in this respect have recently been warmly discussed in the press;* and these institutions will doubtless find themselves compelled not only to adopt a sounder method of instruction in their modern sides, but to give more prominent importance to proficiency in modern languages. Possibly the value attached to these accomplishments will induce the military authorities to encourage officers to perfect themselves therein by an extended leave of absence in cases where a guarantee is given of an honest intention to study in some quiet locality abroad, and not merely to lark about Cannes or Monte Carlo, or to loaf about Paris or the Rhine.

In consequence of the public interest—of modern growth—in all that appertains to the army, and to the continual publication of details affecting every regiment and corps, commanding officers have their difficulties in the maintenance of discipline seriously increased. In my former paper† I have already alluded to this feature, and its paramount importance will, I trust, justify my reverting to it once more even at the risk of some repetition. The temptation is great to seek for credit through the screened existence of crime. The totals of courts-martial, the aggregates of fines, of imprisonment, and of desertions, are considered by the outside public tests of efficiency and discipline, irrespectively of the varying circumstances under which bodies of men may be situated—a verdict unsupported either by justice or

wisdom. The frequent consequence is that offences are either inadequately punished or entirely escape retribution, and that a few malcontent blackguards, by no means representing the general spirit of the regiment, are armed with a latent tyrannical power over their colonel. They have only to combine to perpetrate some public outrage, such as cutting to pieces a dozen saddles or hooting on parade, and a widespread clamor is raised, not against the gentle criminals but against their commanding officer, who, for aught that is known to the contrary, may have exercised a faultlessly judicious firmness against miscreants whom ill-fortune has assigned to his jurisdiction. Irresponsible or interested correspondents in the papers denounce him or demand his removal, a measure which is tantamount to his professional ruin. Truly, only the strongest consciousness of integrity and the sternest sense of duty will prevent him from being absolutely afraid of his men. The following incidents are, I think, illustrative of much which I have stated; and with the utmost diffidence I invoke the generosity of the reader to excuse my apparent egotism in writing here or elsewhere in the first person, inasmuch as this form of narrative is far more convincing than the hearsay evidence of a supposed informant.

Years ago, so remote as to obliterate names of persons and identity of facts, I was suddenly called on to assume command of a battery which had acquired flagrant notoriety through breaches of discipline and disorders of administration, evils which were accentuated by the pay-sergeant becoming a fraudulent fugitive, and by the officer who had been in previous command cutting his throat. "You will never get your battery into good order," remarked my lieutenant-colonel, not too graciously, shortly after I had joined. "I have always said that the only expedient is to break it up altogether, and to absorb its component parts throughout the artillery." "Give me two months to try," was my reply. An unduly large proportion of my men were young rowdy recruits; but for this very reason they were more malleable to persevering efforts, since they

* See also "Public Schools and Army Competitive Examinations," "Blackwood's Magazine," July 1895.

† "Blackwood's Magazine," December 1895.

lacked the aptitude of combination for resistance, and were quartered by themselves in a remote fort. Much to their own surprise, they quickly began to behave better, although this improvement was attended with some narrow escapes from disastrous failure. After the conceded law of two months, crime had dwindled down almost to a vanishing point; the battery was subjected to the multiplicity of inspections in which the artillery revels, and I learned, through sources by no means disposed to a generous verdict, that it was considered to rank No. 2 in all-round efficiency among the eight batteries in the command.

The next stage was a sudden and unexpected order to embark for China within ten days, in a wretched hired transport crowded with drafts from half-a-dozen different corps. The voyage was tedious and trying, and was diversified by bad weather and alternations of heat and cold, and my young soldiers suffered deplorably not only from sea-sickness, but from a severe outbreak of measles. Here was my opportunity, seconded by my excellent officers, for gaining their confidence and goodwill by exertions for their comfort. The readiness with which they responded was striking. The rowdy drafts—over whom, of course, I had no authority—defied the ship's regulations; looted the spirit-room—in process of which one of their number drank raw rum from the barrel until he was out of breath, and then dropped down dead; and sent the women into hysterics by proclaiming an intention to blow up the "whole blooming cargo." My men, resisting the example, behaved with the demeanor of gentlemen and the docility of Japs. A week prior to our arrival in port I addressed them in terms of approval at their altered and excellent behavior, but I was unable to proceed beyond a few sentences by reason of the outburst of enthusiastic cheering, which my angriest reproofs at such an irregular proceeding failed to entirely suppress. A fortnight later, when we had landed at Hong-Kong, a detail, too trivial to be explained, put the whole battery in the sulks: former experience of disciplinary repression, recent dec-

larations of gratitude, were cast to the winds through a pin-prick of inconvenience, and it was necessary to exercise careful tact and anxious effort to prevent a relapse into general ill-discipline. "Then your system was rotten," possibly observes the sour martinet. My system was nothing of the sort. The rottenness consisted in the compulsion to which I was subjected of fighting against the faults and follies of riotous young soldiers with a halter round my neck, ready to strangle me should a dozen stupid miscreants combine to shout forth to the public the indisputable fact that my judgment had not been perfect, and my disposition not faultless. I may add that a strange mutability of fortune brought these identical men, fashioned by time and service into worthy and mature soldiers, once more under my command at a foreign station with other associated batteries. Forthwith they came to loggerheads with these latter by their malicious insistence on my special predilection for the old battery which a few years before had been within a hair's-breadth of blasting their major's professional career.

While predicting probable changes, I will also venture to predict the improbability of a change in one fundamental principle which well-meaning but ill-judging outsiders urge at constantly recurring intervals—the assimilation of English officers to those of foreign countries. A tendency to a servile imitation in trumpery details has frequently made itself evident. In 1855 the French army behaved gallantly in the Crimea, and the English became enamored with peg-top trousers. In 1859 they won the battle of Solferino, and we immediately copied their cheese-cutting peaks for our forage-caps. In 1870 the Prussians were victorious at Sedan, and we lost no time in changing our former hand-salute—which may be traced to the metaphor of shading the eyes against the brightness of an illustrious superior—to a gesture with the flat of the hand suggestive of a boy's contempt for his schoolmaster. Foreign officers disport themselves at the opera, in beer-houses, and sometimes when they ride their so-called steeple-chases, in all the panoply

of gaudy uniform; and English officers are denounced for their custom of wearing plain clothes when diffident of pursuing social avocations with their identity placarded on their backs. I once had occasion to remark to an officer in Berlin, "No consideration would induce me, habitually and voluntarily, to stroll up and down St. James's Street in full uniform on summer afternoons—except, indeed, on the occasion of a levee. Were I to have recourse to such a proceeding, undoubtedly I should incur contemptuous chaff from my brother officers, and a semi-private note from a Horse-Guards official requesting me to discontinue the practice." My Prussian acquaintance racked his brains—is probably still racking his brains—in perplexity at my statement. "Does your uniform carry obloquy with it? Are you ashamed of it?" was his bewildered inquiry. Would that I had been able to communicate to him two subsequent experiences. In 188— I was very sharply reprimanded for appearing in uniform during some Aldershot "minor tactics," whereas all the other staff-officers were in plain clothes. Of course the motive for the restriction was to distinguish the lookers-on from the combatants. On another occasion, during the progress of autumn manoeuvres, I recollect seeing a highly distinguished general officer walking up and down, gnawing his mustache, shaking his fist, and raging like an angry tiger, because the then adjutant-general of the Horse Guards had issued to him a positive prohibition against wearing his uniform during his amateur attendance on the operations.

On the other hand, many think—and a few dare give utterance to their thoughts—that this shirking of wearing uniform has grown to a pitch which savors of affectation. There are signs that officers will shortly be coerced into a more sensible middle course.

Discussing abroad the features of respective armies with a foreign officer, who owed in some measure his confidential hilarity to the effects of champagne, I inquired, "Are those who hold the grade of — regarded as 'gentlemen' in your service?" "Sir," he answered, loftily, "every officer

holding his Majesty's commission—" "Yes, yee," I interrupted, "in theory of course; but tell me, confidentially, is this the case in practice?" His high mightiness thereupon indulged in such an amount of what Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple" calls grandiloquent flapdoodle—and which O'Brien defines as the stuff on which they feed fools—that I hastily ate up my words in dread of the local "Court of Honor" to which my observation might be referred. After all, foreigners have no equivalent for our term "gentlemen," which need not be merged in that of "officer," inasmuch as, *ceteris paribus*, the higher the gentleman the better the officer. "I wish, sir," said an ex-sergeant-major to me, "that officers more fully realized the influence by daily-life example which they exercise over their men. Their dispositions, their habits, their conversation, are constant topics imported into the barrack-room by sergeants, servants, and mess-waiters. Their most secret transactions, creditable or otherwise, leak out with an accuracy of detail which you little suspect." The fashion of good and evil among the officers is invariably adopted as the fashion of good and evil among the privates. "Stop that swearing, men," was the order to some gunners who were indignantly addressing a recalcitrant heavy gun, always designated "she," in terms appropriate to a drunken coo-termonger casting imputations on a female denizen of Whitechapel; and this elicited the confidential remark of another sergeant-major: "Some batteries always swear, some never; it depends entirely on fashion. If the officers curse, the non-commissioned officers will curse likewise, and the gunners will curse worst of all."

With regard to impending changes affecting the private soldier, it is very improbable that any material increase of pay will be proposed; and many commanding officers are of opinion that this is not necessary in view of the comfortable balance of pocket-money now at the disposal of the prudent and well-conducted. But we may expect that henceforth his nominal pay will be identical with his actual receipts, of course with the proviso that

he must make good damages and the cost of optional extras. The system of giving with one hand and taking away with the other, caused by compulsory stoppages for groceries, washing, etc., will be abandoned as impressing the recipient with the idea that he has been "done." If 8d. a day be the nominal rate, 8d. a day he will receive, a sum by no means equivalent in the mind of the private soldier to 1s. 2d. minus 6d.

The present meat ration is often pronounced insufficient. No doubt a slice of 12 ounces uncooked, plus 4 ounces of bone, would be scanty for the separate dinner of one man, but a considerable advantage is gained by aggregating hundreds of three-quarter pounds; and with the recent spur applied to economical cooking, and with the utilization of much which has hitherto been treated as waste, no private soldier need be hungry, unless he is a fool or a glutton.

Of late years many measures of detail have been adopted which have materially reduced the temptations besetting soldiers to excess in drinking, such as the abolition of beer-money; of the provision of the daily pint, whether the recipient cared to drink it or not; and of the issue of grog during sea-voyages, which, Lord Wolseley observes, taught every man who had been on board ship a certain time to become a confirmed dram-drinker. I remember that in the old days a "tot" of rum was served out, under the supervision of an officer, to each man daily, and the surplus in the tub, unfit for keeping, was poured into the sea. At such a heartrending sight, there arose a wail of sorrow in evidence of the love they bore for the liquor. Above all, the canteens have been restricted from selling liquor until a late hour in the day. All this has checked the thrusting of the demon, intemperance, under the men's noses, without the tyrannical legislation which is often pernicious, habitually unsuccessful, and invariably repugnant to all but the bigots who mean well and only do ill, and who seek to convert the virtue of moderation into a vice. But commanding officers find frequent opportunities of circumventing the frailty of their men's inclinations with the full ap-

proval of the men themselves. For instance, during a Cape summer, when the heat was of a tropical nature, the men under my command were employed in the formidable labor of mounting several 23-ton guns in forts some distance from barracks. They had been wont, on their return, to rush to the canteen in a body, and to pour gallons of beer down their parched throats. At last I took measures for the supply to each fatigue-party of a bag of oatmeal with a due proportion of sugar, which was emptied into a large vat of cool water close to the scene of their work. It was eyed at first by the men with silent sour contempt, but eventually it was eagerly drunk in small quantities at frequent intervals. It effectually quenched their thirst; it afforded a singular amount of support; and the canteen beer-takings dropped with a run to their normal figures. The prohibition of the sale of spirits, as distinguished from beer, in the canteens, is a restriction of vital importance, but is sometimes dodged by the sergeants' messes, where spirits are not taboo. When inspecting their accounts, I noticed the consumption of a suspiciously large quantity of whiskey, and with a view to clearing up the mystery, I gave orders that each separate purchase should be entered in the day-book, instead of being paid for over the counter. Remonstrances from the sergeants on the score that their pride was wounded. "Rubbish!" was my reply; "you are only subjected to the same procedure applied to myself and every one of your officers whenever we call for even a glass of sherry." Down dropped the sale of spirits as by magic, and in due course I ascertained that under the former system several members had been in the habit of purchasing, ostensibly for their own use, so many bottles of whiskey that, had they themselves consumed it, they would long ago have been in a chronic state of delirium tremens. The inference is obvious.

The condition of the married families has been materially improved, while the precautions against improvident marriages have been subjected to additional restrictions, which we may expect will be still further extended.

It is extremely difficult to make adequate provision for creditable and moderately comfortable homes for the wives of the privates, and it may be argued that with our short service there is no hardship in requiring the men to defer, as a rule, marriage until they are twenty-five years of age, and have left the army.

The advantages held in the most valued repute, both by soldiers *in esse* as well as *in posse*, are the improved prospects of subsequent employment in public or in Government offices, concerning which our administrators have expressed much solicitude in words, which will doubtless in course of time be justified by deeds. Enlistment will then be regarded by the population at large not merely as an enterprise, respectable indeed, and beneficial for a few years, but furthermore as an opening for positions of comfort and competence.

"After all, soldiers are, I suppose, pretty much like other men," would be the natural remark of those who have not spent the best part of their lives in the army. On the other hand, "Soldiers are queer fellows," is the observation which generally winds up a conversation among experienced officers pondering in consultation over measures for the promotion of their welfare or the repression of their defects. It is certain that in many respects they cannot be in the least like other men, because their lives are attended with many exceptional features which have modified the original stamp of nature. The English soldier on enlistment is suddenly lifted into a higher sphere entirely at variance with his former modes of life and habits of thought. He is free from his previous sordid cares of providing for his daily bread, and from the anxieties entailed by sickness, injustice, and the mutability of civilian callings. Organized regularity instead of haphazard disorder; self-respect applied both to his dress and his demeanor; the development of his intellectual faculties through travel about this wonderful world; reverence for, and pride in, his officers, his regiment, his profession; the spur to distinction; and, above all, constant association with education and refinement

beyond his former experience,—all are grafted on him; and though the graft habitually strikes root and habitually bears the best fruit, not only must there be occasional failures, but inconsistent offshoots will sometimes sprout forth. His very excellences will be attended by anomalous defects, his very virtues by unlooked-for vices. He has been rendered a fine fellow—he has also become a queer fellow.

And his officers? Perhaps they, too, differ in many respects from their civilian compeers. The acquisition of a certain quantity of £. s. d. constitutes the sole object of many non-military professions, and is of paramount importance in all; the sovereigns are swept together, and the transaction is terminated. In the military profession the case is far otherwise. "Say, mister, how many dollars might you be making a-year by that soldiering trade of yours in which you can scarcely call your life your own?" asked an American adventurer of an English officer in China. "Why, deducting my pension, which I could at any time claim, and the extra family expenses entailed by my being so far from home, I do not suppose I am above £80 a year the richer." "What on airth makes you do it?" was the further query, which was met by the reply, "Because I so love the profession." The Yankee stared at his companion—who, according to the logic of prosaic facts and hard figures, had become a slave, and was rewarded with pauper pay—with the interest similar to that with which an entomologist would scrutinize a curious beetle. "Come out 10,000 miles from England at your time of life, to this beastly climate, this beastly country, and these beastly Chinese, all for £80 a-year! Wal, sir, you aire a w-o n-derful critter."

An officer's success and happiness, measured by a money standard, would give but a pitiful result indeed. Under fortunate circumstances his emoluments may be just sufficient for competence: it would be a chimera to imagine that his utmost efforts will secure for him a tithe of the income which would be assured for him by equal labor, self-denial, and ability applied to commercial pursuits.

Officers also differ from civilians in being willing to face not only poverty and privation, sickness and danger, but the wrench of postponing their dearest family affections to the call of duty. Willing—nay, far more than willing—a true old soldier-officer, if his career has been unblotted though unsuccessful, will feel so enamored of his profession that he will declare to himself that were he again called on to choose a career, he would again do likewise.

In concluding my three papers on the past, the present, and the future of our officers and private soldiers, I beg to suggest for the consideration of the public the difficulties which beset the wisest of new administrators whose hearts are set on improvements in some defective old system hallowed by time, fraught with a thousand convenient vices, and vested with the same nature

of reverence which has prompted savages to build a roof over the wonderful sundial-god given to them. A generous latitude of action and margin of time must be conceded to reformers who are frequently required to override the tyranny of custom and to defeat the intrepidity of error; to mend the mischief of predecessors who have persistently refused all counsel and yet have been unable to guide; to withstand the spite of the unworthy, whose nature it is to cling to selfish interests. Public servants entering fresh into office under these circumstances, when dealing with some manifest evil apparently susceptible of an easy remedy, are sometimes confronted with the resentment of a culpable party, which turns and rends them with such a ferocity that the reformers discover that instead of chasing a deer, as they had supposed, they have been hunting a tiger.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE WORSHIP OF THE UGLY.

BY COSMO MONKHOUSE.

WHATEVER hereafter may be said about the productions of the latter half of the nineteenth century, there can be no doubt that the period has been one of remarkable activity and interest in all branches of art. If the word "Renaissance" may appear to the future historian to be too august in its associations to be fitly applied to the movements of to-day, it is impossible for us who live in the midst of them to deny their variety and vitality. It is difficult to pass down a street without being conscious that the dull uniformity of fifty years since is broken by many new erections, most of which are of greater size than their neighbors, many of considerable beauty, and nearly all showing a desire after novelty and attractiveness; nor can we enter even an old-fashioned house of the better class without seeing evidence of a desire to be surrounded by an "æsthetic" atmosphere, if it consist only of the rearrangement of old furniture, and bric-à-brac brought out from the store cupboard. Those which

are newly decorated and furnished show still more strongly an awakened interest in beauty as an element of daily life. Walls, floors, and even ceilings are enriched with pattern and color; every article, whether for use or ornament, has been selected and arranged with a view to "artistic" effect. Moreover, where the taste is defective, the fault is on the side of the owner, for there is no reason why any one who has good taste should have ugly rooms, ugly furniture, ugly ornaments, or even an ugly coal-scuttle, although there be nothing in his house which is not newly made. Indeed, it may be safely said that never in the memory of living men have the decorative arts been so assiduously or successfully cultivated.

This activity has not been confined to architecture and decoration. Assuredly in no branch of art has there been so great and vital a change as in that of sculpture. Never, perhaps, since the sixteenth century has it been brought so nearly in touch with mod-

ern life. It has had to stoop a little from the false pride of its long-cherished ideal, but it has stooped to conquer, for its new life is full not only of truth, but of beauty. Nor have the painters and other graphic artists shown less zeal or activity. Our books and periodicals swarm with an astonishing abundance of vigorous effort in every form of design, our hoardings are covered with bold and clever "posters," and lastly our pictures have greatly increased in number, in variety, and average excellence of execution.

But while progress in the other arts has been generally in consonance with the more cultivated taste of the nation, and while the whole tendency of their movement has been to increase the number of beautiful things, it is, indeed, a question whether the same can be said of painting. Of new theory, of new experiment, of new aims, of new observation, there has been much, but while of new ugliness there has been a great deal, of beauty, new or old, little or nothing; that is to say, if we mean by beauty that which has been regarded as such for some centuries, if not since the birth of art. This is true even if we confine beauty to those sources of enjoyment which are most indissolubly attached to painting among the arts—beauty of form and beauty of color. In these respects the tendency may have been toward truth, but not toward beauty, while if we regard beauty as including grace, elegance, dignity, charm of expression, poetical feeling, refinement of sentiment and humor, and many more qualities hitherto associated with what is admirable in art, we find that a great number of the younger artists, of all schools and sections of schools, not only do not seek for them, but turn their back on them apparently on principle. Unfortunately, these are qualities which, if not essential to art, are at least essential to the enjoyment of art by thousands of men and women of culture and education, and unless the stream of painters' energy returns to more wholesome channels, art, or at least the art of painting, will lose its hold on the interest of those classes which have the greatest power of dis-

seminating good taste throughout the nation.

It is no doubt impossible to find a definition of beauty which will meet with common assent; equally impossible, perhaps, to say absolutely what is moral or immoral, decent or indecent in art; it is not easy to contest the claim of a painter to paint whatever he chooses, in the way he prefers, or to say how far an artist is responsible for the effect his work may have upon others individually, or on society at large. The present world is not at all inclined to draw any line of the kind too strictly; it is by no means bigoted on the subject of either art or morals. The noble teaching of Mr. Ruskin as to the functions of art is no longer accepted as an infallible guide to criticism, and the influence of Mrs. Grundy has declined. Nevertheless, neither the sense of the dignity of art, nor of what is lovely in life, is extinct, and they cannot be violated with impunity even by the artist. The memory of the reader will probably be sufficient, without mentioning names, to call to mind some recent designs which are something more than ugly or of questionable taste—designs loathsome and corrupt, revolting not only to the feelings, but also to the senses of even unfastidious men.

Such excesses as those referred to are sufficient to prove to all rational minds, and to all who have any care for the future of English art, that there are some legitimate limits to the right liberty of the artist. Never, perhaps, and certainly never since the Middle Ages, has this liberty been so complete. The history of painting, especially since the fourteenth century, has been one of its gradual emancipation from everything which could trammel the personal will of the painter. From being the slave of the Church, and dependent upon architecture for its life, it has gradually won its way to a freedom equal to that of literature, and has become a means by which expression can be given to all the thoughts and feelings, small or great, of humanity. The patronage of the Court and the noble, the tyranny of prevalent theories and fashions, the pedantry of academies, the restrictions of locality,

are only some among the many forces which have in the past limited the complete freedom of the painter. Some of us may think that these restraints were not unwholesome, and that without them painting would never have risen to such a high position as it once attained among the fine arts, but few wish to re-impose them or interfere with the present liberty of the artist to exercise his powers in the direction most suited to his own nature. But it is vain to assert, as is the fashion, that such liberty brings with it no responsibilities. Art, and the artist, too, were made for man, not man for art or the artist, and if those to whom the great charge is now entrusted restrict its sphere of usefulness and pleasure, abandon its nobler aims, and lower its standard of beauty, they will do a lasting injury to society, and reduce an honored profession to insignificance.

To those who are thoroughly interested in the divers little professional movements of the day, and know enough about them to see what the artist is trying to do and whether he has been successful or not, the picture exhibitions are no doubt entertaining enough. Whether the "values" are right, whether the figures are in the same atmosphere as the landscape, whether the true tone of flesh in sunlight has been "hit," whether the artist has solved some "problem" of "color," or achieved a triumph in "violet shadow," or the "vibration of light"—are subjects capable of incessant discussion, accompanied with no little heat. To the student of humanity, also, the modern picture gallery is full of interest, as it presents the spectacle of a hundred energies employed in a hundred directions, and animated by every variety of aim and opinion.

But for those others (and, at the risk of being called a Philistine, I confess to much sympathy with those others) who care very much for the impression of a work of art upon the mind, and trouble themselves little about the minutiae of process and method by which this result is attained, modern exhibitions of pictures contain little that is either interesting or delectable, and still less to excite agree-

ably either their emotions or their imaginations. And these others, at least a great number of them, are not exclusive in their tastes. They can spend hours of the purest enjoyment in the National Gallery, and many of them have travelled also. They have received noble impressions from Michael Angelo, and gentle ones from Raphael, without considering the accuracy of their draughtsmanship; the glorious tones of Titian have soothed them like an organ, and those of Tintoretto have stirred them like a trumpet without any doubt as to the accuracy of these painters' "values." They can admire the exquisite painting of Van Eyck, although he did not practise the "square touch," and enjoy the robust vigor and lifelike force of Velasquez without searching the secrets of his manipulation. The profound humanity of Rembrandt's portraits touches them deeply, and the jovial groups of Teniers and Jan Steen amuse them, while they are not at all insensible to the charms of their color and light and shade. Delights keen and abundant they derive also from the works of their own countrymen, and they ask, and surely the question is difficult to answer, why so many modern painters should cut off from art those sources of pleasure which they find not only in all the "old masters," but in the works of such men as Reynolds and Gainsborough, Morland and Wilkie, Mason and Walker. If they are to be content with pictures of current life, why should they be allowed so few glimpses of what is most charming and cultivated in modern society; if they are to have peasants, what has become of the comeliness and grace, the cheerful spirits and racy character, which animated the older pictures, and which to their own knowledge are still to be found for the seeking among our rustic population? Why these clumsy idylls oft repeated, with heavy men and women apparently weary of life, always with faces in half-shadow, and no more expression than a cheap photograph? Or if the life of towns is depicted, why is it to be mainly confined to the slum, the music-hall, the café, and the studio? Are such subjects specially suitable to the artistic

nature, and are "those others," who cannot enjoy an Arcadia without charm and a Bohemia without romance, unworthy of the consideration of the true painter?

"Those others" are also so benighted as to think that a portrait should be a good likeness, however well it may be painted, and that, in this case at least, it is not unfitting that the painter should rather forget his own personality than that of his subject. They also think that he should make the best of his sitter, and endeavor to express not only his physical but his mental characteristics. It does not content them to be told that the artist has only to deal with the surface, for they are aware what wonderful mysteries the superficies of a human face is capable of reflecting, and what capacities to reproduce such reflections are possessed by paint, when laid on by the hand of a Rembrandt, a Reynolds, a Velasquez, or a Watts. They are still less satisfied when they are told that the likenesses of themselves or their friends must, and rightly must, depend on the "impression" of the painter, and even on the particular mood the painter may be in when he condescends to paint them. It is no consolation to them, when they see a well-known face caricatured by the exaggeration of a casual expression, or the selection of its most disagreeable aspect, to be told that the picture is a splendid piece of brushwork.

The dogma that acquits the artist of any moral responsibility is probably accountable for the gravest outrages of modern art, but there are at least two other prevalent notions which are prolific sources of insipidity and ugliness. These are that art is quite independent of subject, and that there is nothing ugly in nature. The latter is akin to the theory that there is no such thing as evil, and might, one would have thought, have been dissipated in many instances by a mere glance at a mirror. No doubt, however, there is some truth in it, and that nearly all objects may give pleasure when seen under certain effects of light. This power to transform the ugly and commonplace into sources of pleasure is of course one of the most essential qualifications of the

artist; it has been done by a number of painters of all nations, including especially the Dutch and the English. But failure is disastrous, and is almost the rule among the modern generation of painters, which is far more intent on triumph over technical difficulties, than on the total beauty of the result. This frequent indifference to the total beauty of the result is perhaps the most essential difference between the older and the younger art. However unlovely the separate forms introduced, however gross the subjects of Dutch and Flemish art, not only are all the parts executed with the greatest skill and care, but the picture is a piece of organized beauty—beauty of composition, of color, and of tone. In modern, or at least in the most modern art, there is, indeed, abundant cleverness of execution, and often much beauty (in a purely artistic sense) in passages, but too often the whole is a thing of ugliness, which no one would be glad to see in nature, or wish to remember if he did.

The indifference to subject, which seems to me to be a fruitful cause of this lack of beauty, has unfortunately been intentionally or unintentionally fostered by the example of several men of very distinct talents, if not of genius. Among those most often cited as prophets of what may be called the new gospel of paint are M. Degas, Mr. Whistler, and the late M. Manet. None would wish to restrain any artist of such exceptional gifts as these from full liberty to use them as their feeling prompts them. They have all done their best to throw new life into their art, to destroy stale conventions, to lop off boughs of false sentiment, and to make the language of painting pure and strong, and distinct from that of any other art. Yet no artist can get away from subject any more than from his shadow, and no indifference to it can prevent him from exercising his faculty of selection, so that one may be allowed to regret that M. Degas (as M. Manet before him) should choose the victims of absinthe as subjects specially fitted for the exercise of his great powers, and show so marked a preference for the lights of the theatre and the postures of ballet girls. With Mr.

Whistler the case is different; his selection of subject, though dictated no less (indeed, it seems to me much more) by his artistic feeling, is seldom if ever ugly in any sense, and though he is very slight, he never forgets the total effect. Most even of his sketches are "things of beauty," not very substantial "joys," indeed, but yet "joys for ever" to those who can taste them at all. He is, truly, an artist pure and simple, with a sense of his materials and tools, whether he works with the etching needle or pastel, with water-color or oil, such as can scarcely be excelled. He has done, in a manner altogether masterly, things which no other artist has done before; he has revealed new beauties in nature and added to the resources of art. But he has also turned his back on human interests, he has done his best to dissociate art from everything but art itself, and has labored apparently for the sole end of showing what it is to be an artist, and nothing more. So far so good, as far as he himself is concerned, but what of his effect upon others? He has done more perhaps than any one else to fill our galleries with pretentious inanities, for his many followers cannot imitate the artist, but they succeed excellently in imitating the "nothing more."

Another of the many notions in the air which conduce to insipidity in modern pictures is the bogey called the "literary idea." This, like most of the prevalent notions which more or less direct the efforts of modern painting, has its germ of truth, but it is pushed to ridiculous extremes. That the main effort of the professor of any kind of art should be to express those ideas most suitable to its special means, and give those pleasures which no other art can give in like measure, are propositions which few will deny. But the ideas or the pleasures which are exclusively the property of any one art are very few, and to exclude all others from its province would be to pauperize it. I do not know which would be more pauperized, literature or art, if the right of painting in words and that of telling stories in paint were both abolished. Literature and art, if not twins, were at least rocked in the same

cradle, and have lived in perfect harmony since the beginning of the world. The history of art to the present time is little more than the history of the now discredited "illustration," and the suggestion that this has all been wrong, and that literature and art are henceforward to take separate paths is almost too ridiculous for argument. But the existence of such a tendency is undoubted, and is justified mainly as a revolt against the popularity of pictures in which appeals to cheap sentiment were more successful than the most exquisite painting, or in which themes drawn from or suitable to literature were chosen without regard to their fitness for pictorial expression, or were treated without the exercise of the pictorial faculty. But similar faults and misconceptions are incidental to all arts, and the remedy in this case is surely not to taboo sentiment altogether, but to adopt that which is truer and nobler, as artists in the past have done; not to discard themes which, appealing to all humanity, are proper subjects for both literature and art, but to show how they should be conceived by the graphic artist, and treated in the manner appropriate to the painter. By this means only can painters retain their noble heritage intact.

Probably the younger painters do not fully realize how large and noble a territory they have already abandoned, and how small and comparatively worthless a strip of land they are bent upon overpopulating. Fortunately, the former has not disappeared but is cultivated by numerous artists in "black and white," the comparatively despised "book illustrators," whom the future historian cannot neglect if he wishes to discover what was most fanciful and imaginative, most national and noble in English art of this period. There he will find that not even ideal beauty is dead, and that the present world of England of all classes, in town or country, is mirrored with truth and liveliness. It is perhaps only consistent with modern views that the beauty of line and contour, and the searching draughtsmanship which show the beauty of construction (say of the hand), should be comparatively left to the sculptor and the artist of the point,

but at a time when so much importance is claimed for *technique*, and such particular stress is laid on the mechanical restrictions of each branch of art, it seems strange that painters should not cultivate that beauty of color which is the peculiar distinction of their craft. But we have only to compare any assemblage of modern pictures, I will not say with the National Gallery, but with pictures by the earlier masters of the English School, with the works of Reynolds and Gainsborough, with Turner and Old Crome, and even with those of many minor masters of the period, to see a change which may be in the direction of truth with regard to particular effects of light, but is certainly not in the direction of beauty. Instead of rich harmonies in full scale, we have at most a melody of two or three notes, and instead of a blending of the truths of tone and color (without which, indeed, no really fine color can be produced), we have on the one hand scores of pictures in which color is almost ostentatiously sacrificed to tone, and on the other, an equal number in which tone is sacrificed to color. Nor is anything more observable than the deterioration in the quality of the color. Instead of purity and transparency, we have dirt and dinginess; instead of infinite gradation, the bluntest of contrasts; instead of exquisite variation in "inclosed" color, the dull monotony of a plasterer; instead of delightful illusion which make us forget the material, we have what is obviously paint and nothing else. With regard to handling also, which is surely a purely technical matter, can it be said that the change, if in the direction of dexterity and smartness, has been also in the direction of beauty? In this case if any, surely the old maxim of *ars est celare artem* is peculiarly applicable. It was felt by the old masters, whose clear, crisp touches, drawing and painting at the same time, and infinitely varied shape and stress, needed no disguise; yet, though beautiful in themselves, and in the case of such free handlers as Veronese or Velasquez not concealed, they never obtrude themselves on the notice, to the disturbance of the general effect. To-day, the ostentatious display of the method by

which the result is achieved seems to be one of the principal aims of the painter, who is "up to date." The canvas is often covered with a slovenly mess of strokes and streaks, smears and splashes, the intention of which is only to be realized at a distance, which too frequently adds little enchantment to the view.

It is probably useless to remonstrate. The world of young artists is split up into sections, each of them pursuing some particular "notion," which represents to them the whole and complete truth about art. They are united in neither aim nor principle, and if they care nothing for the opinion of the public, care scarcely more for that of their professional brethren. The voice of Reason herself could hardly expect a hearing in such a Babel. But it would be well for those at least who are still in training, and have not yet become possessed by any particular fad, to decide whether the function of an artist is fulfilled by the exhibition of professional skill, the following of his own whims and caprices without regard to the common sense of the many, and the record of the impressions on his retina without regard to their beauty or value, and to think whether it would not be wiser for an artist, instead of wandering about asking "What is beauty?" as Pilate asked "What is truth?" to endeavor to find out at least what specially appeals to him as such, and how far his view is in accordance with the best taste of all ages; and to determine, at least, that he will not devote his life to the manufacture of works which will lower the moral standard of art and promote the worship of the ugly.

Even if he clings to the creed that the artist is responsible to himself only, and not to the public, he has, it is to be hoped, some pride in his profession, and would not wish the day to come when the taste of the painter should be generally recognized as below that of the most cultivated classes of the day. Yet is not there at least some danger of this? Already he or she who demands something in a picture more than professional merit, who cannot pardon all faults against taste or manners for the sake of the execution, who

refuses to tolerate vulgarity because the painting is "slick," or to be interested in the dullest of landscapes because of its admirable "value;" who cannot admire a mean face on account of its excellent "lighting," and recoils from a gross "nude" notwithstanding the pearliness of the tints—who, in a word, expects some pleasure from a work of art which the artist will not or cannot give, is regarded from the art-camp as a Philistine. But the number of persons to whom such pictures yield no pleasure is not only a very large one, but includes probably the majority of

men and women of good breeding and fine feeling, of culture and of intellect, and if there should come a time when the present more "advanced" theory and practice of the painter's art prevail, and they should look in vain in our picture-galleries for the beauty, the fine taste, or any of those stimulants to imagination, or to wholesome and elevating emotion, which have from time immemorial been associated with the name of art, will not the term Philistine be more properly applied to the painters themselves?—*National Review*.

A WINTER'S DAY IN MID-FOREST.

BY FRED. WHISHAW.

It does not sound very cheery and inviting, I know; the reader would probably reply, if asked how he would like to spend the whole of a winter day in the middle of a pine forest, that there are few things he would not prefer to such an occupation. Fancy, he would say, the cold of it, and the dreariness and monotony of an eternity of pine trees stretching away on every side to the vanishing point. Is there any one who would care to spend such a day as has been suggested, with the certainty of being half, if not entirely frozen, and a fair chance of being eaten up by wolves or rendered idiotic by the hopeless dulness? Could any sane person be found ready to leave the comforts of town, the cosy armchair by the fire, and the book or periodical, in order to spend a number of miserable hours shivering on snow-shoes beneath the snow-laden branches of a million pine trees?

Without entering into the question of the sanity of the proceeding, I unreservedly affirm that I, for one, would gladly and readily devote a day to such an enterprise—ay, any day, any hour! You, reader, who have not, perhaps, had the opportunity of seeing the sights which I am now about to describe, may well be excused for receiving the above statement with a smile of incredulity and amusement; for, as I have already admitted, it does not sound a very

cheery and inviting programme for a day's occupation. Nevertheless I, who have seen all that I tell of many times, know well that there are few ways of spending a fine February day more delightfully and profitably than in mid-forest, upon snow-shoes of course, and without extraneous assistance other than, if possible, a kindred spirit for companion, an open heart, and a good gun over the shoulder; for then, if you keep your eyes open also and your mind ready to receive the impressions which will come crowding into it, you will find plenty to occupy you and to keep you amused and happy as the hours go by.

First of all there is the sunshine. There is always a sense of exhilaration in the first plucky efforts of the spring sun to free the long-suffering earth from the tyranny of winter. But when you are conscious of frost in the air sufficiently potent to send the mercury cowering down into the depths of the thermometer several degrees below zero, and mark that brave sun-god—no whit afraid of meeting the frost-demon upon his own ground—suddenly come smiling through the death-like chilliness of the atmosphere, like a broad visitation of cheerful hope into the realms of black despair, it is enough to make you laugh and sing. What though those plucky rays can as yet do little or nothing in active opposition

to the power of the enemy?—the sun is going to fight on, day by day, until he has vanquished and put to flight the old despot now sitting tight, like black fate, upon the shoulder of his prisoner, earth. He puts heart of grace into all things animate and inanimate; they know him well, and when they see him coming smiling over the land they take courage, for it is the beginning of the end. It is as though the sun cried: "Patience, poor pine trees, a little while longer, only a little while; for I am young and feeble, but I shall grow stronger daily, and presently I shall come and engage the enemy with a might which is irresistible, then I shall be the king and my foes must perish, and there shall be joy once more over the forest!"

So day after day the February sun struggles heroically with the frost, gaining a little now, and again losing ground. Gradually he disarms the enemy, whose snow armor begins to show signs of wear as the month goes on. At night the frost-demon repairs the ravages of the day and presents a bolder front at morning than at evening. He is busy in the darkness, like other rogues. But his eventual discomfiture is certain and all the forest people know it, and this is why they all rejoice and put on their best appearance when the popular hero comes out to fight during those still-cruelly cold days of the February month. Just look at the forest—if you had been here a month or two ago, say during the dismal, dreary month of December or the first half of January, how different everything would have appeared! There would have stretched before your eyes an eternal and depressing vista of dark, sombre, melancholy-looking pines, bent and groaning beneath snow burdens—silent, grim, hopeless; beings given over to the tyranny of a hated despot and tyrant, devoid of the hope of brighter days, forgotten by the old champion of last year—the sun-god, who died in October, and can do no more, apparently, to help his poor *protégés*! See it now. Look at those same pines now! Did ever human eye behold anything more beautiful in the way of the metamorphosing effect of a ray or two of sunlight?

They have almost rid themselves of their snow-burdens, for the winter winds have pitied them, and, by gently swaying their gaunt bodies backward and forward, have gradually helped them to cast away their oppressive bondage.

A few particles of fresh snow fell during the night and the trees are one and all covered this morning with a delicate fringe of rime, which pencils out each point and needle of every little twig up to the extremest tip-top of every pine tree of the millions that surround us; a garment of beauty than which nothing can be conceived more lovely. The rays of the sun have got hold of these rime-embroidered pine fringes, and see what they have made of them! Is there a filigree worker in all India who could have done this thing? Let him look upon the handiwork of Jeweller Sun and say whether he could produce anything approaching the delicacy and beauty of these tiny twigs and needles, traced, every one of them, with perfect distinctness in the most exquisite of silver filigree set in myriads of sparkling diamonds.

Under foot there is further evidence of the skill of this same jeweller. Far as the dazzled eye can see he has transformed the snow particles with that magic touch of his and converted each into a brilliant of the purest water. The splendor of them is almost intolerable, and we shall probably be obliged to improvise sunshades if we are to pass the whole day in his too gorgeous effulgence.

Then the air. Talk, or rather don't talk of ozone, champagne, or of any such hackneyed means of exhilaration; these are all very well in their way; but where is the brand of champagne to equal the crisp February air of the pine forest for putting life and spirit into a man? Stand and breathe it awhile, saturated as it is with sunlight and laden with the intoxicating delight of absolute purity, and wholesome, bracing, and vigorous with the energy which the united action of hard frost, brilliant sunshine, and the smell of the pines alone can give it. Standing and breathing such air as this, the main difficulty is to keep quiet and not

give way to an insane desire to dance about on one's snow-shoes and sing wild songs; for it won't do to indulge in that sort of thing, because our mission is to remain silent and hidden in order that we may watch and see what life, if any, is going on in this vast still forest, that seems at first sight so empty and lonely and devoid of every form of active existence.

Yet, if we resist the desire to laugh and sing and move about, and if we stand still and endure the cold awhile, we shall see that there is no lack of life around us; the forest is teeming with it, though it is revealed slowly and by degrees, and beginning, perhaps, with nothing more important than our discovery of a field-mouse. Look at him! he has appeared from goodness knows where, goodness knows why! Surely he would be wiser to stay comfortably at home far away beneath the snow, in this bitter cold weather! Yet he must needs come out and run about all over our snow-shoes and carefully inspect our felt boots; he sniffs at them and runs away a short distance over the crusted snow and returns to sniff again and yet again; they are evidently of the greatest interest to him, since he cannot make up his mind to leave them and proceed with his morning's engagements and duties, whatever these may be. Probably he is reflecting that here, by the merest piece of good fortune, he has happened upon the very material for his spring nest that he has been on the lookout for for weeks! What lovely soft stuff! he thinks; so warm too—the very thing of all others the missus would approve of! At which thought away he scuttles to fetch that lady. If we like to wait long enough he will presently return with her, and together they will sit awhile in judgment over the newly found material for prospective nest-making. A slight movement of the foot is enough to put all domestic ideas to flight, together with the happy couple themselves, and away they scuttle together over the snow-diamonds, the missus perhaps indulging in sarcastic personalities as to the wisdom of gentlemen field-mice, who bring their wives out into the cold in order to show them nothing more practical than a

length of locomotive material; a truly gentleman-like idea of a valuable discovery, and a nice sort of stuff, indeed, by way of a nest to bring up the children in! Let us move on a little further, for it is impossible in this cold to stay in one spot very long at a time. At the first sign of a living creature we will hide ourselves again.

We are not permitted to enjoy much exercise. There comes a whirring of wings and we retire behind two pine-stems. Like bolts from the blue two birds come darting with lightning rapidity through the trees; they flash past us and settle in one instant almost over our very heads—a pair of beady-eyed tree-partridges, the tamest birds that fly and some of the swiftest. Probably they see us just as plainly as we see them, but they don't mind. On the contrary, they treat us with quite marked disregard, for they immediately begin to attend to their toilette as though they were unobserved. They sit and preen their dark gray feathers, now and again lifting a wing and digging into the recess beneath it with fierce determination, as though they feel that they have borne with those untidy little feathers long enough, and will put up with them no longer; either they shall lie straight, or out they come! Now, the wing feathers being adjusted, they bend their necks or screw them round, and attend to other uneven or ruffled surfaces. One or two of the badly behaved little plumelets elect to come out rather than submit to discipline, and flutter in the bright air for a moment or two ere they lazily float down to earth at our very feet, to adorn our caps presently, and to remind us, perhaps, on future occasions of their beautiful little proprietors.

The silence is so wonderful that we scarcely dare to breathe for fear of marring it. It hardly enters into one's mind to perpetrate the sacrilege of firing a shot—yet how very easy it would be to raise one's gun and help one's self to yonder impertinent little pair so coolly unmindful of the potential death that lurks within our gun-barrels. Let them live, by all manner of means! They are most excellent eating, but we do not want them; we

shall make them a present of their pretty, innocent lives to do what they like with. They continue to preen and smooth and arrange, just as though there were no such thing as a loaded gun in the scheme of creation or invention! Soon they will take wing and dart away as suddenly as they arrived. I should like to dart after them, follow them about for an entire day, and find out what they do with their lives and how they spend their time. Are they perfectly happy here, one wonders, in their wild, free forest sanctuary? Are they ever dull and bored with life? I should say not. They have their living to get, and that is always an absorbing occupation. They know how to keep themselves well fed and nourished in the hardest of frosts just as well as in the soft days of bilberry and cranberry eating. But what do they do with their time during all the dull hours of the interminable northern winter? God knows! Perhaps every single pine tree is different in their eyes, and affords endless opportunity for research. Perhaps they find a constant and unfailing source of delight in the mere fact of being able to dart from place to place with the swiftness of the meteor (for the tree-partridge is one of the very swiftest fliers of all God's winged children, the forest people). Imagine the ease with which change of air and scene may be enjoyed by our little friends here! it is the work of a moment for them. They have but to feel a desire to taste the atmosphere a few miles further south, or north, or wherever it be; over yonder moor, perhaps, and across the next belt of forest, and—presto! a few lightning-quick beats of the powerful wings and they are at their destination, and busy preening their feathers and smoothing themselves after their flight, just exactly as they are doing at this very moment over our heads!

All very delightful and interesting, no doubt, but the cold—upon which the smiles of the sun make no impression whatever—is too severe to allow of a very prolonged inspection of even so beautiful an object as a tree-partridge, so we go one way and our feathered acquaintances go the other with a rapidity of movement which proves

that they distrust us, and have not realized and appreciated our generosity in making them a present of a new lease of life! Perhaps they could not fly slowly if they tried, they always seem to be at high pressure. But who comes here? Somebody in white, moving deliberately, unlike the two little spirits of the air whom we have just been watching, moving quite slowly over the ground in hops and jumps and short canters of a few yards at a time; he is as white as the surface of the snow itself; get behind a tree-trunk and watch. It is a hare, of course, a white hare, ruddy brown in the summer, but snow-colored now. This is Nature's kindly arrangement for his safety, for the poor fellow has no power of himself to help himself, supposing one of his many enemies happens to meet him by the way, and therefore Nature dresses him up in a garment of white in order that he may lie in the snow in moments of danger and thus escape observation. He appears to have plenty of time upon his hands, anyway, and is in no sort of a hurry; here he comes, ambling along as though there were no object in life save to visit every little tuft of dry and yellow grass that sticks up here and there from out of the snow and sniff at it for a moment before proceeding to the next patch! When he has cantered up to this and smelt at it he ambles away again, in no particular direction—right or left of his original path, it's all the same to him, and presently he may be observed retracing his steps, bound, apparently, for the place he first came from! Suddenly a thought seems to strike him, and he returns to his original line and approaches us once more. It is not March yet, so it would scarcely be fair to say that the poor witless old fellow is mad; but February is well on, and so, we should say, is his insanity. In another fortnight he will be as mad as, well—as mad as any other March hare. Watch him twist his whiskers about as he comes along, and see how his nose wriggles without ceasing! Probably he is very nervous of lurking dangers, and constantly on the lookout for surprises; for the forest is full of bitter enemies to his peace; their

name is legion, though he has never harmed a soul, poor chap, and would not know how to set about it if he felt ever so vindictive. The worst of all his enemies, because the most numerous and the most cunning, is Reynard the fox, whom poor innocent pussy naturally considers the evil spirit, the ogre, the demon of the forest; for F-O-X spells death to him and the devil, in one. The number of murders for which Reynard is responsible every year is not to be computed; hare is his standing dish in these parts, and our friend here has doubtless had many a narrow escape. If only he could speak, and we could persuade him that we were benevolently disposed toward him, and could get him to sit here for a space and spin yarns for our edification, what exciting tales he could tell us of pursuits and surprises, and pitiless day-long trackings and eventual hair-breadth escapes from the very jaws of the enemy!

Here he comes; he is going to pass within a foot or two of our ambush, and yet he has not detected our presence. Poor innocent—he is not half “up” in woodcraft! If he were a wolf, now, or a lynx, he would have known of us long since; some of the forest people are worthy of the name, but this poor old chap is only a fool. Give a soft whistle and you shall see what you will see. . . . Look at that! he has actually sat down; taken a seat in the cold snow in order to stare around and fidget his whiskers awhile and consider, with proper deliberation and without undue haste, what the curious newfangled sound should portend. A fox, or any forest person worth his salt, would have first disappeared and then thought the matter over; but this half-witted individual must needs stop and consider and run a great risk simply because the shock of hearing an unfamiliar sound has loosened his knee-joints and made a short halt necessary for the recovery of nerve—it is pitiful! His nose is working like the perpetual motion, but he has not scented us out, neither has he caught sight of us—his incapacity is really pathetic. Suddenly he decides that it was a false alarm; it's all right, he thinks, and he rises from his cold

seat and resumes his objectless meandering. As his head happens to point south-east when he comes to this resolution he travels away in that direction; had he been looking northwest he would have gone northwest. I am sure he has no fixed idea what part of the country he is making for, or why he is going there and not somewhere else! And so the poor empty-headed old fellow will go on, slippitty-slopping through life, following his nose whithersoever that restless feature may chance to lead him, and getting his meals when and where he can between the attacks of his enemies. God has given him four very serviceable legs, and when he can put these in motion he may laugh at the speed of either Reynard or any one else; but the day will come when some one will make a pounce while he is sitting down to listen, and if his four good legs do not get to work quicker than his wits there will be an end of our poor friend, and the forest will be the poorer by a hare.

Talking of enemies, here comes old Mephisto himself! Look at him, grinning as he trots along, and looming red against the white of the snow. It is Reynard, following in poor old crazy Mr. Hare's tracks, and tracing every deviation made by that amiably eccentric individual, at a slow but steady trot. This will bring him close to our ambush, unless he first detects our presence here. He certainly looks very handsome, though extremely wicked withal. That grin of his is a most diabolic grin; it says as plain as words: “I shall have this fool of a hare to-day, for he's getting as cracked as they make 'em, and he is close in front of me at this moment, and when I've got him I shall give him what-for, because he has led me many a dance for nothing. Ha, ha! Just a little extra nip and a bit of a worry—won't he yell!”

Now I am going to shoot this fox, for several reasons. The first is, that I shall not be hung for it in this country; indeed, no one will think the worse of me for the act, but rather the better. Then he is the evil genius of many worthy forest-people, besides silly old Mr. Hare. It is difficult to believe such things of any one, but I have it on the best authority that this

miscreant is in the habit of murdering that heroic lady the Gray-Hen (wife of Lord Blackcock), as she sits upon the nest which is shortly to be filled with the little honorables, her sons and daughters; she will not fly in order to escape his fangs, but prefers to stand by her eggs until her flesh is actually pierced, and when self-preservation at length asserts itself—not as the first but as a subordinate law of Nature—and she tries to escape, it is too late. It is also true that this detestable ogre of the woods has fattened his red carcase upon the helpless, toothsome little ones of the willow-grouse, the wild duck, and even (though I scarcely dare to breathe the dreadful words) upon the august little person of the young capercailzie princelings! Surely all this is evidence enough for the death-warrant of such an arch-traitor and rogue! he shall die in his sins, and many lives shall be saved thereby during this coming springtime. Wait a minute, let him advance just a little nearer, and then we will speak to him in the voice of doom. Now then! up with our guns and let them execute sentence upon the culprit! But the culprit is an exceedingly wily culprit, and the glint of the sunlight upon the barrels has informed him in an instant of his danger. During that one instant he has turned, and is now a streak of fleeing fleeting red pigment dancing in and out among the pine trees—an escaping convict! Not so fast, ogre and demon, you are running away from your judges; you are convicted and sentenced; you have a debt to pay; and, listen, your doom is already sounding from the mouth of this trusty executioner of steel. There, he is dead, he will murder no more! the forest will be the richer this summer by many leveret-babes and grouse-children, and the murder of innumerable innocents is avenged! Moreover, the skin of the fox forms an uncommonly neat little carpet, and fits to a nicety beneath the pedals of a piano. We shall toss for it, you and I, and it shall remind us to all time of a hare saved from an untimely fate before the ides of March shall have arrived to smite him with delightful madness.

But now, since we have destroyed all

chance of seeing any more of the forest people just about this spot—for we have annihilated the stillness and set the air reverberating with the grossness of the noise of our guns—let us be up and moving. One's blood seems to stagnate as one stands and watches; a little quick snow shoe running will soon set it flowing again. There are few forms of exercise which will produce that effect in a shorter time, especially if you come across anything in the nature of a hill which requires surmounting. There are no hills here, however, and our sole embarrassment lies in the dodging of the pine trees. Snow shoes have a way which is entirely their own in dealing with pine trees; it is *de rigueur* with them to go one on each side of the stem if they can possibly so arrange matters. This is manifestly exceedingly awkward for their rider, and his relations with the pine tree in question, whom he thus meets face to face in the middle, are strained and embarrassing to a degree.

What a maze of tracks of every shape and size! At this advanced period of the winter very little new snow falls, and therefore the footmarks of the inhabitants multiply and accumulate daily. Here are some huge cavities, large deep holes, crowded together and penetrating apparently to the very bottom of the snow. If only this trail were fresh we might, with some reason, grow excited over it, and race home to the lodge for keepers and beaters—for this is the sign-manual of a family of elk—a large family too, five august personages have passed this way; but, alas! when? the track may be a week old or even more.

Only fancy if we had happened to be here at the right moment—that is just when these five lordly creatures had been predestined to pass this very spot and to plant their feet here and here, where these great holes are! Where are they now, these five great beings who passed by in their majesty a day or two days or a week ago? they are gone, perhaps fifty miles away, perhaps two hundred; perhaps, again, they were within earshot when we executed Master Reynard there, and threw up their great heads at the sound, and pounded and crashed away through

the deep snow in the grand way that only an elk can ! It is a sight to see once and to remember always.

Fox tracks abound—single line tracks these, very neat and unmistakable ; so are the triangles of the cantering hares ; and here is something that might be a big dog, but is more probably a wolf. If you look close you will see that several wolves have passed this way, each stepping—like a sensible creature—in the track of the leader in order to save itself trouble. This is the way of the wolves when they travel. The wolves are a wise people and know a thing or two !

There are no bear-tracks at this season, for the bears know better than to waste their energies in dragging their heavy bodies through the deep snow ; they are asleep in their *berlogs*, or winter quarters. There may be one within hail of us for all we know to the contrary ; indeed, we might easily stumble upon one of these snow-dens of theirs and crash through it and find ourselves in the august presence of old Mr. Bruin himself at any moment. Such things have happened. Should we or the bear be the more startled ? I wonder. And which of us would be out and round the corner the quickest, we or he ? Speaking for myself, I believe I should make very good time indeed under the circumstances, but then, so, undoubtedly, would the bear, unless she happened to be a lady bear with small cubs, in which case there would probably be a bear-hunt, with the present writer taking the rôle generally played by the bear.

Now we have come to the end of this belt of forest, and there opens before us a wide dazzling plain of snow. On the tops of the very outermost trees that fringe the dark mass of their fellows sit a number of big black birds that look like crows at the first glance. At the second you can see the bright red eyebrows and the dazzling neck plumage which declare the blackcock. If you have not happened to notice those points, however, the next proceedings of the birds would betray them to you who they are. At the first sight of us they have risen in a body and fled packed across the open. Suddenly every wing is folded and

every neck bent earthward ; the entire company swoops—there is a clond of snow floating away in the air, and they are gone. There is not a trace of them left ! Now is our time, if we have sufficient woodcraft to understand this mystery. They have taken a header into the snow. We have them at our mercy ! All we have to do is to creep up and shoot them down as they struggle one by one from their living grave and take wing. They pass the night tunnelled in this way beneath the snow, but if you happen to mark the place and walk about over their heads they will come out, and then, ye gods ! what a time the gunner may have among them before he has done with them ! Only take care that you do not get knocked over by one of them, for they rise here, there, and everywhere from the very bowels of the earth, and one may easily knock your hat off as he forces his way out of prison, or startle the heart out of your body by appearing suddenly, like a black ghost from nowhere, between your very snow-shoes !

As we hasten over the moor toward the spot where we have marked down this large blackcock family—forty or fifty of them, we compute it—we see a very pretty sight. A company of little white spectres rises almost at our feet and flits away into the very heart of the forest—willow-grouse, eight or ten of them. How difficult it is to watch their flight over the white snow, for Mother Nature has dressed these bantlings, as she has dressed the hares, in raiment of snow color for their protection. Now and again the eye of the sun falls upon them as they fly, and a flash of light is sent back to us as we gaze. Suddenly they disappear ; probably they have settled.

We stand and watch the blackcocks struggle scared from their snow graves and scatter their shrouds as they dart away. Perhaps we shoot a brace or so. It is like shooting at a haystack, for they rise at any distance, from a yard to ten yards, and take some time getting free. If we wanted them, we could shoot a couple of dozen.

Then away we glide once more. The February day is a very short one in these latitudes and we do not care to

be out any longer than the sun. We have eaten our sandwiches and emptied our flasks; we have seen a number of the forest people, and done a good turn to many others by ridding them of an arch-enemy. The short day has been well spent; let us return through the forest and see the last of it. Crashing through the treetops goes a kingly bird, laughing to scorn such obstacles as twigs and smaller branches—they cannot stay his flight! It is a capercailzie, king of game birds, lord of the forest. Bare your head before his majesty ere he disappears into the secret places of his beautiful kingdom. There—he is gone! We can still hear the

crashing of his great wings among the trees in the distance, but we shall never see him again, for it is fierce scorn for him to be seen of men, and in his displeasure he will fly far away!

Let us turn homeward—we have seen enough. We will snow-shoe as quickly as we can toward the place where dinner is to be had and the creature comforts to which we are slaves; and as we skim along we can drink in the superb air and congratulate ourselves in that we have lived to see one of the most beautiful of God's creations—a pine forest under the spell and glamour of the February sun. — *Longman's Magazine.*

AN EVENING CHAT IN JAMAICA.

Of all seas the Caribbean has no foolish flatterers. And our passengers (though having nearly all travelled up from Peru, or further Chili, we thought ourselves well seasoned) for the most part had small appetites and feigned sleep.

Said one, "It has four distinct motions; a pitch and toss, a roll, and a wriggle!"

"You are all hard to please. Look at it blue and rippling. It is behaving as prettily as it can," returned the Captain. He wore a twinkling smile, a white suit, and a straw hat set jauntily on one side of his head. Then aside to the lady who sat on his right hand at meals—

"Why on earth are they all reading 'The English in the West Indies?'"

"It is Froude's Gospel of Jamaica to most of us. We want to get some ideas beforehand."

"Don't quote his opinions to the planters unless you want to raise a storm during your stay. Froude looks on everything from the blackest point of view. He seems to have met one disappointed individual whose lamentations he chronicles word for word. Now I, who have sailed here for years, think Jamaica quite a rich little island. Look at her monopolies of exports; her rum, logwood, pimento—the fruit trade with the States. Of course her old days of prosperity are gone by, I grant you."

"For the matter of that, one hears something about depression even in England. In India too; while as to trade in Chili and Peru, where I have just been staying, it is growing more difficult every day for the English to gain a livelihood."

"Exactly so. They might be worse off here. Well, I must leave you now, and see about taking the ship safely into Kingston. Try to see and hear several sides of the question if you can. You will soon get the celebrated first sight of the Blue Mountains and the harbor, which roused 'Tom Cringle,' Froude, and other travellers to such a height of enthusiasm."

Jamaica indeed loomed high and blue to starboard: the sea lulled to a dead calm. Ahead lay the once famous hell haunt of buccaneers and blood-boats, Port Royal; now sunk by its great earthquake to a low green landspit and a handful of houses. Behind these, Kingston gleamed white against a background of dark mountain bases and low rolling clouds. Suddenly a swift tropical shower blurred the view and drenched the decks clear of all idlers. Later, my first impression of Jamaica was a dripping jumble of palm trees, ships' bowsprits, and Kingston houses, mixed up among black coal mounds.

By good luck, the Captain's parting counsel became a possibility. It appeared that the Acting Governor was

awaiting my arrival to offer a delightful hospitality, but expected me, through some mistake, to arrive from North America. Not knowing this at first, I drove straight on landing to a quiet hotel frequented more by island families than winter visitors. Here for two days it rained—torrents!

The graceful bamboos were all a-rustle, and the gorgeous pink and crimson flowers, hibiscus, poinsettias, and corallines were drenched, while the tortured palm trees bowed their crowned heads, uselessly trying to escape from the lashing wind. This was in October, the rainy month, it should be explained.

Two nights while our cane "rockers" tapped rhythmically the polished floor, bare for sake of coolness, and while the warm rain streamed incessantly down before the open windows from black darkness, sat opposite groups engaged in talk upon one subject. They were inquirers and informants, new-comers and planters.

The former spoke little but to ask questions. The latter only ceased talk to light up for a fresh smoke, that kept mosquitoes off, except the most virulent.

Weather-bound were the said planters. For after coming down from their estates in the hills to shop and sleep in town, the rain proved too violent next day to be faced. Worse still, by evening came messages passed on by wire and telephone that two rivers were swollen and impassable. Bridges in Jamaica are few and low, and in the case of one of these luckless individuals of little use, as his road obliged him to drive his buggy and horses along the sea-coast past the wide mouths of two rivers. This calls to one's mind the Jamaican proverb, "No call alligator longmouth till you pass him."

Speaking of sugar in the island, this planter told me that the estates are small and the machinery very poor in Jamaica, compared with the great cane-fields and mills I had lately seen in Peru.

"But still we get along—and manage to make a small profit. Rum is the one thing in which no place can excel Jamaica. And a strange thing about it is, that one big estate will

produce only common stuff while a little one close by may be making the very finest spirit possible, at six, seven, or eight shillings a gallon. The cause seems to be from some difference in the soil. But what that is, no man can say. And here a planter has to be his own engineer and chemist, if he wants to succeed.

"As to the cane plants themselves, we cannot irrigate them at will and so bring them to the perfection that is gained in Peru. Still they do well, and in some gullies where surface soil is washed down from the surrounding higher ground, the canes have not been replanted within living memory. Again, other large estates always need to be fresh planted after the second cut.

"A great pest of the cane-fields here is a plant called cow-itch. This is somewhat like the scarlet runner, and it sheds from the outside of its pods a down that causes acute pain. Should cow-itch infest a patch of cane, this brake must be burned to prevent the mischief spreading widely afield.

"One day," said our informant, "I was riding through my fields and complained to a negress that one corner was not sufficiently cleared of the loose leaves. She told me, 'Too much cow-itch in it.' Not believing her, I got down from my horse and lifted some of the leaves myself. Heugh! how they stung! I could hardly keep from showing the pain, so mounted again and rode away without a word. But when I had got once out of sight, down I jumped pretty sharp and rubbed my hand well with earth."

This gentleman also told me something of the cinchona growth which has been fostered here recently by Government. It is known better under the form of quinine at home, and is a comparatively new attempt, which so far has been only a failure.

"What of sessel hemp, which has also lately been introduced into the island?" I queried.

"I fear our soil is too rich for it," said the planter, thoughtfully. "My own experience is that the sessel hemp thrives best on very poor land; just as does our big aloë, here called 'May-pole' by the people, because on May-

day their grandsires and grandams used to dance around it."

But after all, judging from what this planter and several others told me, whatever crops are under discussion, whether pimento, logwood, or bananas and oranges, coffee remains the finest present product of Jamaica. For the Blue Mountain and the Peaberry kinds—the latter being the finer of the two—have no equals, perhaps even in Mocha. They are bought up a year before grown for the Liverpool market, and are here supposed to be all intended for Russia.

The Peaberry derives its name from an apparent freak of nature, one round pea instead of twin seeds being found within the coffee berry, and containing a double flavor. These single berries, or peas, are hand-picked from out of the general mass. Some of the best coffee plantations are said to be quite small, but situated in favored gullies in the hills where the soil is extremely rich, being an alluvial deposit brought down by streams and winter torrents. As with canes, so with the coffee. Many of the latter grounds need replanting after sixteen years. But the Blue Mountain trees are famous for being perhaps sixty years of age.

"Coffee growing exhausts the soil so utterly that the land must lie fallow afterward," explained our Gamaliel. "'The saltpetre has got into the coffee, sah,' is the niggers' favorite expression when they pull up a tree to show you that it is rotten at the roots. Now considering that there is no saltpetre in the whole island, how and whence they ever got their idea of its qualities is a mystery to me."

The process of preparing coffee berries for market was now briefly explained to me by this kind acquaintance. When gathered, red and round as cherries, the berries are subjected to the only machine used throughout in the work. This is not unlike a nutmeg-grater, or graters, which free the twin beans inside the berry from their fleshy covering, leaving them clean and blue. They are then sun dried, and on the best plantations this is done by spreading them on barbecues, or cement terraces, sloped so as to allow rain to run off quickly, having gut-

ters all around and one raised place in the middle. The beans are raked constantly to expose all of them in turn to the sun; but should there be any signs of rain coming over the sky, the whole crop is gathered with haste into a heap in the raised centre, and a shelter-house on wheels is drawn over them while the bad weather lasts. Last of all, the berries are hand picked with care, and the finest are put aside.

"Labor is at present the great drawback of our island," ended the planter. "See what thousands of acres are lying waste in the mountains! I don't blame Quashey for sneaking off high up there and settling himself down free of any landlord. It's a great temptation instead of having to pay me rent of 17. an acre; though in the latter case if one goes up to measure what he is really cultivating, it turns out to be five or six acres, instead of the two he was at first given."

"But that seems a rather heavy rent. How can he bring his produce down to Spanish Town, or Kingston, and sell it?"

"On his wife's and children's heads; also on jackass-back; last of all on his own. He generally rides up on his ass to his ground of a morning, wife and children filing after him; then the wife works hard, and perhaps he does a little, or else he lies on his back."

"But you have coolie labor now in Jamaica?"

"Certainly. Without that we could never get on; for it is no longer as in old days when the slaves were concentrated on the estates. Each coolie costs over 16*l.* to the Indian Government, half in passage money coming here, and the rest either for their return journey or as bounty in case they choose to stay after their time is out—but few do. They are very good laborers, and I like the coolies."

These East Indian coolies are now quite an oriental feature in this West Indian island. A visit to their village at Mona is like being transplanted to the other side of the globe. The coolies are induced to come out here by Government agents, and are indentured for a fixed time; their industrial service in the colony lasting for a term of ten years. In return their employ-

ers guarantee them work for six days in the week, at 1s. per day for men and 9d. for women. Hospitals are provided for them carefully by the Government, and in sickness a coolie receives his half-pay until he is recovered. Whereupon our talk ended that night. For early hours are necessary in Jamaica, where people rise at six, or often

five, to avoid being out later in the great heat of mid-day. Our planter had ordered his buggy and horses even before cockerow, *at half-past two!* By daylight he trusted to reach his first ford, where, if the river had not fallen, he must needs await its doing so.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

MODERN HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

BY DR. ALFRED SCHOFIELD.

THE element we have to speak of is the air or the atmosphere. As with fire, the term "element" is a misnomer for what is really a somewhat complex mixture.

The atmosphere is the best term to use for the air in London, as it more correctly describes the mixture at the bottom of which we move about than the shorter word. "Atmosphere" means a "sphere or globe of smoke," and the dingy curtain that hangs over London is rather dilute smoke than air. We have spoken of being at the bottom of this mixture, for it must be remembered the air is an ocean that surrounds the globe to a fairly uniform depth of some forty miles, and it is at the bottom of this ocean, where the mixture is densest and most impure, that we exist. Meteors have, however, been observed to take fire at something like two hundred miles away from this earth, so that it is probable that oxygen, at any rate, is found extending to that distance.

Like the lower forms of life at the bottom of the Atlantic, we are prisoners at the bottom of our air ocean, and can never hope to rise to the top, for even a few miles up the air becomes too thin to support life. Even healthy people require a good thick mixture to live in comfortably, while asthmatics often thrive best in an atmosphere like pea-soup.

The color of the four "elements" is interesting. The *air* seen in bulk is blue, the *earth* is green, the *water* blue and green; *fire*, of course, being, in strong contrast to these, vivid red or yellow.

The waves of light constituting blue or green are probably the most restful of any to the eye, situated as they are about the middle of the spectrum, and being, therefore, of average length and rapidity. We are conscious of this, and find positive relief in resting our eyes on green or bluish-green, after a study in scarlet.

We have alluded to air being a mixture, and the fact is important. All know that it is not a compound—that is, the union of two or more elements to form a new substance in the same way that the union of two gases produces the liquid water. The gases that form the air do not unite, but simply mix. The proofs of this are numerous: it is, however, enough to say that one of the gases is used by us constantly without the other, which could not be the case if air was a chemical combination. Indeed, it could not be used for respiration were the gases combined, for fish do not use in respiration the oxygen which, in combination with hydrogen, forms water, but are dependent on that extra amount of oxygen which may be mixed with the water from the air. Another fact in proof of this is that no amount of water drunk can supply the blood with oxygen, although water is so largely composed of it. Of the mysterious force that thus "combines" elements, we know nothing, nor of the fixed, yet apparently capricious, reasons that oblige one volume of oxygen to combine always with two of hydrogen in forming water.

This mixture, then, that we call air may be said roughly to be one-fifth

oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen. In addition, as is now well known, certain differences between the nitrogen obtained from the air and that produced by other means have led to the discovery of a third gas, allied to nitrogen, to which the name "argon" has been given, meaning without work, it being of such an inert nature.

In addition also to these two or three main constituents there is also always a small trace of carbonic acid gas, about four parts in 10,000.

These facts are, of course, familiar, but it is not, perhaps, generally known that the oxygen may be of different qualities. At least three varieties may be distinguished. The best for respiratory purposes is a variety known as ozone, which owes its extraordinary vitalizing powers, on which so much of the virtues of our sea coasts depend, to the fact that its molecule, or its smallest constituent part, is formed of three atoms, and not, as in ordinary oxygen, of two. The third atom, moreover, is united so loosely to the other two that it is very easily retained in the body, and unites with great facility with the hæmoglobin in red corpuscles of the blood.

This ozone is never found in towns, and seldom in the outskirts, never where the wind blows from the town, and only occasionally a trace when it is from the country. It is found in the country to a variable extent, but largely everywhere on the sea coasts, and most especially where large tracts of sea-weed are left exposed at low water.

The next variety is the ordinary pure oxygen, which is good enough for all practical purposes.

The third variety is an important one, though not very distinctly recognized by science, and consists of oxygen that has been frequently respired.

We all know that three-fourths at least of the oxygen we draw in at each breath is expired unused. There can be no doubt that after a time such oxygen is no longer pure. It is found that if an electric spark is passed through the air of a room that has been long occupied this breathed oxygen can be at once fastened by changing part of it into ozone, which is al-

ways produced by the passage of the electric current through air.

The nitrogen, of which four-fifths of the air is composed, is itself an inert gas, neither burning nor supporting combustion, and is of little use to us in the air in its free state, save as a diluent of the other more fiery gas.

Although our very life depends upon our absorbing at least 300 grains of nitrogen per diem, and though we breathe pounds of it in our lungs, we are absolutely unable to make any use of it in its raw state. We must take it in the form of the complex compound "albumen," which is the basis of meat and many grain foods. And so a man may die of nitrogen starvation, surrounded by an infinite amount of it, because he has no money to purchase it in its compound form.

We are not in a position to say anything yet as to the uses of "argon," but we may recall a fact or two relating to the trace of carbonic acid gas, of which we spoke.

What oxygen is to the animal kingdom this small amount of carbonic acid is to the vegetable world.

The oxygen that plants thus set free by their vital processes make them invaluable in a sick-room by day, and especially in the sunlight.

Besides gases, air contains liquids and solids. The liquids principally consist of water in the form of vapor.

Water vapor exists in varying quantities in all air but of the Sahara and other deserts. The most pleasant air to breathe is that which contains about three-quarters of the moisture it can hold. Water vapor does not make air heavier, but lighter; clouds, as a rule, do not lie on the ground.

Breathing, of course, moistens the air rapidly.

The solid impurities in air are both organic and inorganic, in the form of dust.

Among the organic dust we find bacteria of all sorts to the number of 3,000 per cubic yard in town and 300 in the country. It is well to know that these germs, as a rule, are not so dangerous or so active as when in water or food. We also get particles of skin, hair, wood, flax, wool, cotton, silk, starch, seeds, and street refuse.

Among inorganic particles we note sand, chalk, lime, clay, rust, metal, and mineral dusts of all sorts, and last, but not least, carbon.

Dusts may be divided into those that are nutritious, those that are inert, and those that are injurious.

Starch and flour dust is food, and so also is said to be in some degree the dust of softer woods.

Coal dust is a notable example of an inert dust. We are sure the general idea is that it is very injurious. This is not so.

Among dusty trades, coal miners, for instance, suffer least from respiratory disease. They reach only about three-quarters of the average male deaths, fishermen being one-half. The reason of this is that coal dust has no sharp corners, and does not cut or tear the tissues. On the contrary, it lies in the lungs until they are actually full of coal dust from end to end, and, instead of being a bright pink, like the lungs of a countryman, the lungs of a Londoner are black, and yet he is none the worse for it. I think, considering our smoky atmosphere, we may be devoutly thankful that it causes a greater waste of soap than of lives.

All metal and most mineral dusts are injurious.

Tin dust is very bad, respiratory disease being six times as prevalent among tin miners as among coal miners.

Then we get iron and steel dust, and clay dust, as breathed by potters.

Dust is washed out of the air periodically by the rain, which effectually cleanses it for the time being. This is the reason why air after a shower is so deliciously pure to breathe.

The purity of the air is, however, not merely a matter of taste; it is, as we know, of the most vital importance, and yet most difficult to secure; for, in the first place, we must always breathe the actual air that happens to surround us, not being able, as with our other food, to select the purest and best from different countries for our use; and, secondly, we who use it are ever poisoning it, so that it is always foulest where most needed to be pure.

The principal sources of impurity are respiration, combustion, stagnation, trades, towns, marshes, and the sick.

The oxygen in the air is, curiously, little altered in amount by these causes, but remains steadily at a little less than twenty-one parts in every hundred. It is, however, as we have seen, devitalized by being frequently respired.

The real test of the impurity of the air is always the amount of carbonic acid gas, and this because, inasmuch as within doors the principal source of impurity is respiration, the carbonic acid is taken as an index of the amount of other and more deleterious products given off with the breath. Pure carbonic acid, as given off by a lamp, is not nearly so injurious as that given off by the breath.

Indeed, the old Scotch lady had some reason in her argument as to the respective merits of the bagpipes and the harmonium.

She had presented a rather poor specimen of the latter to the little village kirk, but the minister viewed the gift with anything but gratitude. He called upon the lady and explained to her that the very presence of the "Kist of whistles" was a profanation, and that he would as soon have half a dozen bagpipes playing in the kirk, for one was every bit as bad as the other.

"You are wrong, sir," said the old dame, rebuking him. "Do ye not ken that the pipes are blawed with the wind frae yer ain body, while the harmonium is blawed with the pure wind of heaven." This argument was unanswerable.

The evils of the "air from our ain bodies" are very patent in the Highlands themselves, so the old lady's argument should have had great local weight. It is common to find rooms without fireplaces and windows that will not open. In the Hebrides, though the climate is moist, there is little consumption, for the crofters' cabins of the rougher sort generally allow the most liberal access to the "pure wind of heaven." It is in the better estates, where modern dwellings are found—houses with plastered walls and ceilings and well-fitting doors and windows—that consumption, especially among the women, becomes a scourge. The difference between the air of a Highland bedroom with a fixed window and no fireplace, to which the only ac-

ness is through the living room, as compared with the purity of the air outside, is one of the strongest commentaries that could be offered on the ingenious perversity of man, and particularly when in a state of civilization. Nearly all our problems of sanitation and ventilation are problems given us by advancing civilization.

But there is another curious thing, and that is how soon we get used to poisons. Claude Bernard found that if he put a fresh sparrow from the open air into a glass globe in which a sparrow had been living and breathing five hours, although the latter, having got gradually accustomed to the vitiated atmosphere, could go on living, the former died at once.

And so the unfortunate clergyman or lecturer has found who has had to preside or speak at some "school tea" or anniversary (preceded by tea) held in the basement of some church or chapel where the ceiling is low and the company warm and numerous.

These, indeed, have been enjoying themselves for hours while gradually working the atmosphere up into a high pitch of impurity. The chairman or speaker, however, entering straight from the open air, is at once seized with a splitting headache, and, if he does not die himself, he is hardly surprised to hear that a single drop of the moisture that condenses on the walls of the room is such a virulent poison that, if injected into the veins of a rabbit, it causes instant death.

Coming to figures, it is interesting to know that an audience of two thousand people, listening for two hours to a concert, are not only cultivating and indulging their musical taste, but are engaged in the somewhat prosaic occupation of producing no less than one hundredweight of coal and seventeen gallons of water from the impurities and moisture of their own breath; and that if they were all performing themselves, instead of listening, this quantity would be nearly doubled.

It is far more wholesome to drink the undilute water of the Thames at Blackwall than to breathe the air of a crowded and unventilated room, and how cleanly people can be content to do so is only explicable on the princi-

ple that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over. We are all resigned to our agreement—to consume a peck of dirt during our lives, though never content to eat off a dirty plate.

We have said something of how the air out of doors is cleansed from dust by rain.

To this purifying agent we may add the wind, which, travelling at several miles per hour, rapidly carries off the exhausted town air to the suburbs and country, while the country breezes blow in their place; so that, theoretically at least, you are as likely to get pure air in a wide thoroughfare in town as in a suburb.

Stagnation is prevented by forbidding the building of courts, blind alleys, and streets less than thirty-six feet wide.

Towns are greatly benefited by good lungs; and such bodies as the Public Gardens and Open Spaces Association deserve the highest praise.

The air out of doors is, however, everywhere more or less healthy: the real danger begins indoors. The evil of towns is not primarily town air, as distinguished from country air, as is so generally supposed, but rather the greater amount of indoor life in towns as compared with the country.

The proof is that those who lead constant out-door lives in London are strong and ruddy, while those in the country who are always confined in houses become pale and delicate.

Now we all live in houses, and even if we pass our days out of doors we have to pass our nights within. This subject is therefore one of painful interest to us all. We will, however, content ourselves with briefly emphasizing a few of the more important details that modern science has suggested in connection with ventilation.

In the first place, a fixed standard has been arrived at for the purity of indoor as distinguished from outdoor air.

The oxygen and nitrogen (and we suppose argon) must be in the same proportions within as without, but in deference to the great difficulties of eliminating carbonic acid in houses, air indoors is called pure that does

not contain more than .6 parts per 1,000, whereas out of doors it is not considered pure if it has more than .4.

Perfect ventilation consists, therefore, in changing the air so as never to let the impurity in a room rise above this without causing any draught. Now, it is found in the second place that air in this climate cannot be changed in a room oftener than three times in an hour without causing a draught.

The third point is that a man produces, by breathing quietly, .6 of a cubic foot of carbonic acid per hour.

The rest is easy. For it is plain to the meanest comprehension that if the air out of doors already contains .4 per 1,000 of carbonic acid gas, and fresh air in rooms is only allowed to contain .2 per 1,000 more to bring it up to .6, it will require 3,000 feet to dilute the carbonic acid (.6 of a cubic foot being produced by a man in one hour). We have seen that air can be successfully changed three times an hour. The man, therefore, does not require 3,000 cubic feet to live in, but only 1,000, provided this 1,000 be changed three times an hour, which is quite easy.

A room 10 ft. \times 10 ft. \times 10 ft. high is therefore the largest amount of space required for one person in health indoors. Unfortunately, very few get so much.

The real problem in ventilation is not the size of the room, but how often the air of a room can be changed without draught.

The next point, therefore, is what size of opening is required into the air in order to admit 3,000 feet per hour, which is the amount of air required for the person. We dread being technical, but if our readers will pardon one or two more single figures, and consider them carefully, they will have mastered the two great principles on which all ventilation depends.

It is found, although out of doors air may readily travel seventeen or twenty feet a second, it cannot travel above five on entering a room without making a draught. Now, five feet a second is 18,000 feet an hour, and we only count one-sixth part, or 3,000. The opening required, therefore, is clearly one-sixth of a square foot, or,

in other words, twenty-four square inches.

The principle can be applied as follows: Suppose the room in which our reader is perusing this instructive article is 10 ft. \times 10 ft. \times 10 ft. high, and there is a narrow window in it two feet wide and a fireplace. The room will be sufficiently ventilated if he opens the window one inch for every person in the room, the foul air finding a ready exit up the chimney. Now, is not this delightfully simple, and do you not see how a few figures give more simplicity to a subject than clouds of words? So far this is theory, but the practical person asks—"Is there any way in which I can find out whether the air does contain the right amount of carbonic acid and no more?"

Certainly there is; and if what we have said is simple, this is positively infantile.

To test the air of a room you bring into it a half-pint bottle full of water. You empty this water out in the room, when the bottle immediately fills with the air of the room. You then put into the bottle one tablespoonful (half an ounce) of pure lime-water, cork, and shake it. If it does not turn milky in a few minutes the air does not contain more than .6 parts in 1,000 of carbonic acid; if it does, it does, and the ventilation is insufficient.

In the day, therefore, the problem is easily solved. The difficulty is in the evenings and nights and in winter. Observe what is done. The window is closed, the curtains drawn, the two gases lighted. Now two gas burners produce as much carbonic acid in an hour as ten men; though, being pure, it is not so injurious; nevertheless, the room requires more ventilation, and, instead, there is less, or none at all.

It has been calculated that, in a fair-sized room, hermetically sealed, a man might exist for one hour. If he had a candle this would be reduced to three-quarters of an hour; if a lamp, to half an hour; while, if he had two good gas burners, and wanted to be really cheerful, he would live just five minutes.

All this shows that ventilation should always be increased when lights are

"burning in a room, and not decreased. At night, in bedrooms, the fresh air is a necessity of life. It is folly to rail at "night air" as if it were a mysterious poison. As a matter of fact, there is no air at night but night air, and it happens to be always far purer than day air—at any rate, in towns. It should be freely admitted without draught.

It is, however, among the poor that the difficulties surrounding ventilation become accentuated, and that, too, for a reason we have but as yet touched upon.

Pure air from the country at any rate is cold, whereas foul air is warm. This fact constitutes the difficulty of introducing fresh air among the poor. Insufficiently fed, half clad, and with no fires, they have discovered the fact that if enough of them get together in one room, and shut all the doors and windows, and just breathe, they can raise the temperature of the room to any point they like. Therefore, until warm fresh air is as familiar in this country as it is elsewhere it is difficult to enforce ventilation. It is extraor-

inary, with all the erection of blocks of dwellings the size of a small village, that no provision is made for laying on a supply of warm fresh air to each room from a central furnace. The cost would be nominal; the gain in health incalculable.

Over and over again workshops have been fitted with Tobin's tubes and other contrivances for introducing fresh air, only to find them all closed or stuffed up with rags by the work-people, who would rather run the risk of a little poisoning than be frozen with the cold.

To sum up: the one thing needed by the educated perusers of this very dry article is to carry out the laws herein laid down; while for the poor the one thing needed is a supply in all flats and blocks of dwellings of warmed fresh air. There can be no doubt (and this is a parting shot) that, though impure air may be a slow poison, it is a sure one. It lowers the whole tone of the system, and lays the unsuspected foundation for numerous and fatal diseases.—*Leisure Hour.*

ROME AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

FEW cities, ancient or modern, have seen so many changes as Rome. From a small beginning she grew until she became mistress of the world. Then she fell before the barbarian hordes, and great was the fall. Again she became the centre of the papal power, but under that government made little progress. Now she is the capital of United Italy, and is rapidly rising from her ruins. Early in the century Mrs. Hemans wrote:

Rome! Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou satst a queen;
Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street;
Leaders and sceptred men
Bowed at thy feet.

Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise.
What hast thou left thee now?
Thou hast thy skies!

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower.

When the "Roman Girl's Song" was written, it seemed safe to prophesy that the Imperial City would never again rise, and that nothing of it would descend to posterity except its glorious sky and the memories of the past. But time works wonders; it would astonish the tourists who, in ever-increasing numbers, annually visit Rome, could they realize the changes which have taken place, not since the days of the kings or emperors, but within the last thirty years.

Our first visit to Rome was in 1863. At this time the Pope was a temporal as well as a spiritual prince, and things were in a rather primitive condition. To get into Rome then, or being in, to get out of it, was troublesome. Pass-

ports were absolutely necessary, and these required the papal *visa*. They were delivered to the police, and retained during the traveller's sojourn in the Papal States. In exchange, a permission to reside, and on leaving, another to depart were given, and these permits were exchanged for the passport at the frontier town as the traveller left. All this cost a good deal of money, and was extremely irritating. Even to reach Rome in those days was not so very easy. There was on this side only one railway to it, the short line from the port of Civita Vecchia; and if travellers objected to the sea, and wished to go by land, either the public diligence or a *vettura* became necessary. The journey from Florence to Rome occupied thirty-six hours, and from Bologna fifty-two hours; the diligences started three times a week.

Having got into Rome, what did the traveller find? Apart from the ruins, and unless his visit was at Easter or during some great church festival, he found himself in an extremely quiet and intensely dull city. There seemed to be no trade, and little traffic of any kind. The streets swarmed with priests and monks in all kinds of dresses, but with little else. A stray cart here and there, with a barrel of wine on it, might occasionally be seen, but no omnibuses or public conveyances except cabs. At night the city was not, or at least sparsely, lighted. In the leading street, the Corso, there were three or four lamps hung across it, but most parts were in total darkness after the shops closed. We lodged in one of the streets running out of the Piazza di Spagna, and in going home after dark it was necessary to grope along the wall and count the doors until we arrived at our own.

The Jews' quarter or Ghetto—then usually visited by travellers—was close to the Tiber; so close, indeed, that when the river overflowed its banks, the Ghetto was partially inundated. The street itself was composed of miserable houses and dark shops. At all the shop doors quantities of old clothes were exhibited for sale. Packed like herrings in a barrel, the Jews of Rome lived here; indeed they were allowed to live nowhere else. At one time no

less than four thousand inhabited the Ghetto. On the Saturday before Easter, every year the Roman Church baptized into the Christian faith a recanting Jew from the Ghetto. The ceremony was performed with great pomp and parade in the church of San Giovanni in Laterano, and it occasionally cost the authorities a good deal of money to induce a Jew to undergo it. If fair means did not procure the Jew, others were tried. The permanent results were extremely doubtful. When Pio Nono came to the papal throne, the walls of the Ghetto were levelled, and the Jews were allowed to live and trade beyond its precincts. These boons were afterward to some extent withdrawn, and at the time of which we are writing, an American writer, then living in Rome, described the treatment of the Jews as "shameful, intolerant, and unchristian."

In the Corso there were annually horse-races—literally horse-races, there being no riders. The horses, having on their backs and attached to their sides iron balls with sharp spikes, were turned loose at the Piazza del Popolo, and rushed, maddened by their unusual harness, along the Corso to the Piazza di Venezia, where the race ended. The owner of the winning horse there received the prize, contributed by the Jews.

Another feature of Rome thirty years ago was the group of artists—a somewhat Bohemian colony, now merged and lost amid the largely increased population of the present day, but then very distinct. At the Lepre at dinner-time, and in the Café del Greco in the evening, they were inevitably to be met. The Lepre and the Café del Greco were both in the Via Condotti. Across the Piazza di Spagna, the steps leading up to the Pincian Hill were the favorite lounge of artists' models.

The Carnival, and the numerous festivals of the church presided over by the Pope in person, were then celebrated in the city with great pomp, and attracted crowds of visitors from all lands. On one occasion we had the privilege of seeing and sharing in the blessing of the people by the Pope Pio Nono. The sight was most impressive. After celebrating Pontifical

High Mass in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, assisted by his famous choir, his Holiness, clothed in a magnificent dress of white and gold, and wearing the triple crown, was carried in a sort of palanquin to the roof of the church. A priest then knelt before the Pope and held open a book, out of which the blessing was read. We never heard a finer or more powerful voice than that of the old Pope; and at the conclusion, when he rose, spread out his arms and pronounced the blessing, notwithstanding that the military band in the square began to play, the crowd to cheer, and the guns of St. Angelo to fire, yet loud above all the din, the voice of the Pope was distinctly heard rolling out the words of blessing over his people. At the same time an indulgence on paper was cast out from the balcony and floated down to the ground. We joined in the scramble for it, but unfortunately did not succeed in capturing it. As we walked down toward the Quirinal, the Pope and his cardinals—one of them the famous Cardinal Antonelli—passed us. His Holiness must have known that we were heretics, as we merely lifted our hats and bowed, and did not do as the Romans did—kneel in the street. But he gave us a benevolent smile and the usual benediction, made by raising the right hand with the thumb and two fingers erect.

The great place of resort for the beauty and fashion of Rome was—then as now—the Pincian Hill; and here every afternoon there was an endless stream of carriages driving round and round, while the band played in the gardens at the top. The cardinals were almost always to be seen, not seldom the Pope himself, and very frequently Bomba, the ex-king of Naples.

Passing along the almost deserted streets at night, the ears of the visitor were frequently assailed by fierce shouts, and if a stranger, he had no doubt that a deadly quarrel was going on; but he was quite wrong. It was only the Romans playing their favorite game of *morra*—a game which was well known to the ancient Egyptians as well as the old Romans, and is popular still, not merely in Italian lands, but in China and the South Sea Islands.

Two people stood opposite each other with the right hands closed before them. Then simultaneously and quickly each threw out the hand, some of the fingers extended, others closed, and called out loudly the number of fingers he supposed he and the other player had exhibited. Any one guessing the true number scored a point, and five points generally constituted the game.

In addition to this intellectual game, there were the cafés and the theatres. The theatrical entertainments were very good, and the cost of attending them was exceedingly small. While in the leading theatres of London or Paris there is usually one great actor or singer who overshadows the rest of the company, in Italy all the actors were more nearly on the same level. Many an evening we have enjoyed an Italian play or opera at the modest cost of a lira (ninepence-halfpenny). In the summer-time, when the Apollo and the Valle were closed, the Corraia was opened in the Mausoleum of Augustus; there was no roof to it but the sky. The performance began at five, and ended at eight or half-past. The price of a chair in the pit was a lira, and there was no objection to a cigar. The last time we were there the play was Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. The acting was excellent, and the text of Shakespeare translated into Italian was closely followed. In the Italian theatres then you could for a lira have seen Ristori and Salvini in the same plays as they performed in London, where gold had to be paid for entrance.

There was only one cemetery in Rome, excepting of course the English one, and the curious charnel-house under the church of the Cappuccini. The public cemetery was outside the Porta San Lorenzo, and a more repulsive place it is difficult to conceive. Death was viewed with such horror by the Italians, that, when it entered a house, the whole family, if they could afford it, left the dead to the care of the priests, and took their departure. They did not return till the funeral was over (which they did not attend) and the house was fumigated. At nightfall a procession of Frati conveyed the corpse to the church. These Frati

were enveloped in dark cloaks which covered even the face, two slits being cut for the eyes, and they carried lighted tapers. It was an eerie sight one of these funeral processions. The coffin was taken to a church and left there in charge of the priests till midnight. At that hour the Frati came again, and the coffin was placed in a public carriage, along with others, for conveyance to the cemetery of San Lorenzo. This cemetery was about a mile beyond the Porta San Lorenzo, and for many years it was a disgrace, not only to Rome, but to civilization. It consisted of a large walled-in space containing a number of great wells or underground tombs of stonework, each closed in by a block of travertine stone. Daily two of these were opened, one for the bodies of men, the other for those of women, and into one or other of these all the contents of the carriage were emptied. The scandal was so great that the Pope, Pius IX., set himself to reform matters, and he did so. A great contrast to this was and is the beautiful English Protestant cemetery on the Ostian Way outside the city.

In 1863 the population of the city was 180,000. In 1895 it was much more than doubled, the commune containing then over 451,000. Necessarily, this increase required a corresponding increase of house accommodation, and that has been supplied to an extent that makes it scarcely possible to recognize in the gay modern city the Rome of the Papacy. This reformation, as some call it, the desecration, according to others, commenced when the Italian troops entered Rome and it became the capital of United Italy. In the reign of Pope Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pio Nono, a scheme was devised for the opening up of a waterway to the sea by utilizing the Tiber, and for the establishment of a line of steamers to Ostia. No doubt was entertained that the pontiff would hail a proposal so clearly for the benefit of his capital, but a difficulty arose. What would become of the draymen and of their teams of bullocks which conveyed the goods slowly and laboriously to Rome? Clearly the new steam-power would end all that, and this must not be. The Pope refused

his consent, and the scheme had to be abandoned. It was amiable, but it was not business, and under such a government the stagnation of the city life can well be understood. We understand the old project is now being revived. This is but one illustration of the intolerable load which then weighed upon all enterprise, and kept Rome the sleepy, dead alive place that somewhat elderly travellers remember so well.

But Rome being freed from the papal yoke, the work of reconstruction went on with leaps and bounds. The old wooden shed, two miles away from anywhere, which formed the only station of the Roman railways, disappeared, and a large handsome station took its place. Instead of the solitary line to Civita Vecchia, Rome soon became united by the Ferrovie with all Italy. The line to Naples, opened in the last days of the Papacy, was vigorously worked. A new line connected the capital with Florence, Bologna, Milan, and Venice. The Civita Vecchia line was carried on to Pisa, Leghorn, and Genoa, and there connected with the line to Turin. So that one could go by rail from Rome to any part of Italy, and the produce of the country and of other lands flowed into it.

Thirty years ago, where the railway station now stands there was only a desert; now round it has grown up a populous city. A handsome new street leading to it, the Via Nazionale, has been opened up from the Corso, at the Piazza di Venezia; and the buildings in that street and beyond it, even to the walls of Rome, are public buildings, shops, and dwelling-houses of the most palatial kind. The wonder is where the money came from to erect them. The kingdom of Italy is generally supposed to be *vergens ad inopiam*, but truly in Rome there is no appearance of this. Go where we will, change meets us at every turn. Cross the Tiber, and in Trastevere the work goes on; and the new buildings approach the castle of St. Angelo and the Vatican. Massive quays line the Tiber, as in Paris the Seine is lined; and along the course of the river handsome streets and squares are being erected. Even around the majestic ruins space is

being utilized, although the ruins themselves are kept sacred as yet.

No greater change could be conceived than that exhibited in the streets of Rome of to-day, which now are full of life and bustle. At night they are brilliantly lighted with gas and electric light. In the piazzas, military bands usually play in the evenings. The swarms of priests and monks have disappeared. Omnibuses and tramcars run in every direction.

Probably the greatest street change has been the removal of the Ghetto—not merely the restrictions, but the thing itself. All is swept away, and wide streets and squares occupy its site. Being in Rome last year, we directed our steps to the place where the old Jews' quarter stood. The police knew of it historically, but when you asked them to point out the spot, you received vague general directions; all the old landmarks were gone. Peace be with its ashes! Though antiquaries may regret it, humanity must rejoice over its fall.

Another thing we missed was the gathering of the artists in the Condotti. The Lepre has disappeared, and the Café del Greco is nearly as much changed as the city around it. No doubt, there are still artists in Rome, probably more of them now than formerly, but the city has so extended, that they are lost in the crowd, and cannot be recognized. The models, too, are gone from the Piazza di Spagna, and except at the church doors, few beggars are to be met.

From a pictorial point of view, many will regret the loss of the imposing festivals of the church in which the Pope and cardinals took part. The Pope is now, or says he is, a prisoner; he never leaves the walls of the Vatican, and the grand ceremonials in the city are seen no more. In the churches the festas are still observed, but woefully shorn of their lustre. And though the Pincian Hill is still as of old delightful for its view, and is still thronged, the personnel of the crowd is very different. Year by year the number of tourists increases. There is no trouble now in either entering or leaving Rome; passports are never in-

quired after, and it is as easy to visit Rome as London.

With the modernizing of Rome the coinage also has been changed. The *sendo*, *paolo*, and *bajocco* have disappeared, to be replaced by the *lira* (the Italian franc) and the *centesimi*. A good deal of the currency is paper, and the value fluctuates. Only at leaving, and on paying your fare to Paris, paper money is refused, except for the proportion of the fare to the frontier.

The quality of the water, formerly delicious, has sadly deteriorated. We asked the *cameriere* of the Café del Greco the reason, and he replied that the large increase of the population had compelled the authorities to bring in to the city supplies from other sources. The blend does not improve it.

Rome got a bad name for unhealthiness long ago, and it sticks to it still. Wise people, who know nothing about it, shake their heads and declare that it is tempting Providence to go to Rome, that malaria abounds, especially in the summer, and that it is a most unhealthy place. The Romans laugh at the idea; they never hear of malaria at their own doors. Rome, in summer or winter, is as healthy a capital as they can find. Let the croakers compare the death-rate of Rome with that of any of the capitals in Europe, and thereafter they will be silent. We have frequently visited Rome in the summer. The weather was perhaps a little warm, but not more so than in Florence, Milan, or Turin. In the evening it was delightful. No doubt, spring is cooler; but those who only go abroad during the summer holidays need not be deterred either by heat or malaria. The one is, but is quite endurable; the other is not, for judicious travellers.

In April and May, 1862, Dr. William Chambers visited Italy, and in *Something about Italy*, he says: "After perambulating the Campagna in different directions, my conviction is, that, with some insignificant exceptions, it might be brought into the condition of sound arable land, and freed from its alleged noxious influence; and such

being accomplished, it is difficult to see from what quarter Rome is to be rendered insalubrious. The unwholesomeness of Rome during summer, even as it stands, is, so far as I could hear, nearly an idle fancy; injury to health being caused much more by methods of living, and indiscreet exposure to heats and cold draughts, than to any insalubrity inherent in the atmosphere."

Notwithstanding the prophecy of Mrs. Hemans, the imperial brow of Rome has risen and is rising. Whether travellers would prefer the old régime or the new depends upon taste. The ruins are still there to speak for themselves; and in one respect at least, the

visitors of to-day see them to advantage—the débris has been cleared away under which many of them were in whole or in part concealed. No doubt, modern buildings are rapidly hemming them in, and we may fear that, as space within the walls becomes increasingly valuable, the relics of the past may give place to the necessities of the present. Meanwhile there are no signs of this dire calamity. The number of old travellers is rapidly diminishing, and those who never saw Rome as it was, will view with wonder and delight the mingling of the past and the present in the new Rome, that, phoenix-like, has risen from the ashes of the old.—*Chambers's Journal*.

LANTY RIORDAN'S RED LIGHT.

BY R. MANIFOLD CRAIG.

"Poor Lanty Riordan!"

At the merest mention of the name every one connected with the Midland Great Southern Railway smiled. That is to say, every one living within twenty miles of Hancastle.

To be sure, the smiles usually ended with sighs and shakes of the head; and one after another of those who had hazarded all they could conscientiously risk in his interest, frowned as they said: "It is hopeless, poor fellow! We can do no more for him."

It had often been said that Lanty was nobody's enemy but his own; and there were narratives of his having risked his life in Burmah, not only for comrades in imminent danger from the Dacoits, but for a poor shikari, over whose prostrate body he had shot the fierce tigress which was slowly crunching the thin black limbs inch by inch. It used to be believed that during this adventure—of which the hero could never be induced to speak—Gunner Riordan had never let his coarse Trichinopoly cheroot go out, although he had walked so closely up to the wounded tigress that her fulvous coat was singed by the powder from the shot when she fell over.

It was further asserted that a formal charge of "making away with Govern-

ment property, in that he did (date, place, etc.) expend, that is to say, fire off without proper authority, one round of breech-loading carbine ammunition, the property," etc., was sent in against him by the Divisional Sergeant on the occasion. He was admonished in the Battery Orderly Room; but privately shaken hands with by the Brigadier-General Commanding, and secretly presented with Rs. 100, a sum which was collected in ten minutes in the Royal Artillery mess.

The expenditure of this sum naturally got Gunner Riordan and five beloved friends into the guard-room, with long spells of confinement to barracks to follow. Poor Lanty could not bear so much fame, accompanied by so much wealth.

Now Hancastle, at the period of this true history—the locality where Lanty Riordan was so well, although not favorably known—was the point at which coal-trucks were shunted, under somewhat incomplete arrangements, into the depot yard, then under construction. Here they stood, on from five to nine lines of rails, alongside nearly a quarter of a mile of the permanent way. The switch used when the wagons were thus to be shunted was at foot of a semaphore, which was under the

control of the signalman in the box half a mile further away in the provincial direction. Trains coming up to London passed, first, the signal-box, then the semaphore, and, lastly, a dismantled old railway carriage at the depot, which had been Lanty's dwelling during the past three years.

It was impossible not to like Lanty. Selfish, wilful, slovenly, sulky, often absent from duty, lazy, disrespectful, and ungrateful at times—he periodically turned over new leaves, attended to his religious and other duties, was sorry for his faults, overflowing with a gratitude which was as genuine as his wickedness, helpful, gentle, thoughtful, the cheer and life of all who knew him. His good-looking head was an intelligent one; his heart was warm and kind; but within five minutes of entering bad company his good impulses and his pledges were forgotten in a very chaos of extravagance and dissipation.

In settling down at Hancastle, Lanty fell across his evil genius in the person of a man named Potter. Shortly after Lanty's return from India, it had been conveyed to him that it rested with him to say whether or not the person, and twenty pounds in ready money, the property, of a public school nurse in the neighborhood should be attached to him matrimonially. In the *spretæ injuria formæ* which his love of liberty caused, the addresses of a less desired but persistent suitor, Potter to wit, were hastily accepted; and much of the former liking for Lanty on the new Mrs. Potter's part turned into angry dislike, without the addition of a grain of happiness or goodwill to the sentiments of the bridegroom regarding Riordan.

It was mainly owing to this evil influence that at last Lanty had arrived at two "ends" in his life; and now, alas! as he staggered along through the wind and the rain, he was resolved upon making a third conterminous with them.

First, it was just five years since he had been discharged into the Reserve; and he had that 1st of April drawn, at the Hancastle Post Office, the last instalment of his Reserve pay, which had

been at the rate of sixpence per diem for the period.

Secondly, he had also, that very day, been discharged from the service of the Midland Great Southern Railway. It was a line upon which vast changes of way and plant had been taking place, and from which, chiefly owing to the patience and co-patriotic kindness of Mr. Roche, the local superintendent of works, Lanty had had almost regular employment as a navvy on the new coal depot works, at fog signalling, at keeping up fires beside the hydrants in hard frosts—and so on.

But now all this was over.

He had been a "blessed good fellow" while ever he had cash in his pocket, which was up to about 7 P.M. on that 1st April. But when his money had gone too low to stand another round of drinks, he had been sneered at as a poor beggar of a Paddy; had felled "sponging Sassenachs," as he called them, right and left; and had stalked out of the tavern, over their bodies, drunkenly singing that—

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!"

Whither should poor Lanty's staggering footsteps lead him except toward the half-made coal-depot near which was the dismantled old railway-carriage which he had been allowed to occupy during the past three years?

Of course he ought to have recollected that he had been firmly evicted that morning. He had also been informed that he must expect to find his late residence appropriated to stores thenceforward, and provided with a powerful bolt secured by a padlock of which he had not the key. But his faculties were not very clear; and he only had a vague despairing feeling that he should have neither food nor shelter to-morrow; that he would probably have to go to jail for assault; and that the rushing monsters which he loved made quick and merciful ends. It had been so—God rest their souls!—for those whose remains, on two occasions, he had coolly and most decorously dealt with, when others had shrunk and turned pale, and hurried away from the ghastly sights.

Lanty, in India, had shown great gifts as an extra hospital orderly during cholera epidemics; as also when a party had suffered severe losses by falling into an ambush in Loonungoung, Burmah. He had for a time been a medical officer's bätman in Ireland; and had evinced such intelligent interest when detailed to help at autopsies in the mortuary in Burmah, that the apothecaries had taught him a good deal about the bones, and the general lie of blood-vessels and organs.

There was, indeed, scarcely a sense in which Lanty Riordan could be said to fear death. Even drunkenness only gave unction to his homilies upon the wisdom of preparation for our inevitable dissolution. And now, as soon as he had spent his last few coppers upon a flask of whiskey of a specially curved and flat pattern, prepared for slipping into the breast-pockets of travellers—"for use in the tunnels," as the leering tavern-keeper said—Lanty ceased his melodious singing of "The Young May Moon," and staggered solemnly along, droning the "*Adeste Fidelis*" in his rich and tuneful baritone.

There had been many hours of saturating rain that day.

Had it been fine, Lanty had intended to spend his first unemployed afternoon in a visit to South Kensington Museum, ending up with attendance at a special High Mass at the Brompton Oratory. But he had been met by his evil genius, Potter, who had made the wild and wet weather a plea for the abandonment of the idea; and the day had been passed in drinking, treating, and wild card-playing. Potter had been discharged from the service of the Midland Great Southern Railway for dishonesty, and had never since ceased from efforts to make Lanty commit himself. This unhappy day he had succeeded. With this wild orgie Lanty had ended all his money and all his luck; and now, as he struggled over the wire fence into the cutting, maudlinly singing the fine old Latin hymn, he smilingly pictured the cowardly mean face of the man who had compassed his ruin when he should hear of the "shocking accident" next morning.

"Begorra," mutters Lanty, "'tis a

feather in his cap it will be, if he on'y knew it, bad scan to him! To think of the likes of him, a white-livered cur that never seen green wather or a Queen's enemy, dhrivin' Lanty Riordan, no less, to a bloody ind! Ay! and the spalpeen will faint stiff if they tell him to pick up the pieces!

"Well, I had my chance, an' chances on the top of it! Not alone from Misther Roche and Father Olpherts, but from Mrs. Roche herself—the blessin' o' God on her! Shure, haven't I seen her ill wid the dint iv sore disthress when she knew I was goin' for the Resarve pay, Lord forgive me! She warned me agin Potter next before the divvil his masther. 'Riordan,' she would say, 'when Potter sees you one day dhragged in the gutther, he will rejoice over your downfall, an' rub his hands wid glee to see the masther an' me made mock of because of you!' 'Twould be the thruth she spoke if I would live to see it! But the nine o'clock express will settle the business otherwise, wid my brave *Tornado* doing her fifty-five miles an hour at the head of it! Holy Mary, Mother o' God! pray for us now and in the hour of our death!"

Here Lanty paused unsteadily for a moment before the semaphore which had just rattlingly signalled "Go ahead" with its green light to the approaching express.

Now the new coal-depot, as has been indicated, was being made by the gradual filling up of a small valley which ran for some distance irregularly parallel to the line. The practice was to lay down temporary lines, upon which loaded wagons were cautiously run to aid the settling process. When the surface was sound and level, the line was of course relaid at the level of the permanent way, which had formerly been upon an embankment above the depression. The heavy rains of that day would search out weak places, and be of great use in helping the settlement of new and old materials.

In his least sober moments, Lanty, from long practice, was able to stride safely among sleepers and rails. So, when sinking first to his ankles, and then, with a plunge, up to his knees, among unsupported sleepers on the

main line, his intelligence of the fearful condition of things half-sobered him. A subsidence had taken place in the side of the bank next to the coal-depot at a point beyond the control of the semaphore; and the next train, the famous nine o'clock express, would be wrecked if it reached the defective place.

"Lord a mercy on me for a drunken swab—what in His Holy Name am I to do now?" cried Lanty. "If I had a bit of a red hankercher to put over the green light—No! even that wouldn't make a red one. Wait! I'll make a white light wid my owld lantern, anyway."

Dashing off toward the dismounted carriage which had been his dwelling, he looked for the battered old stable lantern in which he used to place his candle, and which had that morning been thrown out of the hut. He found it among the sweepings and rubbish which, together with his very primitive furniture and himself, had had to give place to oil-cans, iron bolts, and stores of all sorts.

"The blessed saints be praised!" cried Lanty, "there's ten minutes of candle in it yet; an' the express will be here in less time."

To so heavy a smoker as Lanty Riordan, matches were a very necessity of life. Under shelter of the hut the half-sobered fellow stooped, and, at the third attempt of very shaky hands, succeeded in lighting the sputtering bit of carriage-candle which Mr. Roche's coachman had given him some days before. As he stooped, the flat whiskey flask fell out of his breast-pocket; the neck struck a stone; and before he could pick up the bottle nearly all the spirit had gurgled out.

Snatching the flask with a haste which caused the loss of most of the remaining contents, and slightly cutting his hand on the broken neck, Lanty uttered a rueful exclamation, and made sure of the last tea-spoonful by pouring it into his mouth. Then, as the light of the kindling candle increased, he saw the blood on his hand—and at the same instant he heard the rumble of the express in the deep stone cutting only six miles off.

Springing to the erect position, Lan-

ty passed through some ten seconds of the most intense mental exertion he had ever known. Then came his design and his action. At a rain-pool he half-filled the broken flask with water. Feeling for the blood-vessel which gave the pulse at his left wrist, he set his teeth and plunged the keen angular edge of the glass bottle-neck—keener than the finest lance or razor—into it. The lights of the express emerged from the cutting. The blood jetted from the wounded artery—none too freely for the anxious martyr who had the train to save. Much of the scarlet stream poured down the sides of the flask, even when, by the light of the candle, Lanty did what he could to direct the stream into the bottle. But at last, with the roar of the train waxing louder and coming nearer, Lanty had made a rich ruby-colored fluid in the flask. Cramming twisted paper into the broken neck, he carefully opened the lantern, placed the bottle between the flame and the glass, heeded not at all the jetting artery, and stepped on to the line in front of the express.

"Now, may God send that I get far enough to give them time to see the signal an' pull up!" moaned Lanty. "'Tis liquor that's a curse; an' me head is reelin' so, I can't hardly hold the lantern steady! An' now, if the Mother o' God doesn't strengthen me knees, I can't go far enough to do any good! They'll see the big green light; but who would notice this poor red glimmer—anyway in time? *What? Glory be to God! they're whistlin'!*"

And so it was! Yonder, about a mile off, the keen-eyed driver of the big-wheeled engine *Tornado* had caught sight of poor tottering Lanty's feeble red light. He need no longer strain forward upon those trembling limbs. Straddling his legs apart so that he might at least stand the more firmly—raising his lamp high in his left hand, and pressing a round pebble into the wound in the wrist with his right, there he stood! Never did seconds seem so like minutes. Lanty felt his limbs failing. A dew which was not all rain trickled down his forehead. Indeed, the cool rain, which might have refreshed him, had abruptly ceased.

"St. Michael, St. Pathrick, and all angels, succor me now for God's dear love! Oh! His holy curse, an' my black curse be on the dhrink this blessed an' dhreadful minute! Father in Heaven! give me sthrength to hold up till I stop th' express! Resave my sowl if it ends me! An' hear my vow: if it stops short and spares itself an' meself, the dhrain of dhrink I tuk five minutes ago will be the last forever, by the Sacraments of God. Amen. Ah, merciful Lord! 'tis blind I'm gettin'! Let me put the lanthorn safe down on the sleeper! There! Ah! Glory be 'to God, the signalman has seen it, an' changed the signal! Th' express is stoppin'! I—am—dv—"

The great hissing engine *Tornado* pulled up within sixty yards of Lanty Riordan's red light. The stoker and the guard ran forward, and found the poor fellow unconscious from loss of blood beside it. The scarlet spray from the jetting artery had closely spotted his face and dress. Two of the passengers were eminent surgeons. The artery was instantly compressed and quickly tied. Others soon found the landslip and explained what had happened.

But when flasks were produced, and it was attempted to give the brave fellow some stimulant, he feebly turned his pale clammy face away, pushed the liquor aside, and said—

"Wather, if ye plase! Wid my last dyin' words I put my blackest curse on the dhrink; an' die I will, plase God, afore I throw His mercy back in His face wid the breakin' of my word. Wather!"

"You are not going to die, my brave fellow!" said the great surgeon, as he wiped his own hands after the operation. "You have saved all our lives at the double risk of your own; and, as one of the directors, I shall tell the story of how you did it."

The third-class carriages were next the engine, and several of the passengers descended. Among them, and when Lanty's saving of the train had

become quickly understood, the wife of Lanty's evil genius, Potter, hurried forward.

"Oh, sir!" she cried distractedly, to no one in particular, "will Riordan die? He has been wronged and put upon by me and mine; and now see what we have come to owe him!"

It was many days before Lanty Riordan was even pronounced out of danger, and many weeks before he was able to get actively about, or essay any kind of work, so heavy had been the loss of blood which he had suffered. The circumstances were hushed up as much as might be, lest passengers should shrink from travelling by a line upon which such dangers were possible. Within an hour of the occurrence a large gang had been put to work upon the weak spot; and no subsidence can ever possibly take place there now.

But the director who had travelled upon the line that evening was, as stated, an eminent surgeon, and has an interesting museum containin' missiles, weapons, and the gruesome curiosities of a great hospital surgical practice. Prominent among these is the broken-necked breast-pocket whiskey-flask, still stained with blood, with which Lanty Riordan had made his red light.

And Lanty would still do an heroic action for one he honored and loved. It was the pesky small things and doings of life which needed his care, and which proved too much for his resolutions. When his life had nearly ebbed away, he could turn his pale cold face aside from the surgeon's brandy-flask and ask for water, remembering his oath upon the Sacraments of God.

But when an old companion met him three months afterward and said: "Come along, old fellow—don't be a baby—name the particular poison we are to drink the mistress's good health in"—

Poor Lanty Riordan!—*Temple Bar.*

THE INTERESTINGNESS OF THINGS.

No one, we suppose, will deny that the immediate time in which we are living is an interesting one. Not a week seems to pass without an event of the first order, and usually one which comes directly home to Englishmen. Three times at least within the past three months has the country been in imminent danger of war, and twice of war of the very first class. Most inhabitants of these islands who read the American President's Message thought that war was unavoidable, and looked forward sadly to a struggle with our own relatives which might occupy years, which must kill all prosperity and progress, and which could yield nothing except pecuniary loss, personal suffering, and what moved men more than anything else, the death of long-cherished, though somewhat vague, hopes for the world's future. Then came Jameson's raid, which woke up the whole population and excited the most varied feelings, admiration as of schoolboys for a feat of "derring-do," disappointment as of cricketers for a great match that had been lost, annoyance as of statesmen at a blunder which it was at once perceived would bring unnumbered inconveniences in its train. There was danger of war with the Transvaal, danger of a rising throughout South Africa, danger of the frustration of the mighty enterprise, the greatest of our generation, intended to bring Africa, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, within the sphere of civilization and commerce. There was probably not a man in the country, certainly not a schoolboy, who, for one motive or another, was not passionately interested in the rash and evil adventure which imperilled so many millions, destroyed for the time one of the most popular figures in the Empire, and gave occasion for an outbreak of unsuspected hatreds which made the whole population pant with amazement, indignation, and desire for a leader. In the midst of profound peace, England suddenly felt herself called to arms by a man of whom she had never thought except as a potential ally and powerful friend. The

call, too, was a real one, the popular instinct was well-founded, and for hours the Government did not know that it would not have to face a great European combination in open war. It followed that all thought of economy must be given up, that all domestic questions became comparatively obscure, that the surplus of which so much had been made, and the prosperity in which men had so greatly exulted, must all alike be paid away or pledged to make complete the armaments of the country. The echo of the German Emperor's telegram had not died away when the United States threatened Spain, or seemed to threaten Spain, with a war which, as all statesmen perceived at once, could not be confined to those two countries alone, but menaced the stability of all European combinations. And Spain had not yet finished her outcry of defiance, her mobs had not yet desisted from breaking the windows of American Consulates, when the mightiest combination of our time, the Triple Alliance, quivered through and through under the first successful blow which, in modern days, an African Power has struck in self-defence. The Italian defeat before Adowa stirred all Europe, not only with pity for Italy so sorely wounded in her interests and her pride, but with fear lest the European calm should be broken up, and lest the greatest act of the second half of the century, the partition of Africa, should be arrested before it had been half completed. Never were so many grand political incidents, all of them, moreover, unexpected incidents, crowded into so short a space of time; while, as if to deepen the belief that an era of events had arrived, two occurrences in the scientific region deeply moved all who knew enough to be able to understand them. It was believed for a week, and is partly believed still, that Captain Nansen, a Norwegian of the old Viking type, the kind of man who, at the head of a few Norsemen, reached, before Columbus, the shores of New England, had discovered the geographical secret sought for ages, had

touched the North Pole, and was returning in safety. How the report arose, from whom it was derived, why it was believed, whether it was true or false, no one yet knows, but it stirred men's very blood as if they themselves had accomplished something almost beyond the power of man. Nor, though it was felt by fewer, was there less interestingness in the discovery of Professor Röntgen. What that discovery precisely means even the learned do not know; but this much at least it seems to prove, that the impenetrability of matter to the eye is in part illusory, that sight is sometimes independent of what we call "light," and that it may be reserved for this generation—we do not say it is reserved, but only that it probably may be—to discover a secret which affects the whole universe as much as the law of gravitation, the constitution of the medium which we call "ether," which we know must exist, but about which, its constitution or the laws which govern it, we know absolutely nothing, save that light and heat, whatever they are, pass through it, as is supposed, in undulating waves. Men who can think have, in fact, led for two months the fullest lives enjoyed or suffered in modern history, lives so full that their owners confess to intellectual bewilderment and to a kind of burning expectation which they can neither fully control nor reasonably account for. They wait, perforce, but they wait in the kind of temper in which men wait for some joy or some pain which they think when it comes will almost transcend their powers of self-control. They feel, in fact, intellectual excitement as it has never been felt in our time.

We are not sure that this intense interestingness of the world is entirely pleasant. Those who are sensitive enough to feel it fully, or stand near enough to the centre to be conscious of the extent of the forces engaged in the great whirl find their excitement spoiled a little, we suspect, by a strong flavor of alarm. They feel a little as sailors do just before a naval engagement. It is said that this is the feeling of all the greater statesmen, not in this country alone, of all dreamers, and of many of the coolest onlookers at the world's

motion. Great changes are never welcome to the old, and it is the old especially who are percipient of the signs of great storms at hand, not only in the political but in the moral and scientific worlds. They may be wrong in their forebodings, as men just awakened from sleep are so often wrong in their melancholy reflections, but while the forebodings last they cannot be declared to be happy. They are, in truth, slightly overstrained in a way that makes their imaginations gloomy, so that many of those who as a rule take things most easily are full of sombre anticipations, and doubt, as they express it, whether the world will get through without great collisions somewhere. It is very nice for the newsboys, and journalists are often only newsboys refined, but it is not so nice for those who are responsible, or those who expect to be carried away by the stream. It is not nice at all, for example, for Italian conscripts, although they have the fullest allowance of all the excitement going. Nor are we sure that the fullness of life tends to make those who feel it either abler or better men. It ought, if modern theories of life be true, for all this excitement is the equivalent of experience, and the man of varied experiences is, it is said, the man who has gained most instruction, but we rather doubt it. Man does his work best amid peaceful monotony, learns best when he has time for repetition, thinks to most advantage when he is able to chew the cud of thought. You cannot study to purpose with a door always banging, and a constant recurrence of startling incidents has much the same effect on the mind. Its force is dissipated, and its edge all worn away. Wisdom comes chiefly from meditation, and it is not in the din of conflict, or when carried out of themselves by grand spectacles before their eyes, that men can meditate with profit, or relegate physical emotions, like fear or anger or hope, to their proper place in the economy of life. There is a certain amount of energy developed by an interesting time—though it is curious that successful armies like the German are often bred in a long peace—and the Teutonic races acquire, when life grows

painfully vivid, an increased capacity of self-control, but those seem the only compensating advantages for a loss of intellectual keenness, such as perceptibly followed the great Franco German War. It was when comparative dullness had fallen on the world and silence prevailed round the Mediterranean that Christianity was born, and it is in the "quiet times," which drive journalists frantic, though they always profess to be longing for them, that the great improvements of the world,

both moral and material, emerge from thoughts into acts. Steam was born in a time of war, but unrecognized till the world was quiet, and it was in a time of deadly dullness that the world devised and perfected the systems of communication by land and by water which have reduced its size one-half. "An interesting time," we strongly suspect, is a time that is principally good for newspaper proprietors.—*The Spectator*.

ON AN OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S BOOK.

(THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY; OR, THE CHILD'S MANUAL.)

BY F. ANSTEY.

It is probable enough that this book, although the first part of it was published so long ago as 1818, will be familiar to many who read this article, and even to some who may not have to go back very far to recall their childhood. For it has enjoyed a wide popularity with several generations of child-readers, and as a new edition of it was published so recently as 1889, may still retain a certain vogue at the present day. The purpose of the author, Mrs. Sherwood, as expressed upon the title-page, was "to show the Importance and Effects of a Religious Education," and the whole tone is highly moral and religious, each chapter being so constructed as to lead up inevitably to a prayer and a hymn—which I fear readers have too generally adopted the unprincipled habit of skipping. But in many ways it is a curious and remarkable book, and I doubt whether, with all its didactic piety, the most secular-minded child can ever have found it dull.

The Family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, their three children, and two servants, John and Betty. They lived in the country, and it does not appear that Mr. Fairchild had any particular occupation, except being oppressively good. His means were modest, his tastes simple, his chief recreation was to sit on a hill under some chestnut trees, "and read his Bible

alone, with nothing to disturb him;" for (and here we note one of the advantages of being truly virtuous) "the singing of the little birds in the trees was no disturbance to him." When he took his children for a walk, he never omitted an opportunity of giving a religious turn to the conversation; should they come upon a lamb, they were instantly bidden to remember of Whom it was a type, and the appearance of a wood-pigeon provoked an inevitable allusion to the Third Person in the Trinity. In short, Mr. Fairchild's discourse invariably consisted of what irreverent youths would describe as "pi-jaw;" he was a kind of married Mr. Barlow, without his fund of general information—indeed, I suspect that Mr. Fairchild would have considered Master Harry and Tommy's Tutor as rather worldly, and culpably remiss in not sufficiently impressing upon his pupils the corruption and depravity of their own hearts.

Mr. Fairchild, as he is presented to us in the First Part, seldom or never smiles; a joke would have afforded him exquisite suffering, had there been any neighbors capable of such an outrage upon his feelings, which, fortunately for all concerned, there were not. He would certainly have capped any attempt at levity with a suitable text. On one occasion only would he seem to possess any degree of earthly

weakness, and that was when they were making a sort of saintly picnic, and among the dainties which the children spread out on the cloth was "a bottle of beer for their papa." But it was probably ginger-beer, or some even less alcoholic beverage; and, however this be, we are not informed that he drank all or any of it.

Mrs. Fairchild was as solemn and instructive as her husband, though (in a strictly modified sense, of course) she was a lady with a Past. There had been a time, as she informed her children, when "if she could but escape punishment, she did not care what naughty things she did." In these unregenerate days, she would pinch Shock, her aunt's lap-dog, or pull his tail (but surely an aunt's lap-dog is *hostis humani generis* and fair game!), and she also "used the cat ill." When she smashed a blue china plate, she caught the unfortunate cat and shut it up in a room with the fragments, in order that suspicion should fall upon the innocent, and she was callous enough to be "glad when puss was beaten in stead of me." She was also addicted to stealing sugar and sweetmeats, and—which is even more reprehensible—was "fond of going into the kitchen, sitting on the coachman's knee, and eating toasted cheese and bread soaked in ale." Her object in making these confessions was to prove that all children's hearts are naturally corrupt; but, judging by subsequent events, her early indiscretions would appear to have been regarded by her offspring rather as precedents than as warnings.

It is pleasing to find that both Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had a becoming reverence for superior rank and station. Some worldly neighbors, "Sir Charles Noble and his lady," who "were very proud and their children were not brought up in the fear of God," used to invite the Fairchilds twice a year to come with their children and spend the day, an invitation which was as regularly accepted, because, as Mrs. Fairchild very properly remarked on one such occasion, "As Sir Charles Noble has been so kind as to ask us, we must not offend him by refusing to go." When they went, "Lady Noble did not take much no-

tice of Mrs. Fairchild when she came in, although she ordered a servant to set a chair for her." After tea, "several tables were set out, and the ladies and gentlemen began to make parties for playing at cards;" but "as Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild never played at cards, they asked for their coach," and Mr. Fairchild, "when he was got into the coach with his wife and children," said: "Well, my dear, I am very glad this day is over, and that we are going back to our own comfortable home, where we can serve God in peace." To which Mrs. Fairchild replied, "Alas! I am sorry for Lady Noble; she loves the world too well, and all its fine things."

There is a refreshing touch of nature in this, and also in the statement that, on Sundays, "at dinner, Mr. Fairchild would not allow his family to talk about any of the business of the week-day, *nor even to talk of their neighbors.*" But they "found enough pleasant discourse in speaking of what they had heard in the church, or of what had happened in the school; which of the children were improved, and who said the Catechism best, and who got rewards, and such things," so that the restriction was less felt.

If, as we have already seen, good Mrs. Fairchild was by no means blind to her hostess's little failings, she had quite as keen an eye (on week-days) for those of her guests. One day an unregenerate family of the name of Crosbie came to dine with them, though not to sleep, "for Mr. Crosbie was in haste to be at home, and would not stay, although Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild begged that they would, at least till the next day." But, unaccountable as it seems, the Crosbies preferred sleeping at "the next inn upon the London road," and as soon as they were gone, Mrs. Fairchild summed up their respective peculiarities with admirable candor for the benefit of her two little girls. "Every individual of our friend Mr. Crosbie's family has a very strong besetting sin," she observed with judicial impartiality. "Mr. Crosbie loves eating, Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered, Miss Crosbie is vain and fond of finery, and Miss Betsy is very pert and forward." Not unnaturally, perhaps, the

little girls felt encouraged to follow their mamma's lead by comments of their own, but were pulled up sharply by a reminder that "I do not speak of our poor friends' faults out of malice, or for the sake of making a mockery of them, but to show you how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin, without being at all conscious of it, and perhaps thinking themselves very good all the time."

Which, when one comes to reflect, is the sole reason why we ever do speak of "our poor friends' faults" behind their backs, after entertaining them at the festive board! One would have liked to hear what these poor Crosbys said about the Fairchilds on their way home. But this we are not told: either because their private opinions were considered too uncharitable for publication, or else, it may be, because they were so sinful and worldly that it never even occurred to them to be censorious.

The children were: Lucy, aged nine; Emily, about seven or eight; and Henry, five and a half, at the time the story opens; and, as might be expected, they were all three prodigies of precocious piety. All three could—and did—repeat from memory long passages of Scripture on the slightest encouragement, and frequently with none at all. "Papa," says Henry once, during a lesson on the use of the globe (whereon the children's chief anxiety is to discover the exact site of the Garden of Eden), "I can repeat the verses in Genesis about Paradise." Which he incontinently proceeds to do. "Papa," pleads Lucy, "may we say some verses about mankind having bad hearts?" and this innocent gratification is of course permitted them. "Oh," says Emily, during another geographical lesson, "and I know what the children of Noah did in the plains of Shinar!" whereupon she proves her knowledge by quoting Genesis xi, 1-3, with singular accuracy. "Papa," she asks later, "is not this verse made about the Heathen?" and need it be said that she is perfectly correct in her assumption? Lucy said: "Papa, I fear from what you say, that there are very few real, true Christians," and Henry expressed a fear on another oc-

casión that his aunts were not gone to Heaven. "Oh, papa, what pretty verses!" exclaims Lucy again, on hearing a long quotation from Hebrews xi, 4-6, 32-40; and she asks her mamma if she knows any prayer against besetting sins—an emergency for which Mrs. Fairchild was fortunately prepared.

Little Henry entrusted John the servant with a penny to invest for him at the Fair in a story-book, and, separating two uncut leaves at the end of the book, was boyishly delighted to discover—imagine what!—"a very pretty prayer against covetousness and a hymn." When he heard that the name of Lucy's book was *The History of the Good Child, Who by God's Blessing Turned his Father and Mother to Christ*, "Oh, that must be very pretty!" said Henry: one fancies, with a sigh of regret that circumstances had denied him similar opportunities.

On Sunday, when arrived at the mature age of six, he went to the boys' school, where he had "six little boys to hear," and "generally contrived to be two hours at school before it was time to go to church." Henry "walked by his little boys and sat with them at church, to find their places in their Psalters and to see that they behaved well; and Emily and Lucy kept by their little girls for the same purpose." And after church, "Henry in particular had a little favorite shady path in the coppice, where scarcely any person ever came excepting two old women, and there you might see him walking up and down, praying or singing his hymns till he was called to dinner." His favorite companion was little Charles Trueman, "one of the most pious little boys in all that country"—who died young.

Now, one might have supposed that children endowed with such preternaturally good dispositions as the above extracts denote, would have risen superior to the ordinary failings of infancy, and that their faults would be as rare as insipid, but—and in this appears the author's knowledge of human nature, and here perhaps is a partial explanation of the undeniable charm of the book—Lucy, Emily, and Henry, the moment they are out of range of

the parental eye, get into mischief with delightful frequency and *verve*. There is a natural fascination, not confined perhaps to the ungodly, in hearing of the wickedness of others, and when this is enhanced by the abnormal goodness of the sinners on ordinary occasions, the tale gains additional piquancy. Here is the Fairchild children's record for a single day: Being left to their own devices, they began by staying in bed late: "Emily made babies of the pillows, and Lucy pulled off the sheets and tied them round her in imitation of Lady Noble's long-trained gown." They came down to breakfast "without saying their prayers"—(this provokes the suspicion that their delight in such exercises was not altogether spontaneous)—and without "washing themselves, combing their hair, making their bed, or doing any one thing they ought to have done"—which was human of them. At breakfast they overate themselves with buttered toast, and "had eaten so much that they could not learn with any pleasure," and "began quarrelling, and would soon, I fear, have gone on still further, if Henry had not spied a little pig in the garden." So they all turned out to expel the little pig, and chased it down a lane and through a spring, until they were "up to their knees in mud and dirt." The pig apparently got away, and they ran on till they came to the house of a farmer and his wife, whose names were Freeman, and who "were not people who lived in the fear of God, neither did they bring up their children well; on which account Mr. Fairchild had often forbidden Lucy and Emily and Henry to go to their house." However, Mrs. Freeman asked them to come in and dry themselves, which they did, and "gave them each a large piece of cake and something sweet to drink, which she said would do them good." But it turned out to be cider and did not do them good, for "as they were never used to drink anything but water, it made them quite drunk for a little while." Then, with red faces and severe headaches, they met John, when Lucy, "blushing, said, 'We have been only playing in the lane. We have been nowhere else.'" Which, as Mrs.

Sherwood justly observes, "was a sad lie—but one fault always leads to another." After this they resolve to be good for the remainder of the day, and disobey their papa once more by swinging in the barn, against his express order. Emily falls out of the swing, and "her nose and one eye and her lip were terribly swelled, and two of her teeth were out."

So Emily finishes the evening in a little chair by the kitchen fire, and Lucy and Henry tied to the kitchen table with John's blue pocket-handkerchief, "trembling from head to foot." Small wonder that on their return their excellent parents "were very much shocked and looked very grave indeed," for it would have been a fairly full day for much less exemplary children, with no instinctive appreciation of a "pretty prayer," nor deep sense of the corruption of their own hearts.

Henry stole an apple from a tree, and lied like a little trooper afterward, which, quite naturally, did not prevent him from being shocked and horrified when little Miss Augusta, Lady Noble's disobedient daughter, stole two apples from her governess's workbag, and shamelessly denied her guilt. Indeed, Henry would have denounced the culprit then and there, had not Lucy (who was, it must be admitted, like her sister, not given to tell tales) "put her hand upon his mouth." Then Emily, carrying a jar of preserved "damascenes" (which I take to be the equivalent to damsons) to the store-closet, "perceived that it was tied down so loosely that she could put in her finger and get at the fruit." Accordingly, on that and many subsequent occasions, she did put in her finger, and, like a famous nursery character, pulled out a plum: with the difference that, owing to the excellent training she had received, her remark was practically, "What a *bad* girl am I!" Witness her soliloquy: "There is nobody in this room," she said, "and nobody sees me, it is true; but God is in this room; He sees me; His eye is now upon me; I cannot hide what I am going to do from Him; He knows everything, and He has power to cast me into hell. I will not take

any more damascenes; I will go back, I think. But yet, as I am come so far, and am just got to the closet, I will just take one damascene—it shall be the last; I will never come here again without Mamma's leave."

I am not at all attempting to hold this soliloquy up to ridicule; on the contrary, it seems to me quite admirable, absolutely true to nature, whether childish or adult. Which of us cannot remember making very similar resolutions, with about as much success, more than once in our lives? What I think must strike many readers, young or old, is the circumstance that all this exceptionally careful upbringing, this constant sense of being under the Divine observation, and this conviction of innate depravity should have proved so unavailing. Personally, though I accept it as by no means contrary to ordinary human experience, I am less sure than Mrs. Sherwood appears to have been that the incident is "calculated to show the Importance and Effects of a Religious Education" in her peculiar sense of the term.

Returning to Emily: of course she *did* take several more damascenes—in fact, she and the remaining pots of preserves were only saved from utter destruction by the merest accident: she spilt some red juice on her frock, and wetted it in trying, like Lady Macbeth or Mrs. Bluebeard, to wash out the tell-tale stains, accounting for her delay by the explanation that she had been "playing with the cat." And the wetting produced a chill, which resulted in a fever that all but cost her her life. And when she was out of danger, she said: "His eye was upon me all the time, and He made me feel His anger. And yet how good, how very good it was of Him not to send me to hell for my wickedness! When I was ill, I might have died; and Oh! mamma, mamma! what would have become of me then?" It is not surprising that Mrs. Fairchild "cried very much when she heard her little girl talk in this way;" but it is quite clear that she herself had no doubt whatever that "the great and dreadful God" to whom she taught her daughter to pray had only refrained by some extraordinary clemency from casting a

child of seven or eight into "hell, the place which burns for ever with fire and brimstone," to be "tormented for ever and ever with the devil and his angels" for stealing some preserved damsons.

As for Mr. Fairchild, he carried his ideas of example and warning to an extreme which it is almost incredible that any parent in this or any other century could have thought necessary, as will appear from the following instance. One day Lucy, Emily, and Henry fell out about a doll, and it is painful to learn that "Lucy bit Emily's arm, and Emily scratched her sister's face," while each declared she hated the other. They were surprised in the interchange of these amenities by Mr. Fairchild, who, "taking a rod out of the cupboard, whipped the hands of all three children until they smarted again," repeating during the process certain not unfamiliar verses by the Reverend Doctor Watts. "After which he made them stand in a corner of the room, without their breakfasts: neither did they get anything to eat all the morning; and what was worse, their papa and mamma looked very gravely at them."

So far, perhaps, the correction will not be thought excessive under the circumstances, but what followed is so extraordinary an illustration of parental firmness that it can only be done justice by quotation in full:—

"Then Mr. Fairchild kissed his children and forgave them; and they kissed each other; and Mr. Fairchild gave them leave to dine with him as usual. After dinner, Mr. Fairchild said to his wife:

"I will take the children this evening to Blackwood, and show them something there which, I think, they will remember as long as they live; and I hope they will take warning from it and pray more earnestly for new hearts, that they may love each other with perfect and heavenly love."

"If you are going to Blackwood," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I cannot go with you, my dear, though I approve of your taking the children. Let John go with you to carry Henry part of the way, for it is too far for him to walk."

"What is there at Blackwood, papa?" cried the children.

"Something very shocking," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"There is one there," said Mr. Fairchild, looking very grave, "who hated his brother."

"Will he hurt us, papa?" asked Henry.

"No," said Mr. Fairchild, "he cannot hurt you now."

"When the children and John were ready, Mr. Fairchild set out. They went down the lane nearly as far as the village; and then, crossing over a long field, they came to the side of a very thick wood."

"This is Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, getting over the stile; "the pathway is almost grown up; nobody likes to come here now."

"What is here, papa?" asked the children; "is it very shocking? We are afraid to go on."

"There is nothing here that will hurt you, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild. "Am I not with you; and do you think I would lead my children into danger?"

"No, papa," said the children; "but mamma said there was something very dreadful in this wood."

"Then Lucy and Emily drew behind Mr. Fairchild, and walked close together; and little Henry asked John to carry him. The wood was very thick and dark; and they walked on for half a mile, going down hill all the way. At last they saw by the light through the trees that they were come near to the end of the wood; and as they went further on they saw an old garden wall; some parts of which being broken down, they could see, beyond, a large brick house, which, from the fashion of it, seemed as if it might have stood there some hundred years and now was fallen to ruin. The garden was overgrown with grass and weeds, the fruit trees wanted pruning, and it could now hardly be seen where the walks had been. One of the old chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the roof of the house in one or two places; and the glass windows were broken near the place where the garden wall had fallen. Just between that and the wood stood a gibbet, on which the body of a man hung in chains: it had not yet fallen to pieces, although it had hung there some years. The body had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress still entire; but the face of the corpse was so shocking, that the children could not look upon it."

As a piece of descriptive writing, this is a passage of which any author might be proud. It has a simplicity, a ghastly vividness, and an unobtrusive art in leading gradually up to the supreme horror which make it wonderfully powerful and effective. We see the hideous thing swinging there by the gloomy wood and ruined house, and the poor shrinking children coming suddenly upon it. But the horror is not yet wrought up to its highest point.

"Oh, papa, papa! What is that?" cried the children.

"That is a gibbet," said Mr. Fairchild:

"and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer; one who first hated, and afterward killed his brother!"

"While Mr. Fairchild was speaking, the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung."

"Oh, let us go, papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat.

"Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild; "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place." So saying, he sat down on the stump of an old tree, and the children gathered close round him."

It was the history of two boys, called Roger and James, and foolishly indulged by a widowed mother, who allowed no one to punish them. They quarrelled as boys, and hated each other as young men. At last Roger stabbed James with a case-knife, near the spot where the gibbet was erected. When Mr. Fairchild concluded:

"Oh, what a shocking story!" said the children; "and that poor wretch who hangs there is Roger, who hated his brother? Pray, let us go, papa."

"We will go immediately," said Mr. Fairchild; "but I wish first to point out to you, my dear children, that these brothers when they first began to quarrel in their play, as you did this morning, did not think that death and hell would be the end of their quarrels. Our hearts by nature, my dear children," continued Mr. Fairchild, "are full of hatred."

"Papa," said Lucy, "let us kneel down in this place and pray for new hearts."

"Willingly, my child," said Mr. Fairchild. So he knelt upon the grass, and his children round him, and they afterwards all went home."

Conceive the state of mind that could devise such a horrible and nerve-shaking "object-lesson" as a judicious warning to three children (all under ten years of age, and the youngest only six), because, like all brothers and sisters who ever existed, they had lost their poor little tempers, and pumelled and bitten and scratched each other! As for the painful effect of such an incident upon the children who may read it, I cannot say that I know of any who were seriously affected by it; and indeed I fancy this particular scene was rather a favorite than otherwise. Most children like to read or hear of horrors, even at the price of the inevitable nightmare. Whether the horrors are good for them is another question, but it may, perhaps,

be conceded that, save in very exceptional cases, they are unlikely to do them any particular or permanent harm.

The whole Fairchild family certainly seems to have had a decided taste for the gruesome. Some time after the Blackwood excursion, Mr. Fairchild came in from his walk with the news that old John Roberts, the gardener, had died the morning before, and that he himself had been to see the widow, and "upstairs to see the corpse." Mrs. Fairchild immediately proposed to step over to the old gardener's after dinner, and Lucy asks whether they may go too. Whereupon their papa remarked, cheerily, "Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think?" "No, papa," answered Lucy; "but we should like to see one." [It would appear from this that both father and children had already forgotten their visit to the murderer's gibbet—but possibly they considered that he had been a corpse so long that he scarcely counted.] "I tell you beforehand, my dear children, that death is very terrible. A corpse is an awful sight." "I know that, papa," said Lucy, "but we should like to go." And so, after "taking a turn on the grass walk before dinner," and having "a little discourse on the subject of death," they did go, and apparently enjoyed themselves extremely in a quiet way.

Poor little Miss Augusta, who stole her governess's apples, came to a shocking end: she disobeyed her mother's commands not to play with fire by taking a candle into a room to look at herself in a mirror, and was "so dreadfully burnt that she never spoke afterward, but died in agonies—a warning," as a friend of the Fairchilds, Mrs. Barker, sympathetically remarks, "to all children how they presume to disobey their parents." Mr. Fairchild and Lucy, Emily, and Henry attended the funeral, which is described with great relish and minuteness of detail, as are all the funerals—and there are a good many in the course of the three parts. It is very possible that this last fact has contributed somewhat to the popularity of the story. Everybody must have observed that a funeral pos-

sesses greater attractions to the sight-seer than all but the smartest weddings. I remember being told of two small London children who were spending a week in the country and had been left to themselves for the day by the lady who had taken charge of them. When she returned, she asked whether they had spent the time pleasantly. "Oh, yes, Miss," was the enthusiastic reply, "we 'ave 'ad a 'appy day—we've seen two pigs killed and a gentleman buried!"

To come back to *The History of the Fairchild Family*: there were two parts published many years after the first, from which all these extracts have been taken, the second in 1842, and the third in 1847, and it is curious to note the alteration in tone that appears in both these sequels, particularly in the third, in which the author's daughter, Mrs. Streeten, collaborated. The doctrine is not so uncompromisingly Calvinistic; the children are neither so pious nor so naughty. They still quote Scripture occasionally, and Lucy has "a verse of a hymn which she generally repeated on any occasions of peculiar delight in the open air." But they are not nearly such unconscionable little prigs, and once, when Henry falls into a tub of pigwash, his *faux pas* is not treated as a moral offence of the first order—as I feel sure it would have been in 1818—and Lucy and Emily have made such advances that, on hearing of the incident, they "could not refrain from laughing."

Mr. Fairchild, too, is not in his old form; he actually more than once unbends so far as to attempt playfulness; the results are rather elephantine, but—as the examination-candidate tolerantly remarked of the tyrant Phalaris's little *penchant* for roasting strangers in a brazen bull—"we must not judge him by a modern standard." There is just one instance when Mr. Fairchild shows a return to his earlier manner, and this was when, Henry having laid out five shillings in buying penny balls and hanks of string for the village boys, his father remarks solemnly: "How much more suitable would a book, the value of threepence, have been to them!"

There is a good-natured hoyden,

Bessy Goodriche, who is amusingly and sympathetically drawn, with a really excellent lady's maid, Mrs. Tilney, whose conversation has a distinct touch of comedy. "I could see," she says, "with only half an eye that my mistress" (Mrs. Fairchild, whose husband has inherited a fine estate on the death of a cousin), "having been used to very low life, would much rather wait on herself, than have any one about her, *which I take to be the strongest indication of low breeding which any lady can give.*" Again: "There they are, Miss Lucy and Miss Emily, and this same newcomer, rushing into each other's arms as if they were three twins as had not met for years! Faugh! how ungenteel these sort of things are—so coarse!"

On the whole I think it is not difficult to see why *The History of the Fairchild Family* has maintained its popularity, notwithstanding its portentous instructiveness. I am by no means sure that a great many children have not a natural sympathy with priggishness, and to those others who regarded good little Lucy, Emily, and Henry with frank aversion, it must have afforded unholy joy to hear of the hot water they were so constantly getting into. And then, throughout the book, various good things to eat are chronicled with much feeling. One is told how "they all sat down, full of joy,

to eat a roast fowl and some boiled bacon, with a nice cold currant and raspberry pie." Another time (on the occasion when Mr. Crosbie exhibited his love of eating) there is a haunch of venison, a pigeon-pie, and apple tart and custard. Mrs. Cutshorter regaled some children on "a cake with some plums in it, and a large apple pie, and some custards and cheese cakes," with more cake and strawberries and cream for tea. And again, "The table was covered with good things; a large pasty, which had been cut; a ham, from which many a good slice had already been taken; a pot of jam, another of honey; brown and white loaves; cream, and butter, and fruit; and the tea, too, was brewing, and smelt deliciously." Would not these descriptions go straight to the heart of any child? There are plenty of funerals, too, as has been said, and I am afraid to say how many death bed scenes, which appeal to the infant mind—or did so to the infant mind of a generation or two ago—and there are many incidental stories, all moral, but none absolutely uninteresting, and some ingenious and pretty. And, finally, the story is really well written in its old-fashioned way, and has a sincerity and earnestness that would go far to keep many a worse book alive.—*New Review.*

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

ENGLISH country and provincial life at the close of the eighteenth century had changed greatly in several of its essential features from what it had been at the beginning of the long reign of George the Third.

At the earlier period the aspect of the country itself was for the most part desolate and dreary in the extreme. Agriculture had made but comparatively little progress, sparse patches of cultivation, alternating at wide intervals with the swamps and wastes, which made up the prevailing features of the landscape. It was the opening

out of fresh roads in every direction, and the conversion of muddy bridle-paths and narrow footways into wide and properly levelled "turnpikes," passable for vehicles of every kind, which wrought so material a change in the social relations and the manners of English country life.

Between the years 1760 and 1774, upward of seven hundred Inclosure Acts were obtained, while of Turnpike Acts, four hundred and fifty-two were passed during the same period. It was a silent revolution, but, as the results proved, a most beneficial one.

The taste and comfort which nowadays are rarely absent from a villa or suburban residence of even the humblest kind were seldom to be found even among the homes of the country gentry prior to the middle of last century. Landscape gardening was confined to the seats of the great proprietors, and such a thing as an ordinary flower-garden was a by no means usual accessory even to the mansion of a gentleman qualified to dub himself a knight of the shire. The houses themselves, although generally substantial structures enough, were rarely kept in a state of repair and cleanliness such as would accord with our modern notions of decency and comfort. The stables and kennels were in too close proximity to them, occupying the site which is now usually devoted to conservatories and flower borders. The rough fields and stony rutted lanes through which the mansion was approached presented the greatest possible contrast to the carefully kept avenues, the shaven lawns, and all the ornate surroundings of a modern country residence.

One of the chief points in the education, so-called, of a gentlewoman of those days was that she should become a proficient cook; while, if her parents were ambitious that she should shine in after-life as an accomplished hostess, she received lessons from a carving-master. The chief duty of hospitality, as taught her at home, was for the lady to press the guests to eat to repletion, while the main care of the master of the house was to induce them to drink to excess. This, it may be, was not an unfitting education for a young woman who was destined to become the helpmate of some country boor, who regarded a wife in the light of an upper servant, and to whom the company of the opposite sex was an irksome restraint on the freedom of social intercourse.

To a woman of any education and refinement an English manor-house of a hundred and fifty years ago must have been an intolerable home.

The state of the roads during a great part of the year was such as to render visiting impracticable. The library of the Hall probably consisted of a

book of recipes, the "Justice of the Peace," a volume of drinking songs, a book of sports, and a tract or two against popery. There were no country book clubs or London circulating libraries in those days. The country town, unless it were one of the chief centres of provincial life, had probably not even one bookseller's shop, and was dependent for its literary supplies upon the occasional visits of a hawker, or the travelling agent of some large firm, who went round with his pack from house to house, or set up a stall from which he dispensed his wares on fair or market days.

This state of things had, however, to a certain extent become ameliorated during the last quarter of the century.

The wife of a country gentleman was no longer content with the position of a cook, and her daughters received an education very different from that of their grandmothers. They were taught the ordinary accomplishments of those days, and the rudiments, at least, of a more solid education at a boarding-school; while a winter in London, or a season at Bath, generally sufficed to eradicate any rusticity or bashfulness which might still cling to them.

Of the country squires of that time a contemporary writer has handed down a by no means flattering picture.

Many of them, we are told, "seem born only for the destruction of game and the disturbance of their neighbors. They are mere vegetables which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground, except a few which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers' corn and swilling October." Everywhere in the literature of the day the rural gentry are described as a coarse, overbearing, illiterate race, solely devoted to the stable, the kennel, and the bottle.

In small provincial towns it was the custom among polite society to assemble every Sunday evening in tea gardens, generally known as "Little Ranelaghs," and there regale themselves with cakes and home-brewed ale. On moonlight nights—for at other times, owing to the scarcity of lamps, the

company would have had some difficulty in finding their way home—concerts were sometimes held in these gardens, while, occasionally, a company of strolling players would arrive and give a performance in a barn.

The *World*, a contemporary print, draws a caustic picture of country society, which was probably not exaggerated in the least.

The scene is laid at the seat of a rich squire, a magistrate and an expectant M.P. It is race-week at a neighboring town. Accordingly the company start off in a body, and, after travelling five or six miles over a bad road, arrive at the Red Lion in time for the ordinary. The dinner consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty ham, half-cooked venison, green fruit, and grapeless wines.

After two hours wasted over this dreary banquet, the diners adjourned to the racecourse, where they remained till dusk amid a drunken and disorderly mob. Then followed a rush back to the town to dress for the assembly, held in a room over a stable, which was redolent of the odors natural to such a locality. This, however, seemed in no way to mar the evening's enjoyment. Dancing was kept up with a vigor unknown in these degenerate days. At midnight, cold chicken and negus were handed round; and at two in the morning the party broke up.

The ordinary tenant-farmer of the last century differed little from the ploughman and carter who lived in his house and were domesticated with his family. It seldom happened that he could read and write; and a scanty capital sufficed for the rude cultivation of the few fields which he held at an easy rent. This primitive husbandman has long since merged into the class of ordinary laborers. Another kind of cultivator, long the pride and boast of old England, is rarely to be found nowadays, the greater number of small freeholds having been gradually absorbed into the big estates. He still exists here and there in Cumberland and one or other of the northern counties, living on his ancestral acres and maintaining with just pride the ancient and worthy order to which he belongs.

But the rude and ignorant yeomanry

were, taking them all in all, a better class than the gross and sordid inhabitants of the towns, where drunkenness was the all-pervading vice of the middle and lower orders.

In domestic habits the distinction between the two classes was of the slightest. The master-tradesman lived with his servants in the kitchen, and it was only on Sundays and holidays that the parlor or "best room" was made use of. After the day's business was over, the public-house was the common resort, and it was a rare thing for its frequenters to reach home in a state of sobriety. Such practices, even when kept up from day to day, the year round, involved no loss of character, and it would have been considered a very strange and frivolous objection to a fellow-townsmen who aspired to the dignity of alderman, or mayor, that he were an habitual drunkard who rarely went sober to bed.

The chief place of fashionable resort for both town and country people was Bath, which long maintained its supremacy over all its rivals.

Many lively pictures are extant of the mode of life affected by its visitors. People in those days amused themselves in much the same frivolous and unsatisfactory manner as in our own times, and must have yawned through the day with equal persistency. At eight in the morning the fashionable world proceeded in *deshabille* to the pump-room, where they drank the waters while a noisy band thundered in the gallery. Beneath the pump-room was the king's bath, described as "a huge cistern, where you see the patients of both sexes up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs."

Close to the pump-room was a coffee-house for ladies, the headquarters of gossip and scandal. But the principal scenes of entertainment were the two public rooms, where "the company met alternately every evening. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together. Twice a week there is a subscription ball."

At this time a species of stage-coach, called "The Machine," occupied two days in going between Bath and London, carrying ten inside passengers and sixteen outside, including the driver and guard. The fare was twenty-five shillings. Gentlemen who were above travelling by a public conveyance frequently advertised for a companion to join them in a post-chaise, who in that case would divide the charges and diminish the risk of an attack by highwaymen.

For those among the poorer classes

who had occasion to take a journey there was the slow, springless road wagon, in which, with plenty of fresh straw to lie upon, and a tilt overhead to ward off both sun and rain, the travellers jolted along among the boxes, bales, and general merchandise that filled up the rest of the lumbering vehicle; telling stories and singing songs to beguile the time; and it may be, as happy in their way as the third-class passengers of to-day speeding across England at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour.—*The Argosy*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Not less than five books about Joan of Arc will be issued within the next four weeks—three "lives" of the Maid of Orleans, a book of her times and people, and she will be made the subject of the next volume in the Story of the Nations series of the Putnams. In addition to this, three lecturers are in the field with her as their subject. It is certainly beginning to look as if we shall have a "Joan of Arc" craze.

A DRINKING fountain erected to the memory of William and Dorothy Wordsworth in the Public Park at Cockermouth, the poet's birth-place, was unveiled recently by Canon Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, who read the following letter from Mr. Gladstone:

"I rejoice in any and every manifestation of honor to Wordsworth. I visited his house when a boy, and when a young man had the honor of entertaining him more than once in the Albany. I revered his genius and delighted in his kindness, and in the grave and stately, but not austere dignity of his manners, apart from all personal impression and from all the prerogatives of genius. As such we owe him a debt of gratitude for having done so much for our literature in the capital points of purity and elevation."

POPE LEO XIII. is said to have his name in the Index Expurgatorius for a book on the Virgin, which he wrote when he was Cardinal Pecci, but of which Pius IX. disapproved.

MR. SWINBURNE has in the press a larger and more important poem than any he has published for some years. It is Malory's story of Balen, told in a somewhat elaborate rhymed measure, but with great closeness to the orig-

inal. Hence the poem is, both in scheme and method, an entirely new departure for Mr. Swinburne, and should excite great interest.

MR. HENRY JAMES is writing a love story for the *Illustrated London News*. It will begin in July and run for thirteen weeks. Mr. James has ready for the press a new volume of stories, to be published under the title of "Embarrassments."

JOHN MORLEY, in an article in one of the magazines, says: "There are probably not six Englishmen over fifty now living whose lives need to be written or should be written."

A SCHOOL for Oriental languages is going, the German papers say, to be established at Vladivostock, for the purpose of promoting commercial relations with Japan, China, and Corea.

THE credit of Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, is vehemently assailed by the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston in the forthcoming number of the *English Historical Review*. Mr. Blakiston endeavors to prove that Warton fabricated a number of entries in the diary of Henry Machyn, the well-known citizen of London, whose notices have been largely used to fill in details in the reign of Queen Mary and the beginning of that of Queen Elizabeth. The fact that Machyn's manuscript suffered considerably in the fire of 1731 in the Cottonian Library has served to screen the tampering with it, though it was in part detected by M. Wiesener in 1878. Mr. Blakiston now argues that Warton forged a whole series of passages in order to glorify the mem-

ory of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

SIGNORA ELEANORA DUSE has written a novel, the plot and situations of which are drawn from the Italian stage. The actress is the possessor of an admirable literary style, and is a keen student of character. Her work as a novelist, therefore, ought to interest if not please her readers.

HALL CAINE, in *McClure's Magazine*, says: "I think that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl. 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah."

"WOMAN VIEWED BY MODERN SCIENCE," is the translation of a title by Jacques Lourbet (Alcan, Paris, publisher). An appreciative criticism begins: "In the male of the human species there exists one characteristic which is either lacking in the female, or at least exists in her in an undeveloped state. That characteristic is an irrepressible impulse to write essays about the other sex."

THE statistics of the Mercantile Library, the largest lending library in New York City, show that 53 per cent of the books read are novels, and that clergymen are the greatest novel readers.

A PREVIOUSLY unpublished poem by Richard Wagner on the revolutionary outbreak in Dresden in 1849 has just appeared in the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*.

TOLSTOI proposes to found a kind of serial publication, being moved to that desire apparently by two facts: That he receives from wealthy persons offers of money, to be used for the benefit of mankind, and that he also receives masses of literary material, calculated to perform that service. Combine the two—and there you are! The "interior religious perfection of each individual" is the world-moving object of the literature which he has on hand. He explains that his international series of books and booklets will set forth "the real aim of man's life," will indicate "the discord of our life with this aim," and

will show "the means of making the one agree with the other."

ON a recent Sunday afternoon a plaque placed on a wall in Paris in honor of Dr. Franklin was unveiled. It bears the inscription: "Ici s'élevait un pavillon dépendance de l'hôtel de Valentinois: Franklin l'habita de 1777 à 1785, et y fit placer le premier paratonnerre en France. — Société Historique d'Auteuil et de Passy." The ceremony took place out of doors under an awning, the chair being taken by M. Eugène Manuel, Inspector-General of Secondary Instruction, and addresses were delivered by M. Faye, of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Guillois, of the historical societies which arranged the affair. The American Ambassador was present, and several other Americans, among them General Meredith Read and Mr. Moncure Conway. The house in which Franklin resided at Passy (Rue Singer) disappeared in 1830, and the marble plaque is fixed in the wall of the Collège des Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne.

MISCELLANY.

IN THE SCHOOL OF BATTLE: THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER.—At a time like the present, when England, isolated by the jealousy and assailed by the threats of powerful rivals, is rising to the situation, and showing that the heart of the nation is as sound after the long Victorian peace as it was in the days of the Armada, that the desperate if lawless enterprise of Jameson and Willoughby is as near to the general heart of the people as were the not very dissimilar enterprises of the old Elizabethan captains, a want, which has long existed, makes itself felt with increased intensity—the want of some book that shall satisfy the well-nigh universal desire to know the inmost truths of the experiences which actual battle alone bestows on the men engaged in it.

The want finds the book as the opportunity finds the man. Mr. Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" really supplies the want more completely, and therefore more satisfactorily, than any other book with which we are acquainted. Tolstói, in his "War and Peace," and his sketches of Sebastopol, has given, with extraordinary depth of insight and extraordinary artistic skill, the effect of battle on the ordinary man, whether cultured officer or simple and rough soldier; but he takes no one man through the long series of experiences

and impressions which Mr. Crane describes in its effects on young Henry Fleming, a raw recruit who first saw service in the last American Civil War. While the impressions of fighting, and especially of wounds and death, on an individual soldier have been painted with marvellously vivid touches by Tolstol, the impressions of battle on a body of men, a regiment, have been also realized and represented with characteristic vigor by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in such admirable work as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." With less imagination, but with an accumulated mass of studied knowledge altogether too labored, M. Zola in "La Débâcle" has done some excellent literary work, but work not so convincing as Kipling's, and work certainly far inferior to Mr. Stephen Crane's, whose picture of the effect of actual fighting on a raw regiment is simply unapproached in intimate knowledge and sustained imaginative strength. This we say without forgetting Mérimée's celebrated account of the taking of the redoubt. The writing of the French stylist is, no doubt, much superior in its uniform excellence; but Mr. Crane, in the supreme moments of the fight, is possessed by the fiery breath of battle, as a Pythian priestess by the breath of the God, and finds an inspired utterance that will reach the universal heart of man. Courage in facing wounds and death is the special characteristic of man among the animals, of man who sees into the future, and has therefore much to deter him that affects him alone. Indeed, man, looking at the past, might almost be described as the fighting animal; and Mr. Crane's extraordinary book will appeal strongly to the insatiable desire, latent or developed, to know the psychology of war—how the sights and sounds, the terrible details of the drama of battle, affect the senses and the soul of man. Whether Mr. Crane has had personal experience of the scenes he depicts we cannot say from external evidence; but the extremely vivid touches of detail convince us that he has. Certainly, if his book were altogether a work of the imagination, unbased on personal experience, his realism would be nothing short of a miracle. Unquestionably his knowledge, as we believe acquired in war, has been assimilated and has become a part of himself. At the heated crises of the battle he has the war fever—the Berserk fury in his veins, he lives in the scenes he depicts, he drinks to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat and the bitter cup of fear and shame with his characters no less completely than he thrills

with their frantic rage when repulsed by the enemy, and their frantic joy when they charge home.

"The Red Badge of Courage"—a name which means, we may perhaps explain, a wound received in open fight with the enemy—is the narrative of two processes: the process by which a raw youth develops into a tried and trustworthy soldier, and the process by which a regiment that has never been under fire develops into a finished and formidable fighting machine. Henry Fleming, the youth who is the protagonist of this thrillingly realistic drama of war, has for deuteragonist Wilson, the loud young boaster. Wilson, however, comes only occasionally into the series of pictures of fighting, and of the impressions that fighting produces on the hypersensitive nerves of the chief character. Fleming, a neurotic lad, constitutionally weak and intensely egotistic, fanciful and easily excited, enlists in the Northern Army, and finds himself a raw recruit in a new regiment, derisively greeted by veteran regiments as "fresh fish." Nights of morbid introspection afflict the youth with the intolerable question, Will he funk when the fighting comes? Thus he continues to question and torture himself till his feelings are raised to the n^{th} power of sensitiveness. At last, after many false alarms and fruitless preparations, the real battle approaches, and whatever confidence in himself remained oozes away from the lonely lad. "He lay down in the grass. The blades pressed tenderly against his cheek. The liquid stillness of the night enveloping him made him feel vast pity for himself. . . . He wished without reserve that he was at home again." He talked with his comrades, but found no sign of similar weakness. He felt himself inferior to them: an outcast. Then, in the gray dawn, after such a night of fear, they start hastily for the front. "He felt carried along by a mob. The sun spread disclosing rays, and one by one regiments burst into view like armed men just born from the earth. The youth perceived that the time had come. He was about to be measured. For a moment he felt in the face of his great trial like a babe, and the flesh over his heart seemed very thin." He looked round him, but there was no escape from the regiment. "He was in a moving box." The experiences of the battle are led up to with masterly skill. First he is fascinated by the skirmishers, whom he sees running hither and thither, "firing at the landscape." Then comes one of Mr. Crane's vivid

poetical conceptions: the advancing line encounters a dead soldier. "He lay upon his back staring at the sky. He was dressed in an awkward suit of yellowish brown. The youth could see that the soles of his shoes had been worn to the thinness of writing paper, and from a great rent in one the dead foot projected piteously. And it was as if death had betrayed the soldier. In death it exposed to his enemies that poverty which in life he had perhaps concealed from his friends. The ranks opened covertly to avoid the corpse. The invulnerable dead man forced a way for himself. The youth looked keenly at the ashen face. The wind raised the tawny beard. It moved as if a hand were stroking it." An unreasoning dread swept over the young recruit; the forest everywhere seemed to hide the enemy, and might any moment bristle with rifle-barrels. He lagged at last, with tragic glances at the sky; only to bring down on himself the young lieutenant of his company with loud reproaches for skulking. The new regiment took its ground in a fringe of wood. Shells came screaming over. "Bullets began to whistle among the branches and hiss at the trees. Twigs and leaves came sailing down. It was as if a thousand axes, wee and invisible, were being wielded." Then the tide of battle moved toward them, and out of the gray smoke came the yells of the combatants, and then a mob of beaten men rushed past, careless of the grim jokes hurled at them. "The battle reflection that shone for an instant on their faces on the mad current made the youth feel" that he would have gladly escaped if he could. "The sight of this stampede exercised a flood-like force that seemed able to drag sticks and stones and men from the ground." At last, "Here they come! Here they come! Gunlocks clicked. Across the smoke-infested fields came a brown swarm of running men who were giving shrill yells. A flag tilted forward sped near the front."

The man at the youth's elbow was mumbling, as if to himself, "Oh! we're in for it now; oh! we're in for it now." The youth fired a wild first shot, and immediately began to work at his weapon automatically. He lost concern for himself, and felt that something of which he was a part was in a crisis. "He felt the subtle battle brotherhood more potent even than the cause for which they were fighting." "Following this came a red rage. He had a mad feeling against his rifle, which could only be used against one life at a time." The description goes on, full of vivid realistic touches,

of which we can only give a fragment or two. "The steel ramrods clanked and clanged with incessant din as the men pounded them furiously into the hot rifle barrels." The "men dropped here and there like bundles." One man "grunted suddenly as if he had been struck by a club in the stomach. He sat down and gazed ruefully. In his eyes there was mute indefinite reproach." The first attack was repulsed. The youth had stood his ground and was in an ecstasy of self-satisfaction. The supreme trial, he thought, was over. Suddenly from the ranks rose the astonished cry, "Here they come again!" and a fresh attack developed. The men groaned and began to grumble. On came the rebel attack. "Reeling with exhaustion, the youth began to overestimate the strength of the assailants. They must be machines of steel." "He seemed to shut his eyes and wait to be gobbled." Then "a man near him ran with howls—a lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage—was in an instant smitten abject. He, too, threw down his gun and fled. There was no shame in his face. He ran like a rabbit." The youth saw their flight—yelled—swung about—and sped to the rear in great leaps. "He ran like a blind man. Two or three times he fell down. Once he knocked his shoulder so heavily against a tree that he went headlong."

The fugitive, after a time, comes upon a procession of wounded men, limping and staggering to the rear. The wounded men fraternize with him, supposing him to be wounded also. The growth of shame that begins with a brotherly question, "Where yeh hit, ol' boy?" is as good as any part of this long psychological study. "At times he regarded the wounded soldiers in an envious way. He wished he too had a wound, a red badge of courage." There was a spectral soldier at his side, whose eyes were fixed in a stare into the unknown; he suddenly recognized his old comrade, Jan Conklin, the tall soldier. The gradual dying on his legs of the tall soldier is described with extraordinary vividness. The soldier, with the instinct of the animal wounded unto death, wishes to creep off and be alone. His comrades, anxious to help him, insist on following him. He suddenly slips away and leaves them. "Leave me be, can't ye? Leave me be for a moment," is his entreaty, and they follow at a distance. They watch his death, as wonderfully described as a death in Tolstoy. "Well, he was reg'lar jim-dandy fer nerve, wa'n't he?" says the tattered soldier in a little

awestruck voice. "I never seen a man do like that before." Presently, the incoherent talk of the wounded man is made to reflect with a Sophoclean irony on the runaway youth. The night bivouac in the forest after the battle is finely described. The weary men lying round the fires, under the forest roof; the break in the trees, through which a space of starry sky is seen. At dawn the motionless mass of bodies, thick spread on the ground, look in the gray light as if the place were a charnel-house.

The fighting of the new regiment, a forlorn hope, proceeds with a breathless speed of narrative that emulates the actual rush of the battle-worn and desperate men, among whom there is no flinching or fear now, any more than there is in the sensitive youth, who, having had his battle baptism, is soon to bear the colors, wrenched from the iron grip of the dead color-sergeant. "As the regiment swung from its position out into a cleared space, the woods and thickets before it awakened. Yellow flames leaped toward it from many directions. . . . The song of the bullets was in the air, and shells snarled in the tree tops. One tumbled directly in the middle of a hurrying group and exploded in crimson fury. There was an instant's spectacle of a man, almost over it, throwing up his hands to shield his eyes. Other men, punctured by bullets, fell in grotesque agonies." The regiment stopped for breath, and as it saw the gaps the bullets were making in the ranks, faltered and hesitated. The lieutenant worked them forward painfully with volleys of oaths. They halted behind some trees. Then the lieutenant, with the two young soldiers, made a last effort. They led the regiment, bawling, "Come on! come on!" "The flag, obedient to these appeals, bended its glittering form and swept toward them. The men wavered in indecision for a moment, and then, with a long wailful cry, the dilapidated regiment surged forward and began its new journey. Over the field went the scurrying mass. It was a handful of men splattered into the faces of the enemy. Toward it instantly sprang the yellow tongues. A vast quantity of blue smoke hung before them. A mighty banging made ears valueless. The youth ran like a madman to reach the woods before a bullet could discover him. He ducked his head low like a football-player. In his haste his eyes almost closed, and the scene was a wild blur. Pulsating saliva stood at the corners of his mouth." At last the men began to trickle back. In

vain the youth carrying the colors aided the lieutenant to rally them. The battered and bruised regiment slowly makes its way back, only to be condemned by the general who had ordered the charge.

Then comes a capital account of the young soldier's reward. Several men hurry up with good news to the hero of the book: "Th' colonel met your lieutenant right by us, 'Who was the lad that carried the flag?' he ses; an' th' lieutenant he speaks up right away: 'That's Flemin', an' he's a jimhickey,' he ses right away. 'He's a good un', ses th' colonel. 'You bet!' ses th' lieutenant. 'He and a feller named Wilson was at th' head 'a th' charge, an' howlin' like Injins all the time,' he ses. 'My sakes!' ses th' colonel. 'Well, well, well, those two babies'"—and the heart of the young soldier swelled with happiness and with affection for the colonel and the youthful lieutenant.

And then, after other desperate charges, the army is withdrawn across the river—nothing apparently accomplished by all their struggles and all their sufferings, and the book closes with a few words on the moral effect of the heavy fighting on the youth. "He found that he could look backward on the brass and bombast of his earlier gospels and see them. He was gleeful when he discovered that he now despised them. With this conviction came a store of assurance. He felt a quiet manhood, non-assertive, but of steady and strong blood. . . . He had been to touch the great death, and found that after all it was but the great death. He was a man." The book is crowded with vivid passages and striking descriptions, often expressed in original and picturesque diction. "A mass of wet grass marched upon rustled like silk;" "A dense wall of smoke settled slowly down. It was furiously slit and slashed by the knife-like fire from the rifles;" Bullets "spanged;" "Bullets buffed into men;" "His dead body lying torn and glittering upon the field." One is not inclined to criticise the giver of such a book; but it will be observed that when the Berserk inspiration is not upon him, Mr. Crane writes as badly as, when his imagination is heated, he writes well—e.g., "Too, the clothes seemed new."—*Saturday Review*.

THE VENEZUELAN QUAREL.—Probably the first object in every Englishman's mind since he heard of the danger of war with the United States, has been how to avoid it without showing so much of what might seem to the Ameri-

cans to be fear of them, as really to promote it. So far as we know, there has not been an Englishman anywhere who has not regarded the sort of steps which war with the United States would involve with a sort of horror and dismay. For Venezuelan territory there has never been the vestige of anything like greed. We are about as capable of desiring an extension of territory in South America as we are of coveting the feeding-ground of those horrible lobsters on the desolate rock in the Atlantic which is called, like one of the richest of our West Indian Islands, Trinidad. All we have cared for is not to run away from a clear duty, the duty of holding fast by our responsibility for the good government of a certain number of British settlers who have planted themselves in British Guiana in reliance on the freedom which a British Government ensures. Beyond that, we believe that our only feeling in relation to the danger which President Cleveland so suddenly sprang on us, has been a positive dread of the detestable necessity of bombarding great cities of our own kith and kin, and sweeping away a civilization which represents what is at least nearer to our own ideal than that of any other people on the face of the earth. So far as ambition goes, we do not believe that the motive has in this case so much as existed in any English breast. We were astounded at the war-passion which showed itself in the United States, and utterly unable to understand it. The nearest approach to any feeling of a bellicose nature on this side of the Atlantic has been a grim feeling that if we were to display any reluctance to accept so noisy a challenge, we should be twice as likely to have a fight, as we should be if we faced the matter boldly and displayed a firm determination not to shrink from the unexpected blow of our opponents. Beyond that feeling, we believe that the war feeling here has simply not existed. We have regarded with simple loathing the proposal to sweep American commerce from the seas, and to desolate the great American cities in which every second name is a name familiar to our ears and often dear to our hearts. The only feeling here has been, "how can we by any possibility avoid this war without doing what, to the excitable imaginations of the Yankees, will be regarded as proof positive that we are in a blue panic at the mere prospect which their big words have caused?"

To our minds by far the best prospect of peace would be the evidence that the United States in any respect share our feeling, and

would be at all inclined to accept any one of the various suggestions of which Professor Westlake's seems to us much the most hopeful and most just. The main idea of that suggestion is to admit discussion or even arbitration on both sides wherever the territory really in dispute is unsettled, but on both sides to stick to the duty of governing any settled territory in the doubtful region, which has been settled on the strength of the belief that it really belonged to either of the disputants. The great advantage of that solution is that it follows the guidance of the feeling of duty. It cannot matter one button to the United Kingdom if the State of Venezuela does really gain a new bit of desolate territory, even though there be plenty of gold under the surface of the earth there. If it seems to be reasonable that Spanish-America should mine the gold, and that British subjects should not mine it, by all means let the Spanish-Americans have it, and set to work to extract the shining ore with all their heart in their task. But it is quite different when a settlement has been formed by British subjects or by Venezuelan subjects in the faith that they will be under the protection of a Government which they know and understand, and not under one which they regard as alien, and to the principles of which they are not accustomed. Let neither of the disputants abandon settlements formed in the confidence that they were really well within their own lines; but let both admit any fair arbitration that does not involve the desertion of fellow-citizens who had confidently believed that they were well within the area of their own territory. Even if Venezuela gains more auriferous territory than Great Britain, so long as that territory is as yet unsettled by British subjects, we shall not grudge it to them. All we desire is not to squabble for the Schomburgk line or any other abstract line, but to keep fast hold of genuinely British settlements, and to leave to Venezuela genuinely Spanish-American settlements. The essence of Professor Westlake's suggestion is: Do not let us be tenacious as to any ideal boundary-line, whether it be right or wrong, so long as we do not give up settlements which would never have been settled at all, except on the belief that the British flag was flying over it. Let us not reject arbitration even within the Schomburgk line, so long as we have no positive obligation to govern the settlers within it on British principles. But even outside the Schomburgk line, let us claim that duty for

clearly British settlements, and admit it even within that line for clearly Spanish-American settlements, if such there be.

That seems to us the kind of compromise to which we might with perfect honor agree, and which would be founded, moreover, on a clear and visible practical principle for which it is quite worth while to contend. On the other hand, those proposals which involve great extensions of the Commission, and the meeting of considerable numbers of British and American nominees on the same Commission to squabble over any doubtful historical evidence, look to us very unlikely to issue in any pacific agreement. It will be far easier to say which are, in the main, settlements founded in the belief that the United Kingdom or Venezuela was the Sovereign Power, than it would be to say whether, according to the best evidence, the boundary-line went this way or that. So much doubt has been thrown on the abstract right of the second Schomburgk line, that we do not think we could possibly insist on sticking to that. But we could insist on the duty of leaving to Venezuela settlements founded in the clear belief that they were on Venezuelan soil and subject to Venezuelan law, and holding fast for ourselves the settlements founded in the clear belief that they were on British soil and subject to British law. And for the rest of the borderland as yet unclaimed and not settled at all, let us leave it willingly to some impartial arbitrator, and not be litigious or greedy if the decision goes against us. That seems to us to be both equity and common sense, and much more likely to recommend itself to both disputants than any decision founded chiefly on very dubious historical evidence. If the United States are really not intent on fighting for the sake of fighting—which we fear they were when the outburst of war feeling in the West reached this country—they will accept this proposal or something like it; and if they are intent on fighting for the sake of fighting, then of course they can have their wish, for we shall have to fight, quite against our own will, but not the less formidably for that. In the mean time let us avoid, so far as we can, large Commissions in which a considerable number of contentious minded persons are assembled together to dispute over the validity of rather questionable evidence. And above all, let us not agree to so far-reaching and dubious a proposal as a common Court of Arbitration for all kinds of quarrels—a Court which might be disliked as unmanageable by

many of the most pacific men on both sides of the Atlantic—indeed, as far too doubtful and far-reaching a remedy for the present very limited dispute.

Where the United States have got their notion that we are so greedy and so aggressive, that until we have had a good beating there will be no bearing us, we cannot conceive. On the Alabama controversy they got, and knew that they got, far the best of the issue. More recently, in the Behring Sea question, even when the arbitration went in our favor, we waited very quietly when Congress declined to appropriate the money due by way of compensation to British subjects who had been wronged. And we do not know that as between us and the United States there has been a single question on which we have shown an aggressive spirit since the War of 1812. It is true enough that in India, in Africa, and perhaps elsewhere, we may have been pushing and seemed to be aggressive. But in the United States we have never been either the one or the other. Indeed, there we leave all the pushingness and all the aggressiveness to the inheritors of our nature and our temperament, and have perhaps rather liked to see what fond parents call "the spirit," and what impartial outsiders call the disagreeable forwardness, of the young people who are our descendants. The thing we desire in America is peace, but peace founded on mutual respect and not on any selfish dread of the consequences of war.—*Spectator*.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—We have become possessed of certain very important indications as to the early civilization of Palestine by means of clay tablets. Not that the knowledge so attained is altogether new, or that it conflicts with that which has been deduced from yet earlier Egyptian records. It is well known to scholars that Thothmes III., when he defeated the league of Hittites and Phœnicians at Megiddo, in 1600 B.C. (a century before Amenophis III. acceded), reaped a spoil which indicates the advanced civilization of Syria, including not only the precious metals and chariots painted and plated, but also objects of art having a high æsthetic value, and that he found corn, wine, and oil abundant in the country, and many hundreds of walled towns, in which there were already temples of the gods. Such evidence has, however, been slighted by those who regard the early Hebrews as savages, and who think that, though

placed in the very centre of the ancient civilized world between the Egyptians and the Assyrians, they were, nevertheless, unacquainted with any arts and uninfluenced by surrounding culture. The new discoveries insist on quite another understanding of their ancient history. It is surely a lesson of humility that the modern student should learn from such discoveries. Voltaire was no doubt a writer of great originality and acumen, though, from our present standpoint, wonderfully ignorant of antiquity. He finds it hard to believe that Homer's poems could have been written down before 500 B.C., and asserts that papyrus had not been invented in Egypt in the time of Moses, though we now possess in the maxima of Ptah-hotep a manuscript as old as the pyramids. We find, on the contrary, that not only in Egypt or in Mesopotamia was the art of writing known in the time of Moses, but that the inhabitants of Palestine also could pen a brick epistle, which in the space of a few inches contained as much information as can now be condensed into a sheet of newspaper. Such letters were neither heavy nor bulky, and could be carried in the turban or in the folds of the shirt-bosom just as easily as paper letters are now so carried, with the additional advantage that they were imperishable, as is witnessed by the fact that they are now being read three thousand five hundred years after they were written. —*Edinburgh Review*.

THE SABBATH ON HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS.—“To day, being Sunday, will be Saturday morning till noon, and Thursday afternoon for the remainder of the day.” There is a mixed flavor of Hibernicism and paradox about this order, yet it was perfectly intelligible to the meanest stoker in H.M. torpedo cruiser X—, on board which it was given. The non-nautical reader will, however, probably experience some difficulty in seeing the point of it, which lies in the existence of two Sundays a week in a man-of-war—the Sabbath proper, and Thursday, known as “Rope yarn Sunday.” Thursday is devoted mainly to captain's inspection and “make and mend clothes.” As a blue jacket once neatly put it: “the difference between 'em is, that on Thursdays we makes the clothes and on Sundays we wears 'em.” In this particular instance referred to above, the flooding of the fokes'le by continual seas rendered it impossible for the hands to don their best uniforms—an essential feature of the Sunday morn-

ing service—while a manœuvre fight on the previous evening made it necessary for the Saturday morning general clean-up to be done over again on the Sunday.

In a small vessel like H.M.S. X— no chaplain is carried, and the captain combines that office with his own. The regulations only grant “sky pilots” to battleships and first-class cruisers, save under exceptional circumstances. This reminds me of a quondam chaplain in a certain second-class cruiser during the manœuvres some few years since, and many are the yarns pertaining to his temporary cure. Report has it that the captain of this vessel had a great chum, a clergyman, who just then chanced to have neither benefice nor curacy. “Why not come for the trip and be our temporary chaplain?” said Captain B. “I'll fix it up all right with the Admiralty.” The clergyman agreed, the Admiralty were communicated with, and, in due course, Captain B. heard how “My Lords,” much pleased at the interest he took in the spiritual welfare of his men, would gladly sanction the Rev. A.'s undertaking the duties of chaplain. The weeks slipped by; and the Rev. A., full of the idea that twelve shillings a day and mess allowances was a handsome addition to a pleasure trip, was unflagging in his duties. Never were sermons so long; no ten minutes' affair, but a good solid hour's discourse followed every service. “They can't say I've not done my best to earn it,” said the Rev. A., as he drew his pay at the end of the month.

At last the manœuvres were over—they did not have eight day things in those days—and the fleet steamed into Torbay just as the hands were mustering for the usual morning prayers. Following the traditions of the British Navy, one watch saw to the anchoring, while the other remained at prayers. The warships took up their billets, and one by one down came their Church pennants—those flags of many meanings, which among other uses signify “prayers” or “anchoring.” Half an hour later the pennant still flew from our cruiser, and the indignant admiral signalled to know how much longer they were going to be over taking up their billet. “Anchor, down, hands at prayers,” came the answering semaphore. The admiral was satisfied for the time being, but when some while later he noted the flag still flying, he began to think that something had gone radically wrong, and signalled again. “Hands still at prayers,” was once more the reply, causing the admiral to signal back that as they never

took longer than ten minutes in any ship he'd been in, he fancied an hour and a half was more than ample for H.M.S. — ! It subsequently transpired that the Rev. A. had seized the opportunity to give a long farewell sermon, and had preached one that put all his previous efforts in the shade. Then he packed up his traps, drew the balance of his pay, and took train home. A little while afterward it occurred to Captain B. to write to the Admiralty on the matter of the Rev. A.'s pay, concerning which his paymaster had received no instructions whatever. Then, says the story, the Admiralty promptly replied that, chaplains not being allotted to second class cruisers, no money was due from them, and that they were under the impression that Captain B., having been so anxious to carry a chaplain, intended paying him out of his (the captain's) own private purse. Here the anecdote—like the modern short story—comes to an end, leaving one to imagine how the skipper and the conscientious chaplain settled it between them.

The absence of a chaplain, however, is not invariably a matter of regulations; it occasionally happens that a captain of a temporarily commissioned battleship prefers to act as his own chaplain. I remember one such case. The captain was a deeply religious man, and also one of the most zealous officers in a Service that, more than any other, teems with enthusiastic men. The manoeuvres that year were full of war's alarms, and such little sleep as the captain secured he took in the chart house, living mostly on stray cups of cocoa, and spending the nights in a look-out place he had had constructed for himself on the top of the pilot house. Yet in the midst of these multifarious duties he always found time to conduct daily prayers, and two services on Sundays. He never quite forgot that he was the captain, however; and in his mouth all the rogations in the service became as orders. "Let us PRAY!" he would thunder along the deck, but he got along fairly otherwise; that is to say, he never made the error of the young curate who read, as part of the service, "*Then the priest, standing up, shall say—*"

However, whether conducted by chaplain or skipper, the service in a man-of-war is more solemn and impressive than any worship on land; and especially is this so if the weather be stormy. God seems more than ever present in the vastness of the great heaving deep, and only on the high seas can man feel in

some slight measure the immensity of the Infinite. North and south, east and west, on every side, is the swelling bosom of the waters; and vaster still above is the loom of the endless sky. The ship rolls like a little speck upon the billows, creaking and groaning as she labors, and the roar of the invisible wind, and the swish of the tireless sea, join in one mighty harmony with the voices of the sailors as they sing that grand old hymn—

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave.

Once having heard it thus, no man can forget it; and in all his after-life it will come to him again and again, even as the song of the angels must have haunted the shepherds of Bethlehem.—*Pred. T. Jane, in The Minster Magazine.*

THE GENIAL EDITOR.—You do not know me, my friend of to-day, nor I you. We have met on the hillside climbing, but we have come up out of deep valleys full of life. We rest side by side looking downward. You see, far down below, your white curl of smoke, and I see mine. Our thoughts stray in different valleys, but there is the link of a sign between our souls.

Come with me, gentle comrade, into my valley. I shall try to make my simple story of a friendship as interesting to you as it is to me. Do you see a glistening as of jewels down there? These are tears and smiles set in the rocks of my valley. I would give you a lapful of them, if I could.

I was a boy when I met friend Will, an intolerant, dressy boy. I shudder when I think of the bumptiousness that was expressed in my crimson scarf and light overcoat. Will must have thought me a cub. The young man from the country had been long looked for, and he made his first appearance in the church pew where my family and his uncle had sittings. We had meant to be patronizingly friendly to the raw youth, but, to our dismay, he came upon us in the guise of a dandy. We were taken at advantage. The marrow of patronage froze in the bones of our conceit, and we were fain to be content with the flip-pant friendliness which he flicked at us with gloved fingers.

He was coated, hatted, and booted in the extreme of fashion. His gloves were like a lady's, and his linen was without stain or stint. Seals dangled at his fob, and a signet ring accentuated the shapeliness of his right hand. The gray of his garments made me blush for my own magnificence. Jealous and

perturbed, my yellow eye rolled at his linen. Its extravagance was his weak point. In bucolic exuberance it flowed over his knuckles and impounded his shaven cheeks.

The first family parliament which sat upon his affairs dubbed him "Old King Cuff," and when he was "friend Will" to me I blushed in my soul over the shabby outbreak of urban insolence.

It appeared to me in those days that one wearing jewels and fine linen must needs be a feeble creature, and in this mind I held contemptuously back from his advances. But under the influence of his sober grays I began to cast my own skin of gaudy attire. He had laid hold of me with one grappling iron, and when he began to reef his linen and to catch, with marvellous quickness, the tone of the town, I became possessed with an uneasy hankering after his regard. The sober perfection of his dandyism drew me to his side.

I made my first awkward overture in this way; some one had sold me for a small sum a box of wretched cigars that were good to look at but very bad to smoke. Will, after trying one of them, let his politeness outrun his discretion.

"I'll get a box for you," said I, eagerly.

"Oh, thank you," he replied, knitting his brows in a puzzled way. "What will they cost?"

"Just fourteen shillings a hundred," was my brisk response, made in ignorance of the tragedy that underlay the simple statement.

"I really don't like to trouble you," said Will, and let the matter drop, confident, no doubt, that I would forget all about it. But I sent the cigars; and when we met, poor old Will had the strength of mind to thank me, with a smooth face, for the trouble I had taken.

"Like them?" I asked carelessly.

"Oh, yes, they're awfully jolly," he answered nervously. "I'll smoke one now."

And with Spartan fortitude he smoked that villainous weed to the bitter end. When my palate was educated to the understanding of this feat of social heroism, I looked upon Will as an urchin looks upon a soldier who has his medals on his breast. His politeness was more than skin deep. It was at least as deep as the pit of his stomach, where that rank weed must have made itself felt.

The old chap wanted to pay for the cigars, and I was silly enough to back out of taking the money. He did not insist, but sent me this cigar-case. Handle it gently! I have

used it ever since. If it were to fall to pieces the moon and I, sitting up together, could never be so happy again.

Somewhere about the time of the cigars we changed Will's nickname to "Awfully jolly," he having fallen into the habit of sprinkling his conversation with the exuberant phrase. But with this last flicker, the torch of scorn, already guttering in the wind of his cheery good-nature, went out forever. The actual extinguisher was the discovery of Will's literary genius. To our intense amazement, it leaked out that Will was the author of certain satirical social sketches which were then helping to make the name and fame of a new weekly journal. He became at once in my eyes a demigod.

For months I had been walking in the air because this very journal had printed a three-line joke of my making, and here was a man whom I had patronized, going about his business quietly with the consciousness of columns of authorship hidden behind an unruffled front. In the mighty wind that had arisen, my poor little jokelet was blown clean into space.

On our way home from an evening party I told Will shyly that I, too, was an author, although, so far, only one little thing of mine had been actually published. Will's tact was equal to the occasion. If he had laughed I would have died of shame. I had put my naked soul into his hand. But he took me seriously, and, withal, most kindly.

"I'm awfully glad you like that sort of thing," he said; "perhaps I can do something to help you into print. Suppose you write two or three small things, about a column in length, and send them to me. I'll take them myself to the editor of *The Cadi*. I know him very well."

"They might not be good enough."

"Oh, never fear. It's quite easy; at least, I'm sure it will be—to you. Even if you don't hit the mark the first time, there are no bones broken."

I was very grateful. I could have embraced his patent leather pumps, but I could not bring myself to take the help so kindly offered. It seemed to my silly pride that I was being tempted to climb through a lubber's hole, and I made up my mind to mount in a more honorable way.

I had a tough struggle with the editor of *The Cadi*, and many a sore tumble into the basket, but at length I prevailed. My sketches appeared side by side with Will's, and I even

"went one better" by "dropping into poetry" when the spirit moved me. Will found me out through a set of jingling verses in which I contrasted the smallness of my income with the largeness of my desires.

He took my surly independence in his own good-humored way.

"I knew you could do it," he said, and added, "We're in the same boat now. We must pull together. Come up to my 'digs' to-night and let me see all the things you've done. We'll talk into the morning and be friends from that day onward till the day of our death—far be it from us!"

What a talk that was! We beat the soul out of every book we had ever read. In the small hours of the morning I came away somewhat sick with many pipes, feeling like a wrung-out rag of criticism, but elate with the certainty that Will and I were going to conquer the world together.

Poor old Will! It was the hour of his flood-tide. He was busy, happy, taking his pleasures from life as a bee takes honey from the flowers, with lusty sips and a merry buzz between. Far into the night he would smoke and write his gentle satire, dreaming of the fine things he might live to do. At the back of it all he had the pleasant consciousness that when he should be weary of work he could rest in the certainty that a little fortune would be his, by inheritance, in the fulness of time. Will was no money-grubber, but he dearly loved his lettered ease, and it pleased him to look forward to the time when he would be able to take his fill of it.

When the crash came, and he knew that the sharks of the Stock Exchange had swallowed up the competence on which he had been reckoning, Will never heaved an audible sigh, nor bated one jot of the merry humor that was in him. We only conjectured that he felt the loss. A line or two appeared on his face, he became gentler in manner and fonder of old coats and of old friends. The dust of dandyism was brushed from his soul. In every way he was the finer fellow for the reverse.

He worked harder, and liked work less than ever; he smoked more, and loved his pipe above all things.

It was at this time that I came to him with a great idea in my brain. Why should we not found a journal of our own? To make a fortune out of the odd hours of life was an attractive idea. We did start the paper, but we did not make the fortune. Yet out of that

lucky bag we took what was better than gold—some of the happiest years of our lives.

Will was, of course, the editor, but as I was most of the staff, we were knit pretty closely together in the doing of the work. The little rag had its history and its heroes, but I speak not now of these. Out of it came Will's kindest nickname, the Genial Editor, and it fitted him so well that he carried it to his dying day.

The hour of editorial conference having come, Will would draw the big arm-chair up to the fire, fill the pipe that seldom left his lips when the curtains were drawn, arrange his tidy bundles of proof and manuscript on the small round table that was to stand between him and his staff, and await in the bosom of a smoke-cloud the moment of my arrival.

He would jump at the sound of my ring, and meet me at the parlor door with a warm hand clasp and a quizzical, welcoming smile.

"Come away, old chap," he would say, "and make yourself comfortable. There's toil and trouble ahead of you. Here's another thing of Gallagher's with an idea in it: puzzle—find the idea! Let's have a pipe before we begin. Take one of these jokes. I've made 'em into spills."

It might be midnight before we essayed to knock the paper into shape. Then the pens began to scrape and the fun to flash out of our brains. What became of the fun I don't know. I never could discover in the paper one tithe of what had gone to the making up of it. Our humor must have leaked sadly between the sanctum and the printing-press, otherwise we should not have made so many honest folk sad, as I am told we did.

I often wonder if the late hours we kept, and the constant drain upon the system from the flow of wit, had anything to do with poor old Will's collapse. To be a day policeman and a night one, too, is wearing work. The Genial Editor did the work of two men, and he had a nature which asked for the leisure of three. So great were the margins he required for reading and smoking and the joy of social converse that he brought himself down to a straw day of sleep. No time was left for exercise, which, indeed, the Genial Editor held in complete contempt.

We took him once to the first milestone on a four-mile walk to town and we left him there by the roadside, far from the whistle of a train, or the cheery clatter of a 'bus. We heard afterward that when we were out of

sight he came back cheerily to the milestone and, lighting his pipe, sat down upon it to wait for the "first cab" in that unlikely locality. As luck would have it, before night set in, one came out from town with a minister in it and rescued the chilled but cheerful watcher from his uneasy perch. He declared, in talking the affair over, that if this miracle of the cab had not happened he would have waited patiently for the morning milk-cart.

Seen in the light of after events, this physical inertness told of some fatal weakness in his constitution, but to all questions Will had one triumphal answer—"My dear fellow, I have not had a headache for ten years, and I have never consulted a doctor in my life."

Nevertheless, when he had turned out the Christmas number of the paper, he went to bed with queer pains in his chest. The doctor said he had "run down and wanted to be wound up a bit." So he went home to his mother's house in the country to be "wound up," and the winding up took three years, and when it was done, so was poor old Will.

The red days in the old sanctum glow warm in my memory. I feel the full flavor of friendship on the palate of my soul when I hark back to them. But the still shining of those white days in my friend's sick room is the likeliest thing to the glory of heaven that I have seen upon earth.

At times he was well enough to sit in his chair and read; and there was one interval during which his mother's cheeks flushed and the cricket chirped on the hearth, when he was able to laugh at all his sorrows in the columns of his beloved paper. The odd thing about these heart leaves, written with an almost transparent hand, was that they showed him to have been wearing rose-hued spectacles, while we were gliding like ghosts around his bed. He had held the world close to him when we were, letting it slip by for his sake. The very speeches in Parliament were graven on his memory. The ship was sinking with a bright look-out ahead.

It was a slow, dragging ebb that carried him down into the great deep.

There was a small square of glass in the coffin lid over his face. His mother could not bear to lose sight of him. Are all dead faces like the face of Christ or was it a seal upon this special soul? I know that now when I think of friendship, I cannot think of it in the abstract. It is Will's face that I see, Will's face with all the furrows gone out of it.

Where he lies upon the motherly breast of

the hills that gave him birth, I stand sometimes with a longing in my heart. I do not long to meet his shining soul in the streets of the New Jerusalem, but I long to smoke just one more pipe with him by the "sanctum" fire. How sweet that tobacco would taste!—
John Reed, in Good Cheer.

TRAVELLING IN MANITOBA.—The subject of horses is one of the greatest importance to a Canadian farmer. Some years ago the Clydesdale came to the front, and was highly esteemed in many quarters on account of his great strength, but a reaction has set in, and this stamp of horse is rapidly losing favor throughout the country. It is now generally agreed that a heavy horse of this class is too slow and cumbersome for the work required of it, and lighter, smarter breeds are rapidly replacing it. To extract itself from snow drifts up to the belly, to obey its driver quickly in bad cuts, to work in deep snow and among fallen trees and stumps in the bush, or slash through mud, water and swamp in the wet season of the year, requires an animal of a totally different breed. An ordinary farm horse, moreover, is expected to cover much greater distances and at a better pace than is the case in England, forty miles in a day not being anything unusual. His duties, too, are more various. In addition to the work on the farm itself, the drawing of grain and produce and the winter work in the bush, he is frequently needed between the shafts of a buggy or a cutter, or to herd and chase cattle on the prairie. Every man is obliged to break his own colts, just as he has to shoe his own horse, but of course, in the latter case, he has to visit the blacksmith when a new set of shoes is required. Owing to the judicious precaution of tying them up at an early age, a large amount of trouble is saved in training young horses. All through the long winter the foals and colts stand in the stable like old horses, and thus become so used to being handled that they are usually quiet enough when the time for breaking arrives. The harness is then put straight on to a colt, and without more ado, he is "hitched up" to the sleigh with an old horse for a mate, and forced to work whether he likes it or not. And it is surprising how little trouble most of the youngsters give. But of course it must be remembered that the majority of the horses are of a much quieter race than those out of which an English breaker makes his largest hauls.

The severe cold in the winter, strange to

say, does not appear to affect horses to any serious extent if they are properly attended to. In fact the animals are usually in better health and condition during that part of the year than in the summer. Horses and oxen are now almost exclusively used throughout the province, and even the latter are to be seen in much smaller quantities than formerly. This, however, was not always the case. Not more than twenty years ago a toboggan drawn by a string of dogs was a far more common sight than a team and sleigh in many parts of the country, now extensively settled on and cultivated. On all the surveys on the railroad track when the Canadian Pacific was being built and at every lumber shanty in the woods it was by this means that stores, provisions, and many of the less bulky kinds of goods were conveyed. Every old settler can tell of the times when Indians and half-breeds were to be seen driving their dogs at full speed through the bush, shooting between trees and dodging round stumps where a sleigh could not pass at all. At the present time a string of dogs is seldom seen, except on Lake Winnipeg or among the Indian and Hudson Bay traders in the far north. But any one wishing to try this means of transit can purchase the whole outfit at the cost of a few dollars; and the pleasure and convenience will soon repay him.

With a toboggan 10 feet in length and 18 inches wide, and three good dogs, it would not be difficult to cover a hundred miles a day at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. A ride behind a string of dogs is as delightful as exciting. Lying on the narrow board forming the toboggan, one appears, being so near the ground, to be flying over the snow at a terrific pace. And on the narrow trails in the bush the speed at which one shaves past the trees is at first rather alarming, but the dogs will never leave the track, be it ever so slight. The Indians and traders will run behind a loaded toboggan all day and think nothing of travelling sixty or seventy miles a day. But on such occasions as I have gone out with dogs I have contented myself with a run of a mile or so every now and then when cold, holding on to a string attached to the back of the toboggan. Some of the dogs are very savage, and an old trader can always be identified by the scars on his hands left by the fierce bites of his dogs. The animals indeed can scarcely be expected to exhibit much love for their masters. Harnessed up in the morning they are driven all day with a whip that makes

them yell with pain and can flick off their hair like dust. At night they are tied up outside in the cold and snow, and some fish or meat flung to them to fight over. It is indeed the "life of a dog." But, though for drawing loads horses have replaced dogs throughout the settled parts of the country, every boy "hitches up" the cattle dog to some little hand sleigh he has made, and jumping on to his "rig," whacks his collie into a gallop. And in every town the small vendors of newspapers and message boys fly along the streets in the same manner.—*Belgravia*.

LONG-DISTANCE DANCING.—Some ingenious advocate of the advantages of dancing as a calisthenic exercise has been laboriously working out the distances required to be traversed during the ordinary duration of the dances now in vogue. It seems that in a square dance a girl has to cover half a mile, while a waltz is three quarters of a mile long. From these data we can easily arrive at the extent of her orbit during a Christmas party. Suppose we allow her six square dances; that, at half a mile each, would mean three miles. Add to them eight waltzes at three quarters of a mile each, and we get six miles. Sir Roger de Coverley and sundries ought to be worth another mile, so that we have ten miles as the result of the evening's gyrations. It is really wonderful how circumstances alter cases. If one were to suggest that the lady should take a ten-mile walk instead, the offer would be scouted as being far beyond her strength; just as a man will shrink from the effort of walking fifteen miles along a country road and yet travel eighteen pottering about the house all day. By the way, it may be news to some people that the polka, which seems to be as old as the hills, was invented in 1830, and that the inventor, who bears the euphonious name of Haniezka Szlezak, is still alive. Being asked to come out with something new for a certain village festival, she hit upon the combination of quick short steps, which procured for the novelty the name of pulku, and the pulku becoming popular in the district around spread to Vienna, whence as the polka it found its way to Paris and on to London. Not only did it go the round of the fashionable world, but it became so popular in Bohemia, the land of its origin, that it was adopted as the national dance, and in the guide-books is generally described as being of considerable antiquity, much to the disgust of the still active Haniezka.